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August 1929

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spray

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Sure sign of a good housekeeper—no flies or mosquitoes in her comfortable rooms—no roaches or ants in her kitchen—no bed bugs or moths. She sprays clean smelling Flit with the handy sprayer, preferring it, like most people, because it kills quicker, is harmless to humans, and its vapor cannot stain. She knows Flit is guaranteed to kill all household insects or money back. Most for her money, she finds, in the quart size. Flit plays a big part in her family's summertime comfort and safety.

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Flit repels insects outdoors. Spray Flit on the porch, spray the air, rugs and floor around chairs. Flit also makes life comfortable when camping, hiking, fishing or golfing. Spray tents. Spray clothing. Take Flit along on motor camping trips.

KITCHEN

To kill crawling insects: Spray Flit forcefully in all cracks, behind ice-box, around plumbing, under sink and laundry tubs and in pantry. When "crawlers" appear, spray them direct. They may hide, but die later from effects.

Guard your gums - protect your teeth from the damage done by your diet!

NEXT time you sit down to a meal, take note of the dishes one by one. See how many contain any roughage — any coarse, fibrous material that "rubs" or stimulates the gums.

Very likely not a one! For the present generation demands—and gets—soft and creamy foods, delicately prepared, daintily served.

Yet the greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is this same delicious fare. For it gives gums no work, no exercise. The blood within their walls circulates slowly. The tissues become soft and tender. "Pink tooth brush" warns that worse trouble—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or, perhaps, even pyorrhea —may be just around the corner.

It's impractical, if not impossible, to change your diet. But it's unnecessary to try — for there is a simple, effective means to offset the lack in your diet.

Use a light gum massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. Perform it with the brush each time you clean your teeth—or, if you prefer, with the fingers after the regular cleaning. You speed the rich, fresh blood through the gum walls! You flush out the tiny capillaries. You tone and strengthen the depleted tissues, and counteract the damage done by your food. Ipana's special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's splendid cleaning power, that has won for it the strong professional support it enjoys today.

~ ~ ~

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-size tube makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month's use of this delicious tooth paste will show you the start of firmer, healthier gums as well as whiter, brighter teeth.

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IPANA Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-89
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Creating Equals

"My conception of America is a land where man and woman may enjoy the advantages of wealth, not concentrated in the hands of the few but spread through the lives of all; where they build and safeguard their homes and give to their children the fullest advantages and opportunities of American life; where a contented and happy people, secure in their liberties, free from poverty and fear, shall have the leisure and impulse to seek a fuller life."

—HERBERT HOOVER

THERE is no greater dream than this. Yet few of us realize our responsibility in making that dream come true.

You ask, what can a woman do to further this conception? How can she create new wealth for her family and for the country? How can she open to her children opportunities she was not free to enjoy?

There is a way. The Department of Commerce, under Herbert Hoover, discovered it. McCall's Magazine, seeking to bring happiness and enlightenment to millions of readers, has exploited it in a current series of articles—showing women for the first time the supremacy of their power as the providers of the American Home.

It is within the power of American housewives to save themselves almost $8,000,000,000 each year by buying wisely. With this wealth they could create better homes, healthier children, and finer schools.

The article, "Prosperity Can Be Bought," on page 19 of this issue points the way.

—THE EDITOR

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE—August, 1929. Volume LVI. Number 11. $1.00 Per Year. Canadian postage none; foreign postage, 75 cents. Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Executive Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga.; 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London W. 1, England. William B. Warner, President and Treasurer, Francis Hutter, Secretary, John C. Sterling, Vice President.—TRUTH IN ADVERTISING—McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to The McCall Company.—ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION—If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Use the enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.—Copyright, 1929, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain.Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1925, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Bill (*breathlessly*):
"Nan, I've been taken into the sales department!"

Nan (*very happy*):
"What was it you said, young man, about scrubbed hands and clean shirts not counting?"

Real cleanliness gives him a better *chance*!

Wives know. Husbands in many ways are still little boys. They're frequently careless about details that are really important. The matter of personal appearance, for instance.

Many a man has been helped to a bigger job by extra cleanliness of the all-around and every-morning kind.

Thousands are held back, on the other hand, because they don't see their half-clean hands and "slightly soiled" collars and shirts as others see them.

Is there anything finer (or more practical) that wives may do, or mothers with grown-up sons, than to encourage a more *cordial* attention to cleanliness among their men folks?... in the shrewd little ways that only wives and mothers can manage?

Send him forth in "shining armor"

Business *is* a battle now-a-days, and our warrior needs every advantage he can muster. No two-day shirts and no family-imposed feeling that he can't have a fresh one, every morning.

Clean socks, of course, and handkerchiefs. And clean underwear to go with that on-top-of-the-world feeling that he gets in the bath. Nothing adds more to the morning's store of self-confidence and self-respect.

When he's tired out and cross

In the morning, especially if he's inclined to linger and be late, the stinging shower or cold tub is fine. For real cleansing, the hot bath naturally is best, and for aching muscles. For sleeplessness, however, and to soothe tired nerves, the tepid bath is recommended . . . first a good lathering and then a good "soak".

Here's something else to do, when you're particularly anxious that his sleep should be refreshing: put clean sheets on the bed. Is there anything more welcome to the tired, distracted body?...that *induces* sleep more surely?

Keeping him happy... though at home

Business usually takes a man "out and around" more than a woman. He meets more people, men and women. He goes to more places, most of them cheerfully clean. Is it any wonder then, that he is a bit disheartened when he comes home to a house with dingy curtains? . . . or finds you in untidy clothes?

Clever wives have found a direct relation between a schedule that keeps woodwork clean all over the house, curtains fresh, kitchens scrubbed, bathrooms spotless (and wives themselves pretty, by dinner-time)... and husbands who truly *enjoy* being at home.

It makes friends everywhere

That is true. Real cleanliness *makes friends everywhere.* And for *everyone.*

It makes friends for mother... nice people whom otherwise she might never meet.

It makes friends for brother and sister among their school and playmates.

It makes business friends for father . . . works every day to help him get ahead.

It becomes more *important* every day, because every day living is becoming more crowded, our contacts wider, and closer.

Yes. It's worth giving conscious time and effort to *real cleanliness*, every day of our lives, because it improves our health and happiness in so many ways.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

WHAT IS A MIRACLE?

By Basil King

THE first signs of skepticism on Bobby's part came during the midsummer holidays, when he was fourteen. Before he was an hour in the house both father and mother had noticed a change in him. He became a young hobbledehoy, rather noisy, more or less self-assertive, and a little patronizing toward his parents, his home and his sister. He was more independent, more detached. Leroy in particular felt pained that in this process of growing up his son should inevitably become less adoringly affectionate; but as a father he knew that his beloved little boy, who had been confidential and who used to hang caressingly about him, was gone forever.

As to religion the boy asked no more questions. Leroy himself, having become more and more deeply interested in the subject, had looked forward to perhaps several discussions with his son before the summer was ended; but Bobby gave no opening. At times the father guessed that he was a little ashamed of the interest he had hitherto displayed.

It was autumn and close to their return to town before Bobby was sufficiently stirred to speak. It happened that friends who had been hearing a sermon on the miracles of the New Testament, had come in to tea. Talking of this there was no small difference of opinion. Some discredited the miracles; some believed in them. Leroy said nothing, but he noticed the keenness with which Bobby followed now one speaker now another. In the evening after dinner, as the little family sat together on the screened-in porch, Bobby broke his silence at last.

"Father, can't you believe in the Bible, without believing in all those miracles? Nobody does them now."

For a minute or more Leroy smoked his cigar without answering. "That's the attitude a good many people take," he said then, "but to me it's chiefly a question of authenticity. If you leave out the so-called miracles, you leave out a great part of the gospels. You still have a framework left, but it's not much more than a framework. It's like a portrait that's been so hacked that you can no longer recognize the face. To me the portrait given in the gospels is one of the most amazing things in all literature. I'm very sure that it hasn't a parallel elsewhere."

"In what way?" Mabel—Bobby's mother—asked. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean the extraordinary feat accomplished by four different men, working at different times, more or less independently of each other, with different objects in view and drawing precisely the same Man. When you think of the many accounts we have, let us say, of Queen Elizabeth, or Mary, Queen of Scots, or George Washington. And take Abraham Lincoln, for example. There are as many Lincolns as there are writers who've described him, and many of them know him well. But in the New Testament the Jesus of Matthew is that of Mark; the Jesus of Luke is that of John. All these people differ considerably in intention; but the Man who is their inspiration remains the same. Even where there is some slight variation in detail, it is never anything that affects Him."

Though Bobby had followed his father's words with his old-time interest, he was more self-assertive. "Yes, but I asked about the miracles the New Testament says that Jesus worked. How could anyone feed five thousand men with five loaves and two small fishes?"

"To my mind," Leroy answered, choosing his words carefully, "it's not first of all a question of how He did it, but a question of Jesus himself. As a Personality He has made the most profound impression on the human race that anyone has ever made. Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet have had vast armies of followers, who've believed in their teachings; but I don't think any of them—though in this I speak at a venture and not with real information—I don't think any of them has endeared himself to humanity as Jesus has. There is something about Him so winning, or that appeals so strongly to our curiosity, that He captivates us without fail. More than that, He captivates all ranks and classes equally.

"But what I mean is that this Personality, with His universal charm, is inseparable from what is told us of His so-called miracles. Destroy the portrait and you cannot have anything but a maimed, [*Turn to page 100*]

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

27 modern features..

and you've wanted every one of them

Perfection's latest range offers new beauty ... new conveniences .. new cooking speed

IF YOU HAD PLANNED this new range for yourself, Madam, it could hardly suit you better.

It is beautiful . . it is modern . . as you can see at a glance. But that is not all. Examine it from top to bottom, and you will see that every one of its 27 features is designed to save you time and labor. Light it and you will find that it is swift-cooking, clean, odorless.

If you are tired of looking at an ugly stove . . tired of wearing yourself out over three meals a day . . tired of long, hot hours in the kitchen, read the detailed description of this new, oil-burning range, given below. Notice how its new design and porcelain enamel finish—the very features that make it beautiful—add to its convenience . . add to its long life.

Then go to your dealer's and see the stove itself. You will want it. Every woman does.

As shown in the illustration, this range has Perfection's famous long chimneys. If you prefer, you can have the same design in a Puritan model, with short chimneys, or a similar one which burns gasoline. It is finished in porcelain enamel; all white or with a trim of gay, outdoor color: apple green, golden sand, sea blue, or cherry red. The same design, part enamel, can be had in silver gray and black.

Other New Models

In addition to the ranges, your dealer has other new Perfection models, without built-in ovens, to show you. All of them beautiful . . all colorful . . all swift-cooking. Long chimney, short chimney and gasoline styles. Perfection prices range from $18 to $164. Time payments can doubtless be arranged with your dealer if you wish.

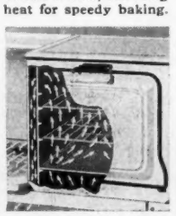
Write to Perfection Stove Company, 7609 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for information about any stove which interests you. In Canada, to General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

PERFECTION *Oil Burning Ranges*

No matter what kind of stove you now have, Madam—even if it is a Perfection—you ought to own this new range; because it is not only beautiful, but saving of time and labor.

Look at the oven. It alone has seven time and labor saving features. It is built-in . . enamel-lined . . air insulated. Has five rack positions . . a new, accurate heat indicator.

Balanced drop door and always cool handle. It is constructed on the famous "live heat" principle which provides fresh, moving heat for speedy baking.



The new burner arrangement is another time and labor saver. It enables you to cook bigger meals in smaller space. The all-grate top is excellent for keeping foods warm.

The big burner equals the giant burner on a gas stove . . the others, standard gas burners. This model [Superfex] has automatic wick stops. Can't be turned too high.

Flame stays where you set it . . a low blue flame for simmering . . 1½ inches higher for quick heat. Heat is clean, free from soot or odor. No dirty bottoms to kitchen vessels.

The reservoir is reversible . . easily filled. Made of glass . . fuel supply is always visible. With a large lower reservoir . . so that cooking goes on while top one is being filled.

The porcelain enamel finish which makes this range so beautiful, also adds to its long life; for it cannot rust or wear out. A damp cloth keeps it spotless and shiny.

Still lovely looking at tea time

—but suddenly his interest was gone!

You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry before putting on night garments.

The new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless)—for sensitive skins and for frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry before any clothing touches the skin.

BETTY KNEW she was glorious looking as he drove her to town for a day of shopping. He'd been so eager for her promise to tea with him at five!

And now at tea time—

She knew he was no longer enthusiastic. Oh, what was this thing that always spoiled her good time? If someone had only told her that "you can never tell when a *temporary deodorant* will cease to protect you!"

Only by the regular use of Odorono, which was developed by a physician to check perspiration, can you be certain of *continuous protection.*

Why Odorono Gives Continuous Protection

Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way.

It is in the closed-in portions of the body that perspiration causes odor and leaves ruinous stains. Odorono checks perspiration in these places and directs it to more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health. Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

Used regularly, Odorono frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant odor and ugly spreading stains.

A Physician's Prescription

Because a doctor made Odorono for his own use, women have always felt safe in using it.

Odorono Regular Strength for twice a week use. And the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, and for the occasional need everyone has for something to use in the daytime or in an emergency, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.

Enjoy the *continuous protection* of Odorono, that keeps you personally irreproachable at all times!

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)**

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. D-8, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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Lewis Stone and Ruth Chatterton, "Madame X"

What's Going On In The World

"If You Have Tears—"

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE most popular type of play, twenty and more years ago, was the so-called "sob-drama" which was aimed directly at the audience's lachrymal glands. In those tender and sentimental days, before the birth of sophistication and skepticism, people went to the theater for the purpose of enjoying a good cry, and the success of a play was measured by the number of snuffles and catches in the throat that it evoked and the pocket handkerchiefs that it caused to be put into action.

Today, in this cynical age, audiences want to laugh, and comedy is the most profitable form of entertainment on stage and screen. Perhaps the psychologists will account for this by proving that, in former times, people were so exuberantly happy in their everyday lives that they desired to find an escape from the external sunshine and light in the tearful gloom of the theater, whereas we moderns rush from the sordid dreariness of our homes to be relieved by the humor that is offered in the cheerful playhouses.

Whatever the explanation of this phenomenon, the fact remains that *Madame X*, one of the sobbiest of the sob dramas, has lately been revived in talking picture form, and it is now just exactly as devastating in its effect on the emotions as it was in the dark ages of twenty years ago. Modern audiences may imagine that they are amply protected by the armor-plate of sophistication, but the word "mother" still manages to strike a sensitive spot.

Madame X is the story of a faithless French wife who is expelled from her home by an unforgiving husband and then sinks to the well-known depths in China, the South Seas and South America. Years later she returns to France, in company with an unscrupulous crook who, learning of her past, attempts to blackmail her husband and her son. To protect them, she murders the despicable blackguard, and when she goes to trial as a strange, unidentified derelict, the youthful attorney assigned to her defense is none other than her own boy.

The story, under the direction of Lionel Barrymore, moves slowly and a bit boringly until the final scenes of the murder and the trial, when the undeniable power of this antique drama comes through and forces the spectator to break down and weep. In these scenes, Ruth Chatterton, as the pitiful heroine, is genuinely affecting, and atones thereby for her disturbing affectations in the previous episodes. Raymond Hackett is excellent as the young attorney—Mr. Hackett first made a name for himself in *The Trial of Mary Dugan;* and Ullrich Haup makes an interesting character of the blackmailing crook.

A few months ago, in this department of McCall's, I pointed out that the talking pictures seemed to be limiting themselves to two plots: the murder mystery, or court-room melodrama plot, and the "show-must-go-on" or Pagliacci plot. This unfortunate situation remains unchanged. *Madame X* adds another to the long list of court-room scenes, and *Close Harmony* is another tale of warm hearts behind the scenes.

However, *Close Harmony* also happens to be an exceptionally good picture. It has swift movement and youthful gaiety, and it is expertly played by Charles Rogers, Nancy Carrol, Harry Green [*Turn to page 100*]

Dr. Horace J. Bridges

The New Superstition

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

BY DR. HORACE J. BRIDGES

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. BRIDGES was for seven years associated with Dr. Stanton Coit in the West London Ethical Culture Society. Since coming to America in 1913—whereof he has told us in his delightful book, *On Becoming an American*—he has been Lecturer for the Ethical Culture Society of Chicago. His many books, such as *The Religion of Experience*, and best of all, perhaps, *Our Fellow Shakespeare*, have made him widely known; and today he is reckoned as a most inspiring influence and guide in behalf of the best things in American life. Very timely is his survey of the New Superstition, which he describes in brilliant detail in his latest book, *Taking the Name of Science in Vain.*

"Our universities today," says Dr. Bridges, "are full of students so dazzled by the brilliance and awed by the seeming authority of certain popular writers as to feel that they can trust nothing of the teaching of the past. They suppose it proved that man is a mere animal or mechanism, and that neither religion nor morals, neither metaphysics nor spiritual philosophy, has anything to offer that can be accepted by a mind really free, devoted to truth alone and determined at all costs to keep itself untainted by superstition. It is an ideal to which I, too, am utterly loyal, since I hate mental laziness and cowardice and all [*Turn to page 79*]

Edward Johnson and Maria Mueller in "Fra Gherardo"

What's Going On In The World

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Pizzetti's "Fra Gherardo"

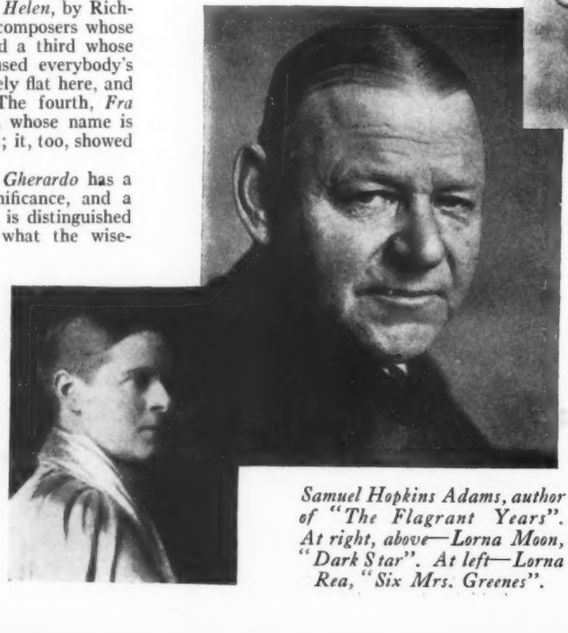
IT IS long since any list of operatic novelties has looked as promising—on paper—as that which the Metropolitan Opera Company offered last season. *The Sunken Bell*, by Ottorino Respighi; *Johnny Spielt Auf*, by Ernest Krenek; *The Egyptian Helen*, by Richard Strauss—here were works by two composers whose names were already world-famous, and a third whose sensational reception abroad had aroused everybody's curiosity. Yet all three fell comparatively flat here, and seemed doomed to speedy oblivion. The fourth, *Fra Gherardo*, was by Ildebrando Pizzetti, whose name is already familiar to most orchestra-goers; it, too, showed little signs of surviving its infancy.

More's the pity, in a way. For *Fra Gherardo* has a story of considerable beauty and significance, and a musical setting that, with all its faults, is distinguished by an almost fanatical sincerity. If what the wiseacres all assure us were only true; if only sincerity were enough!

The story is a free adaptation of a thirteenth-century chronicle. Gherardo, a simple, pious weaver of Parma, having resolved to dedicate his life to God, literally sells all his goods and gives the proceeds to the poor. Forced by human pity to give shelter to a friendless, persecuted girl (her name is Mariola), he succumbs to her beauty and passionate devotion to himself, and becomes her lover. Then, torn by remorse over what he considers a deadly sin, he drives her pitilessly away, makes public confession, and joins a band of flagellant monks.

Nine years later we find him again in Parma, by now the head of the Order of Flagellants and the idolized champion of the oppressed poor, but nonetheless a restless, dour and unhappy man. He meets Mariola again. She had borne him a son, she tells him; but the child died during the years of misery and starvation that she has had to endure. Gherardo's eyes are opened, and he realizes the cruelty and selfishness of what he once considered an act of piety and expiation. He realizes, too, that he has always loved Mariola, and begs her to go out into the world with him. But she will not have it so. If he abandons the people, so oppressed by Church and State, whither can they turn for help? He submits, and prepares to face his duty again, only to be arrested on charges of heresy and treason.

Tricked by promises of amnesty made by the Bishop and the Governor of Parma, he is led into the public square to make public recantation. There is rioting among the people, and a child is killed. The grief-crazed mother stabs Mariola just as Gherardo is making his avowal. He takes the dying girl in his arms. Then, his face set, he rises, publicly repudiates his recantation, and is led away to a martyr's death at the stake. [*Turn to page 70*]



Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of "The Flagrant Years". At right, above—Lorna Moon, "Dark Star". At left—Lorna Rea, "Six Mrs. Greenes".

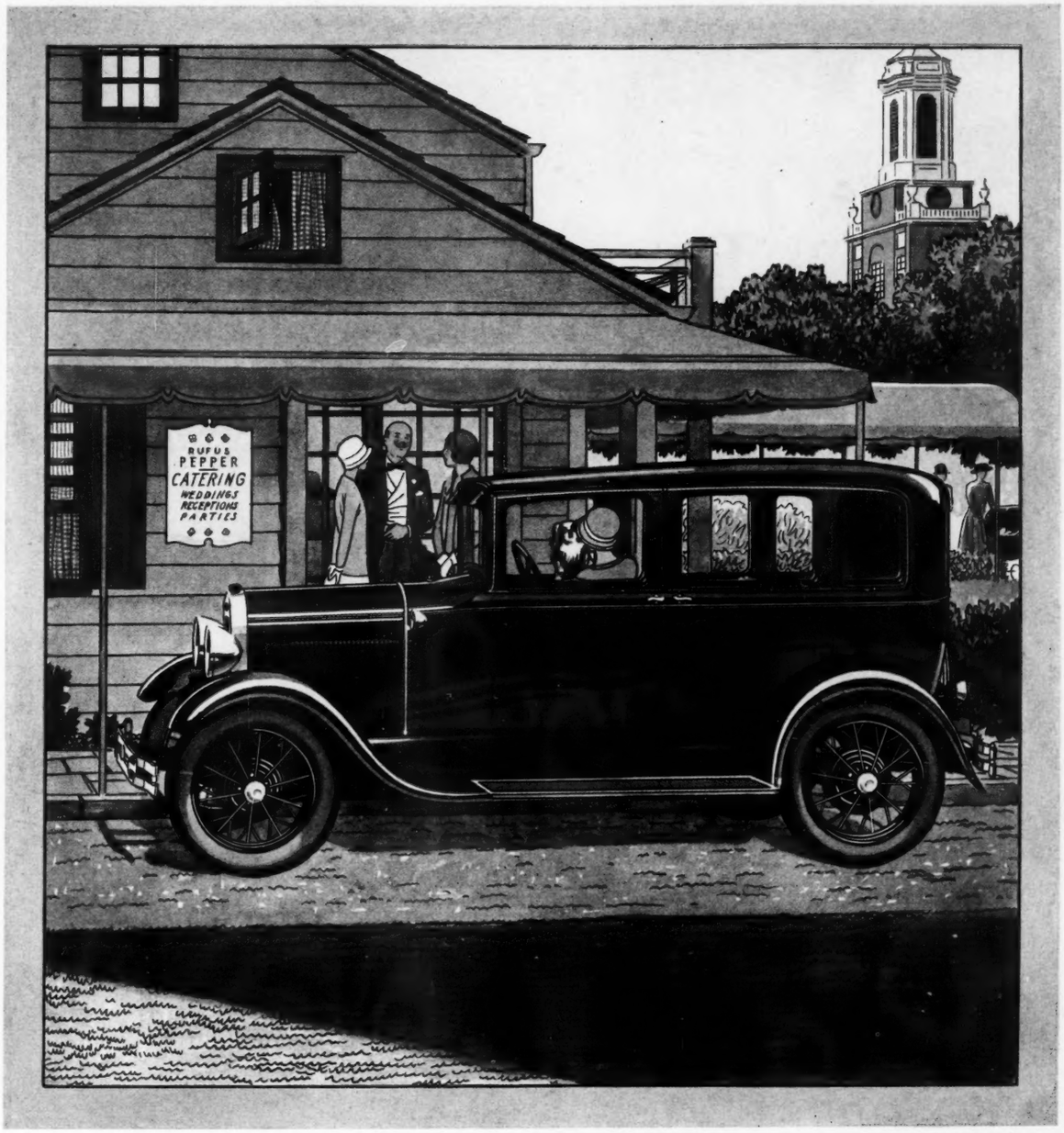
TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

A Touchstone For Fiction

SUMMER is here, as I can tell from the sheaf of letters on my desk. "Please, oh please," writes Susan T. lackadaisically from her hammock in Ohio, "send me a list of good novels that won't take too much energy to read," while Mary N. out in Kansas begs for some books "that will carry her millions of miles away from the hot middle-western scene." Still another reader challenges me to recommend a group of novels "that will be both [*Turn to page 84*]

THE COMFORTING ASSURANCE THAT EVERYTHING IS JUST RIGHT



The new Ford Town Sedan

OF ALL the many features of the new Ford, there is none that means so much to the woman motorist as the comforting assurance that everything is just right.

You have confidence in the mechanical performance of the car because it has, to a greater degree than ever, the reliability that has always been associated with the name Ford. Equally important is your confidence in the safety of the car.

Your first impression of the new Ford is one of sturdy strength. This is due not only to the substantial, well-built frame and the extensive use of steel in the body, but also to the carefully-planned balance of the car. The way it holds the road is particularly noticeable on curves and in traveling at more than average speed.

The six-brake system of the new Ford, is, of course, one of its outstanding features. It is unusually reliable and effective because the surfaces of all six brakes are fully enclosed. There is thus no possibility of water, dirt or oil entering the brake mechanism and interfering with brake action under ordinary driving conditions. Silent, easy operation is another feature you will appreciate.

A further factor in the safety of the new Ford is the Triplex glass windshield. This is so made that it will not shatter or fly under the hardest impact. Such protection becomes increasingly necessary as traffic increases and is an important point to remember in the purchase of an automobile.

Ease of steering and of shifting gears, quick acceleration, abundant speed and power for every emergency, and full vision front, side and rear also contribute to the safety of the new Ford and are among the reasons why it is such a good car for a woman to drive.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Summer desserts – old and new

BLACKBERRY ROLY-POLY

Since Shakespeare's time the roly-poly has added enjoyment to countless meals as well as a word to the English language—for over-indulgence in this favored dessert was wont to make the consumer "roly-poly."

This is another quick Crisco recipe and can be made by the most inexperienced cook. For Crisco combines easily and smoothly with the other ingredients of a recipe and lends its own delightfully fresh flavor to the foods cooked with it.

2 cups flour — 5 tablespoons Crisco
½ teaspoon salt — ½ cup milk — 1 egg beaten
2 tablespoons sugar — 3 teaspoons baking powder

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in Crisco until mealy in appearance. Add beaten egg and milk and blend. Toss on floured board and roll out about ¼" thick. Brush with melted Crisco.

3 cups blackberries — ¾ cup sugar — ½ teaspoon ginger
⅛ teaspoon salt — 2 tablespoons Crisco

Spread dough with berries which have been mixed with sugar and spices. Dot with Crisco. Roll up as for jelly roll. Place in Criscoed pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. Serve with favorite pudding sauce.

PEACH COBBLER

Cobbler is a strange name for a dessert! Dictionaries throw no light on its origin as applied to food. But the phrase "to cobble" was an early Americanism meaning to concoct hurriedly. Perhaps some housewife said proudly of the dish long ago, "Oh, it's something I've just cobbled up"—and thence the name cobbler came down through generations.

This Crisco peach cobbler is rich enough to satisfy grown-up appetites and simple enough for the children, too. No shortening could be better for children's foods than Crisco. One taste will tell you how pure and sweet and fresh Crisco is. And Crisco stays fresh through the hottest August without ice-box help.

1 egg, beaten — ¼ cup sugar — 1 cup flour
½ cup milk — 2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons melted Crisco — ½ teaspoon salt

Beat egg light, add sugar, Crisco and milk. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to first mixture. Beat thoroughly.

8 peaches, pared and sliced — ⅔ cup sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Half fill Criscoed baking dish with peaches blended with sugar and spice. Cover with batter and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream. This recipe will serve from 6 to 8 people. Canned peaches may be substituted for fresh fruit.

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco – then any other shortening . . . . Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your

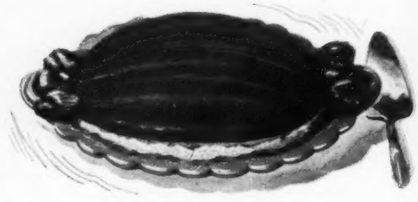
APPLE DUMPLING

A ripe, sweet apple encased in rich, sweet pastry baked to golden crispness and oozing fragrant juice! That's a Crisco apple dumpling! An apple dumpling made with Crisco—a shortening so pure and sweet that it tastes sweet and fresh just as it comes from the can.

6 medium apples (peeled and cored) — ½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup granulated sugar — ⅓ cup raisins

Use the same pastry as for blackberry roly-poly. Roll to ¼" thickness. Brush with Crisco and cut into six squares. Mix sugar and nutmeg. Place apple on each square of pastry. Fill wells with raisins and sugar mixture. Enclose apple with pastry and bake in Criscoed pan in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes or until apple is done. Serve with favorite pudding sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.



CHANTILLY

Invited to an afternoon party and company coming to your house for dinner! Here's an emergency Crisco dessert. It can be prepared in the morning, chilled while you're away in the afternoon and served at the peak of its suave perfection for dinner. And it's an entirely new dessert—apricots, prunes, nuts (nature's health foods) blended in a mound of cool delight and combined with Crisco, a shortening so fresh-flavored that it tastes sweet and pure all by itself—and so improves the flavor of things you make with it.

1 tablespoon gelatin — ½ cup Crisco
⅓ cup water — 1 cup powdered sugar
2 cups apricot juice — ½ cup pecans chopped
1 square of chocolate (unsweetened) — 3 egg whites beaten
1 cup prune pulp — 1 teaspoon vanilla
⅓ cup sugar — ½ teaspoon salt
— 3 egg yolks (beaten)

Soak gelatin in cold water for 10 minutes, then set over hot water until melted. Add juice drained from cooked, dried apricots. Stir until thick, pour into chilled mold, and turn until jelly coats the entire surface. In the meantime melt chocolate over hot water. Add prune pulp, sugar, the well-beaten yolks of eggs. Cook till very thick, then chill. Cream Crisco, add gradually sifted powdered sugar and salt. Beat till creamy, add cold prune mixture and pecans. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and add vanilla. Pour into mold. Chill until thoroughly set. Unmold on a layer of sponge cake. Garnish with stuffed prunes.

Free: Miss Splint's Selected Recipes

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail me the coupon.

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AUGUST McCALL'S 1929

"It doesn't do to take things too much to heart," said Rory

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

Here begins a new, challenging Dell novel—revealing the eternal conflict of a woman to whom love is all existence

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

IT WAS Mrs. Deloraine's easy Irish way every Christmas to collect all the young folks from seven years old upwards and invite them all to a party, and leave them to enjoy themselves according to their various inclinations. Not that she did not provide entertainment on a lavish scale. There were games, there were conjurers, there were musicians, and refreshments of the most dazzlingly indigestible description, but the guests had to help themselves; and if any among them were shy and frightened there was no one to seek them out and give them confidence.

All the really little ones had elder sisters to take care of them. But some of the older children were not so fortunate. They were inclined to hang about rather uneasily on the outside edge of things until vigorously roped in by Rory Donovan whom nobody could resist. Rory was Mrs. Deloraine's nephew, a naval cadet of fifteen with as winning a pair of Irish eyes as anyone could hope to meet in a lifetime. Mrs. Deloraine's husband, whom everybody called Pat, had surnamed him "Daredevil" many years before, and Rory Daredevil he remained. Rory was the only person who took any trouble about the shy little outsiders, "the unemployed," he called them. His methods were very thorough and he would not rest from his self-appointed task while any remained.

Pat, smoking his pipe in a corner, looked on with a smile. "Sure, the boy's like a live wire," he said. "He acts quicker than most of us can think."

Rory had for some reason made up his mind that this party should be a success from everybody's point of

view, and while Pat watched from a peaceful distance and his aunt played bridge with much concentration in a recess of the ballroom, he collected all the shy and awkward ones and paired them off to dance.

Then, for a moment's breathing-space, he paused, surveying the scene with his bright, bold eyes under their extremely black brows. There was not a vestige of shyness about Rory.

There was another child left out somewhere; he was quite sure of it—a dainty, fairy creature with golden hair, the rare golden hair that actually seems to give out light. But now she had disappeared, nor could he find her anywhere among the dancers or other merry-makers in the room beyond.

WHERE was the golden-haired maiden who had looked so lonely and pathetic less than a quarter-of-an-hour ago? Swiftly he went from room to room, his keen eyes scanning every corner, catching a fleeting glimpse of his aunt animatedly scolding her partner at the end of a game. Aunt Eileen was the last person in the world to know anything about her guests.

"Ah, they can amuse themselves," was her favorite remark. Cards and horses were all that really mattered in her life.

Suddenly Rory's look fell upon a door at the further end which led to a small conservatory. Here was a nook he had not searched! He went through the room like a streak of lightning, ignoring the careless calls that greeted him, reached the open doorway, passed through it and paused. The next moment he wheeled and very softly closed the door behind him. He had run his quarry to earth at last.

She was quite alone in the little, dimly-lighted place. She had cleared a narrow space for herself on a low shelf between pots of ferns and flowering azaleas, and here she was sitting crouched, her hair covering her shoulders like a shimmering cloth of gold, her face hidden in her hands and resting upon her knees.

She had not heard his entrance, that he realized. For she was crying bitterly. Her sobs reached him piteously where he stood, a step above her. Hesitating no longer, he moved down and reached her.

"I say!" he cried. "I say!"

She started violently, and in a second her poor little distressed face was raised to his.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!" Her eyes shone through a veil of tears, true violet eyes with black brows in startling contrast to a skin of dazzling fairness. They looked up at him with an appeal that nothing human could have resisted.

"Oh, don't be cross!" she said. "I couldn't help it! Truly—I couldn't help it!"

"Cross!" said Rory. His look caressed with a pity that was like an embrace. "I say, what ever are you crying like this for?" he asked.

She made hasty search for and found a minute lace handkerchief with which she dabbed her eyes and nose with a guilty air.

"I say," said Rory, "have my handkerchief!"

She took it gratefully. "Thank you awfully. Do you mind if I blow my nose on it? Really hard, I mean? Oh, thank you!"

She suited the action to the word, and finally looked up at him with a quivering smile. "That's much better. It doesn't show now, does it?"

"I should think it does show!" answered Rory. "What made you cry?"

She shook her head, unable for the moment to speak. "It—was the band," she managed to say at length with difficulty.

"The band!" he echoed in amazement. "But why?"

She shook her head again, turning slightly from him while she took refuge a second time in his handkerchief.

"Don't you know," she said presently, "how sometimes, when you're unhappy, music makes you feel much worse?"

"Not when it's something jolly," said Rory encouragingly.

"It's the jolliness that does it," she said, with a sigh.

"I say, cheer up!" said Rory, feeling slightly beyond his depth.

"I am—cheering up," she assured him, with another fleeting smile. "I've nearly finished."

"Turned off at the main, and only a little left in the pipe!" suggested Rory.

She laughed at that—faintly, indeed almost in a whisper, but still she laughed. "Yes. It's just like that. How funny of you to understand!"

NOW that her tears had ceased, she looked much older. There was an expression in her eyes which is seldom seen in the eyes of a child, a weary endurance in the midst of heartbreak, which moved him even more than her distress.

"My half-sister," she said, "and my father. They are always very vexed with me when I cry. They say it is just—selfishness."

"And what is it really?" asked Rory.

Her lip quivered again. "It's—grief," she said.

A light began to dawn upon him. [*Turn to page 80*]

"Why have they kept you hidden down in the country all this time?"

Pleasure and duty clash in this triumphant revelation of a doctor who doubted his calling

"And after we are married—you are going to work like mad?"

EARLY TO RISE

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by C. D. MITCHELL

THE artist who had decorated the walls of the ballroom at the Beach Club had been inspired to paint an underseas scene, with luminous fish and colorful crustaceans drifting in and out among the nerveless plants which wavered up from the ocean floor.

Against this background, Dorinda in absinthe tulle, with pink corals dripping from neck and ears, seemed as she came toward her lover across the empty, rose-lighted space, like a nymph at dawn.

He told her that, but she was not impressed.

"Nymphs don't wear tulle. I've been hunting for you everywhere, Barty. We're going for a swim."

"My dear child, do you know what time it is?"

"Four A. M. or thereabouts." Her dark head was against his shoulder. "What difference does it make?"

"Only this—that I'm a working man, dearest, and I must get some sleep."

With pointed finger tip she poked a dimple in his square chin. "We're going to swim, and then come back and have eggs and bacon on the club house porch."

"We're going to do nothing of the kind. I'm going to drive you home in about a minute. Dorinda, what do you and I care for eggs and bacon?"

She raised her head and looked at him. "It isn't the food. It's the idea."

"What idea?"

"Oh, swimming in the dark and getting all nice and chilled and coming back to hot coffee."

There was a slight pause, then he said, "What a girl you are for new sensations."

"That's what makes life worth living, Barty—new things."

"Is it?"

"Yes, I should die if I had to do the old things over and over."

"Would you?" Again he was silent, then he said, "It's been a glorious holiday, 'Rinda, but I promised Edwards I'd get to Boston in time to look after his patients. I'm to take over his cases during his vacation. I shall have to work like mad."

SHE moved away from him and sat down on the velvet cushion of a seat set against the wall. Above her head a goggle-eyed sea monster matched the pink of her corals. "Beauty and the Beast" was the thought in Barty's mind, but he did not voice it.

"And after we are married?" Dorinda's quiet voice interrogated. "You are going to work like mad?"

"I shall have to for a few years."

"But why? You have money enough."

"Money doesn't make a man's success in his own eyes. I come of a line of great physicians, Dorinda."

"Who cares for—great physicians."

He stared at her. "It's something to be proud of."

"Is it?" She flung out her bare white arms in a gesture of impatience. "Why should you and I, Barty, care for people's bones and nerves and lights and livers when there's all the fun in the world if we go after it? Let men and women work who have to. As for us—oh, there are a thousand things—"

She lifted her head and laughed—that provocative laugh, which always seemed to him a challenge. He caught her up to him. "How you love to tease me!"

"I'm not teasing. I mean it. Let's live, Barty, as long as we can—And then, when we are old and wrinkled, we can look back and—remember—"

"But Dorinda—" he stopped and drew away from her as the room was invaded suddenly by the rest of their crowd, a dozen or more in bathing suits.

"Dorinda," someone was calling, "what's the matter with you and Barty? Aren't you coming?"

Dorinda's voice was clear, light, amused: "Barty wants to go to bed!"

"What—?"

"To bed my dears. He wants to go home—!"

"Oh, but he can't . . . Oh, come on, both of you. Come on . . . Dorinda, come on."

Their many voices made a babel of sound; and then one impish lad in an orange tunic linked his hand in the hand of the girl next to him, and she linked her hand with another, and thus a circle was formed about Dorinda and her lover—a fantastic circle, the girls in tunics of green and blue, and scarlet, some with their heads tied up in gay kerchiefs, others in caps, and still others showing the beauty of burnished hair; the boys equally gay, but sinewy and brown against the grace and whiteness of their companions.

And as they danced the imp in the orange tunic improvised new lines to an old verse, the rest joining in:

> Early to bed, early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,
> But who would be healthy?
> Who would be wise?
> We'll dance until morning,
> And see the sun rise——!

The leader's invention failed there, and the circle broke in a shout of laughter. Barty and Dorinda joined in the merriment as they were caught up and carried off—and presently they, too, came forth in swimming clothes, Dorinda more than ever like a nymph, in coral taffeta, Barty in black, his red head lighting it.

So that was that, and the sun rose at five!

BARTY agreed that it was glorious swimming in the moonless night. The stars in the wide arch above them shone with a pale light which whitened the sky and tipped the waves with silver. There was magic in the voices across the waves—the laughter—youth calling to youth. Dorinda was saying as she swam beside him. "Barty, isn't this better than anything?"

He did not answer. He knew it was not better than anything. But this was not the time to argue. He knew that he would have to go without sleep, except such as he might snatch on the train. He simply had to make Boston in time for his talk with Edwards. Great guns, he had promised. The old chap was worn out with all those throat operations—those wonderful operations at some of which Barty had assisted, his soul stirred by the skill of his father's friend.

When Edwards came back in the fall, Barty was to be made definitely his associate. Thank heaven, he wouldn't have to think of money. His father and grandfathers had settled that. He would buy the big house Dorinda coveted and she could spend as much as she liked to fit it up. There would be his own fine heirlooms, the William and Mary pieces, the early American silver. She would settle down and be proud that her husband was something more than a parasite; and in time, with luck, people might come to look up to him as they had looked up to those other famous physicians in his family.

Dorinda was insisting, "Barty, isn't this better than anything? And you can telegraph Edwards you are staying on."

"I can't stay on, dearest."

"But Muriel has invited us to her camp."

"Dorinda, I've promised Edwards."

"Break your promise."

"My dear, I can't."

A long silence out of which Dorinda's voice: "If you don't, it's all over between us."

They were floating now on their backs. He turned so that he might look at her and swam slowly.

"All over between us?" he asked, startled. "What do you mean?"

Her face was a white oval under the points of her pink rubber cap. Barty had a sense of the unrealness of the scene. The two of them suspended in space, the voices of the others growing faint and fainter as they made for the beach.

"This isn't the place to talk about it," he said, with sudden sternness; "wait until we get on shore."

"No." Dorinda was swimming now beside him. "I have said all I am going to say. I've wanted to say it for a long time. I'm not going to be tied for life to a

"Barty and I are going to play around for the rest of our lives"

man who is a slave to his work. It is middle class, bourgeoisie, and I hate it."

With a wide sweep of her arm, she increased her speed and left him. He did not follow her. She could go if she wished—to those others who would eat eggs and bacon on the club house porch and get thrills out of it. He wondered if any of them would have thrilled as he had to the sight of old Edwards working on those ravaged throats.

WHEN at last he reached the shore no one was in sight. He sat down on the sands, his arms about his knees. The paleness of the dawn was blotting out the stars. The waters were swept by a ghostly light. If Dorinda were here she would hate it, as she hated all still and somber things. She would not be content to sit beside him, his arm about her. She wanted to run with the pack.

He wondered that even in his thoughts he should be finding flaws in her. Yet here on the sands, an infinitesimal figure under the wide arch of the sky, he summed up all that had happened to him in the three months since he had known her. He had met her at the Beach Club when he had come down one day with the Honeywells. He had stayed with the Honeywells every week-end since then, and had seen Dorinda constantly. He had been much attracted and had let her set the pace, dancing to the pipe she played—that very modern pipe which is as old as the ancients, whose tune is pleasure.

Dorinda had seemed to him worth it. She was a perfect product of the age in which she lived—subtly daring in deeds and dress, sought by the men, acclaimed by the women—a prize to be envied, not easily won, offering a stimulating resistance to his masculine demands, yet with brief and charming moments of surrender. They had been engaged for a fortnight. It seemed to him incredible that it was ended.

But was it ended? Had Dorinda meant what she said? Might she not even now be expecting him? Hoping, perhaps, that he would come to where she sat with the others and lean down and whisper in her ear: "My life is yours, Dorinda, as you want it."

But his life was not hers as she wanted it. It was his—to fashion from the fabric of his dreams. He rose and looked back toward the Beach Club, its thin line of lights dimmed by the dying darkness. On the porch at this very moment, Dorinda was undoubtedly eating eggs and bacon and telling her world that she was done with him. For he knew that she would tell it. He had liked to think her frankness a virtue. He winced, however, as he seemed to catch the echo of her words: "I'm off with Barty. He's a dear, but I can't live up to him."

The crowd would think none the less of her. Nor of him. It was willing he should take his thrills in his own way. If he preferred a stupid profession to Dorinda's arms, then it was simply some other fellow's luck.

And the other fellow would be—Duke Stanhope. He has always wanted Dorinda; and when he had congratulated Barty on his engagement, he had said: "I shall steal her if I can." Barty, serene and conquering, had asked, "What about it, Dorinda?" And Dorinda had flung out, lightly, "Duke wants me because I am yours." And that had ended it, at least for the moment; but now it looked as if the buccaneering Duke might have his chance. Well, let him have it!

But it wasn't to be settled like that, with a phrase. The pain at Barty's heart was an actual physical fact. He began to walk blindly up the beach. He wanted to get away, anywhere to escape Dorinda and her crowd. As soon as they left the club he would go back and get his clothes and be off to Boston.

HE BECAME aware, suddenly, of something running along the sands ahead of him—a small ghostly figure, which proved to be a plump gray cat, her head held high, a dead fish hanging limp from her lips like a silver locket.

"A woman like myself shouldn't wear such clothes as these"

He spoke to her, but she kept on. He followed her as she turned from the shore and pushed through a tangle of bay and juniper toward a white farmhouse which crowned a low hill and was flanked by a huge barn. The wide door of the barn was open and within were the amethyst shadows of the early morning.

Barty, entering the barn, was engulfed by the shadows. But there was light above in the loft; and when, still following the cat, he came to it, he found her transmuted by the rays from the rising sun, so that she and the four kittens, light as thistledown about her, were all gold and glitter, and the hay heaped back of them molten in the blaze.

Barty threw himself on the hay. His pursuit of the cat had been idle, but he was glad he had come. She was a charming little creature—and the kittens! Once upon a time Dorinda had said, "I hate cats." And he had argued the case with her, "A woman should love all helpless things—"

Dorinda! So his mind swung back to her—under the stars in the moonless night—!

He sat up suddenly. From below a voice had called, "Susan!"

The mother cat untangled herself from her kittens and bounded down the stairs.

Again he heard the voice. "Susan," it said, "it's a heavenly morning."

Barty raised himself on his elbow and looked through a crack. A girl stood below. She was a little thing and as she bent to pour milk into a saucer, he could see only the back of her head—thick, fair hair gathered into a knot. She wore a faded green sweater, a gray skirt and a white blouse. On her feet were stout oxfords. She continued to talk to the cat—"It's a heavenly morning, and I'm going for a swim."

The gray cat went on lapping milk. Not for her were sunrises and sunsets, moonshine and mists of stars. Her world was the old barn and little mice that crept in and out, and the four kittens, and this mistress of hers who brought food in a blue bowl.

BARTY could see the girl's face now. She had, he decided, beauty of a kind, not dazzling as was Dorinda's yet with certain qualities of vividness and naïveté. Her eyes were gray, her lashes long and dark, her skin tanned by the sun. As a step sounded outside, she looked up and smiled at a man who stood framed by the gold-bright beauty of the August morning.

He was not a tall man, but his stocky figure and square shoulders gave an impression of strength. His eyes, too, were blue and his brows dark. But his thick hair showed a white lock as he took off his hat and spoke to his daughter.

"I've just had a call, Peggy, an appendicitis case up in the hills. I may have to operate."

"Want me with you?"

"No, I'll stop in town and get a nurse. You're not professional enough."

"I could be, Daddy, if you'd let me have the training."

There was no answer as he did things to his car, lifting the hood and looking in.

Suddenly he withdrew his head. "Peggy, I've been thinking—"

"About what?"

"That if you still want nurse's training you may have it."

She was standing now, gazing at her father with a puzzled frown. "But Daddy, you'd be alone."

He faced her, a flush on his cheeks. "Look here, old lady, I've got something to tell [*Turn to page 71*]

"It—is a letter that I do not want to go.

DESERT BLOOM

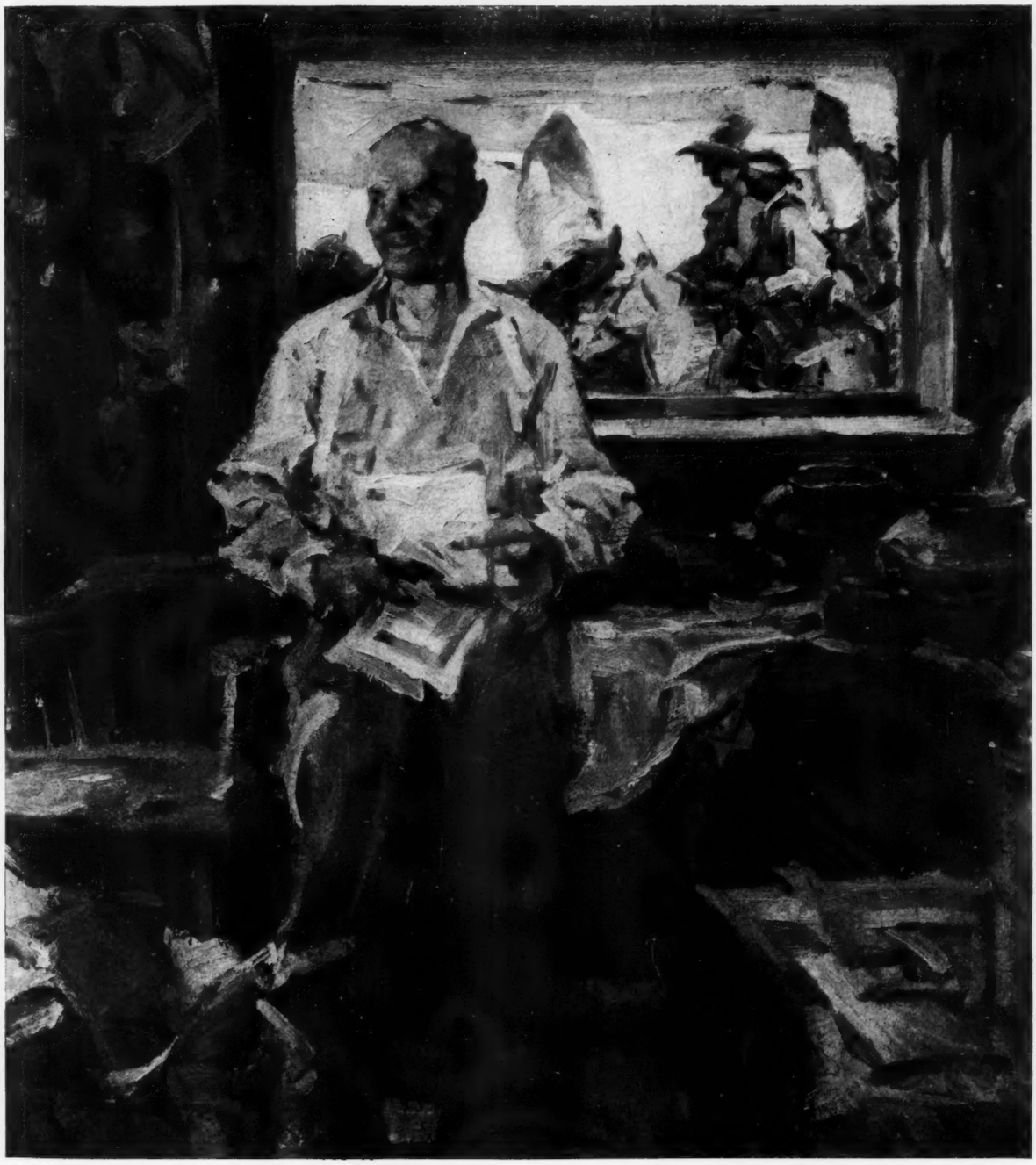
By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by
FRANK HOFFMAN

COHINA boasted just one wooden building and Bill Preston owned that. All the others were built of mud, mixed with straw, and well baked by Arizona sunshine. They stretched along the railroad track which ran both ways from the tank and station; and a motley crew lived in them, mostly Mexican section-hands, with a few Indian bead-weavers among them.

Bill Preston was the big man of Cohina—boss and arbiter, jury and judge. He kept the store, the barber shop, the post-office and everything else that meant civilization in the lonely community.

He was short and paunchy and none too careful of his personal appearance, wearing always soiled white trousers above sockless *zepatas* and a gay shirt open at the neck. That was his one vanity, the striped silk shirt, always bright of pattern, always of good quality. He bought his clothes from a drummer making in from Tucson twice a year and no



Please give it to me—and do not mention this"

one in Cohina had ever seen him in anything else. Bald of dome, grizzled at temple, his round face shining with fat, Old Man Bill was none too prepossessing. There were hard little lines running downward from the corners of his eyes and the eyes themselves were a study: they read people and things with uncanny surety.

Their owner knew everything there was to know in Cohina and for forty miles around it. Bill had found that it paid to know things. Nothing got by.

Steam from a rusty teakettle on an oil stove in the dingy space walled off for the post-office made open sesame to everything that passed through his hands. If Manuel Sanchez had just brought in the sacks from the mail train and John Harlow from the Circle O or H. P. Lind from Wild Horse asked for the mail they knew should be there, they were met by Bill's placid face at the window as calmly as though he had not just put their letters in his little drawer to wait his leisure.

"Next time, mebbe," he would say stolidly; and surely enough, next time there would be mail—a week old by the inside dates. But what could one do? The outside would be meticulously stamped to date, and there you were.

Almost everything could be had at Bill's.

There were the two round, dirty tables where games of poker went on Saturdays and Sundays as stiff as the finances of the players could stand. There was the counter where more than beans and calico was sold; and there was Cochise Charlie with the eyes of a hawk, the ears of a lynx, and a trigger finger, hair-hung. Even the sheriff of the county took no sudden chances at Old Man Bill's.

It was a bad place in a bad town and a stranger had no business there if he valued his possessions and his peace.

The late desert spring was passing. Bill Preston, standing on his plank porch, spread his heavy nostrils and breathed deeply.

The only thing in Cohina that ever got underneath his callous skin was the scent of yucca blooms, but no one knew it.

He half closed the opaque eyes between their rolls of fat and the round moon of his face became for a moment eloquent.

It was then that the woman came to Cohina—in the twilight, drenched with the almost sickening sweetness of the flowers.

Old Man Bill had heard the coughing of her flivver for forty minutes and knew it for a stranger. He knew the sound of every car in the whole country as far as he could hear it. This particular car sounded sick, like the lungers themselves who made a tragic hegira year by year to the lonely desert. [*Turn to page 84*]

THE PATIENCE OF GRISELDA

Blind love brings romance out of darkness

By F. Tennyson Jesse

Illustrated by LOREN WILFORD

Sick fear of death closed about Griselda

THE Lamottes were a strange couple; and disaster always overtook those who made their home with them—as did Dicky Amphlett, that nice English boy, mysteriously murdered while with them in Tunis. His sister, "Pat," is informed of his death, then the Lamottes disappear. By the following year Pat has traced them to the French Riviera, where they are concentrating upon a young English girl, Daisy Jones. She finds them working under the name of Cauvin. Daisy's "accidental" death by drowning, arouses the suspicions of Pat (disguised as Griselda). Enlisting the assistance of Giles Penrose, who is attracted to her in spite of her blindness, they work out a plot to bring the Cauvins to justice.

Part II—Conclusion

NEXT day dawned strangely hot and oppressive. The sea was leaden and very still and a faint haze obscured the horizon. Even phlegmatic Bertha seemed uneasy and muttered that there was thunder in the air. Keziah, more weather-wise in that locality, shook her head and said that there would probably be a thick fog from the sea. There was no fog that morning, however, and even had there been it was all one to Griselda, who took her accustomed walk along the headland and came back by the beach. She took her leisurely way up the cliff path and sat herself down to rest on the bench set some twenty feet below the overhanging top of the cliff, in the seat where she had promised to meet Giles that evening. She was sitting there, her hands folded in her lap, when Paul came gaily along down the path toward her. "There you are, dear child!" he exclaimed. "I have been a little anxious about you." He sat down beside her on the seat and laid his hands over hers as they rested on her lap.

"You shouldn't be anxious, Uncle Paul," said Griselda lightly. "I know my way about, you know."

"You know your way about," repeated Paul, "That's one of your English expressions that means more than it says, does it not? It means that you know the world and human nature?"

"Yes, it means that too," agreed Griselda.

"And do you know the world, dear child?" inquired Paul. "Do you know human nature; above all, that of men and women? Do you know for instance what it means to a man to live in the same house with you, to be near you, to see you perpetually before him in all your beauty and sweetness?"

"I know," said Griselda, "that it can't mean anything in the ordinary way because I'm blind, so no man wants me for his wife, and no man I hope, would want me for anything else. My blindness should be a great protection, Uncle Paul."

Paul moistened his lips. He was unusually pale and his hand shook a little. "You don't understand me," he said. "For a long time I have tried not to tell you and now for the past few weeks I have tried to tell you, and both are equally difficult. I am not a man who loves lightly, Griselda, and I love you."

"You loved Daisy," said Griselda scornfully.

"I did not and you know it. I amused myself, perhaps. Men are only human."

"And," went on Griselda, "what about Aunt Bertha?"

"Bertha," he said thoughtfully, not dismissing the name contemptuously as she thought he might, but dwelling on it rather ruefully. "As you say, what about Bertha." He paused and for a moment there was a heavy silence. "Bertha has been a good wife to me," said Paul at last, "but to every man once in his life there comes a madness, Griselda, and that madness I never had for Bertha even when she was young. I never had it for any woman till now."

Griselda stood up. "You must not talk like that, Uncle Paul," she said. "I shall go in and leave you." Something in her quiet cold face enraged Paul. He caught her in his arms and pressed her fiercely against him, then began to cover her face with kisses in a famished manner that would have looked ugly indeed to any watcher. Griselda, struggling in that loathsome embrace, lost her nerve and in one moment undid the careful work of months. It was not merely that the man would have been repulsive to her in any event, it was that he was the murderer of her brother which snapped her self control.

"Let me go, you beast!" she cried. He made no answer except to stop her outcry with kisses. She managed to get a hand free and hit him with all her force on the side of his face. A ring she wore cut the flesh by his eye and the blood sprang out. He relaxed his hold and she sprang away from him and stood trembling. "Your filthy hands . . . !"she said.

HE NURSED his cheek and stared at her resentfully. "I didn't mean to hurt you," he said. "If I was too sudden, I am sorry. You need not speak as though you hated me."

"I loathe and abominate you. It's nothing to do with being sudden. Your presence makes me sick. To think that you—" her voice broke and she turned and rushed up the path half pulling herself up by the handrail, for she was trembling with emotion.

Paul whose face had changed oddly, stood staring after her. At last, very slowly he also went up the path across the strip of short rabbit nibbled turf and went into the bungalow. He looked round the living-room, it was empty. He went to the window and saw Griselda walking rapidly along the path between the gorse bushes. She had gone to walk off her anger; and already, had Paul but known it, there was a sick fear at her heart that she had said too much and that her work might be undone. He himself was too brimmed with rage to trouble about her feelings. His male vanity, added to the over-weening vanity of the true criminal, was raw within him. Turning, he went to the foot of the stairs that led directly from the living-room to the landing above, and called in a voice still husky with passion—"Bertha, I want you."

Bertha came out on the landing and stood looking down on him. Her head was tied up in a duster, for she always saw to the upstairs rooms while Keziah was busy in the kitchen over the mid-day dinner. She looked more gaunt and manlike than ever with her thick black hair, that was her one beauty, thus hidden. Her face changed as she saw Paul's expression and she came quickly down the stairs. "What has happened?" she asked sharply. "Nothing has been—found out, has it?"

"Eh? No, no," said Paul.

She caught sight of the blood that trickled over his cheekbone, and the next moment through the window she saw Griselda's retreating figure. Her look and tone hardened as the intuition of a woman sick with jealousy told her in a flash what had happened. "You have been making a fool of yourself with that girl—I will not have it . . . Do you hear, Paul?"

THEY were talking French, as always when alone, but even so they spoke very rapidly in low voices. Paul dabbed his cheek with his handkerchief. "You have nothing to fear, Bertha, believe me. I tell you I would like to strangle her myself."

"I see," said Bertha softly with a twisted smile. "She's turned you down. Well, I'm quite willing to hurry things on, Paul. I'm sick of this place. Are you sure you can copy her signature accurately now?"

"Perfectly. There's no reason why we shouldn't go on drawing her money from abroad for as long as we like. No one knows she's here. She gets no letters. She writes to no one. She's not drawn her annuity since she was here. There will be a dreadful accident, a line in the local papers, and that's all."

"Those cliff-walks late at night," said Bertha. "How often Keziah has heard us protest against them."

"She will take one walk too many tonight," said Paul, "and that will be the end. Keziah goes home at seven, doesn't she?"

"Yes, after she's laid the supper."

"I must make up the quarrel before then. I must eat what you call 'humble pie'. Keziah must hear us all being friendly together before she goes," mused Paul, "and then the accident shall happen. There will be nothing to arouse suspicion. No insurance this time. We have not wasted our summer here, Bertha."

Griselda too, was thinking things out as she lay face downward, chin propped on her hands on the moorland. Had she given herself away, she asked of her anxious mind? Could she induce Paul to forget what she had said? Could she recreate for the next twelve hours the atmosphere of confidence that was necessary? It would mean humbling herself to the man whose very presence filled her with disgust, but it had to be done. She had not borne so much to be cheated at the end by her own womanish qualms. She entered the bungalow nerving herself to the [*Turn to page 64*]

"Open in the name of the law," came a man's voice

Decoration by H. R. Sutter

By Helen Christine Bennett

PROSPERITY CAN BE BOUGHT

THE material for this article has been supplied through the cooperation of the United States Department of Commerce; Percy A. Straus, Vice President, R. H. Macy & Company; Frederick D. Corley, Vice President, Marshall Field & Co.; J. C. Penney, Chairman of the Board, James C. Penney Co.; V. S. Alward, President, and William H. Wilson, Vice President, The American Furniture Mart; Mr. Thomas T. Branham, President, The National Wholesale Grocers Association; The United States Department of Agriculture; William G. Conover, former President, National Laundry Owners Association.

ARE you satisfied with your income, with the clothes you wear, the home you live in and the car you drive?

Do you realize that if American women bought intelligently the country would be eight billion dollars richer each year and you could afford more of the things you want?

When women awake to their economic importance, and act accordingly, we will be a healthier, wealthier and wiser nation—*The Editor*

YOU say," observed my neighbor, who has a most logical mind, "that women buy almost all the goods made and so control industry."

"That is about it," I admitted.

"Well, then," she returned in triumph, "what of it? Look at industry! In the ten years just past when you say that control passed more and more from the hands of men into our hands, hasn't industry gone forward with flying leaps? Don't you yourself say that we are in the most productive period of our national history to date? Well, didn't we have a lot to do with it?"

She thought she had me. But she hadn't. For we have [*Turn to page 69*]

HIDE IN THE DARK

"It wouldn't open. I heard something move—inside"

From thirteen to one—and the mystery yet unsolved

AT MIDNIGHT of Halloween, Lindy's party at "Lady Court" is shattered by the murder of Douglas King as he lay on the sofa in the living-room. The other "March Hares" rush back from every corner of the old house, drawn by Jill Leighton's piercing screams. Doug King murdered; circumstantial evidence begins to pile up—to pile up against several persons in the party—only circumstantial evidence. The more the nerve-taut guests try to untangle their mystery the more involved they become. Truth, nothing but the truth, they try to tell—maybe someone lied. After Doug's body had been removed to the private chapel in the house, Gavin Dart undertakes to trace the evening's events leading to the murder.

The "motive" in multiple, is revealed as ugly stories in Doug's past are recounted; and in an attempt to locate the "opportunity" the game of Hide in the Dark is again enacted. Lindy takes the place of Jill in remaining behind. Slowly she counts ten; the guests scatter. Then eerily "Sunny's tune" on the phonograph rises.

Part VI

ABOVE the startled voices, it sang peacefully and clearly on, completing that old, lost tale that none of them had wanted to hear—that forgotten tale of magic and starlight and youth, touched with the charmed nostalgia of all lost and lovely things. It was Gavin Dart's cool, clipped voice that cut sharply across its singing and the rising surge of voices that almost drowned it out.

"Will everyone be good enough to stand exactly where they are? I mean that literally; don't move a step. And it will help if you don't make a sound, either. Don't let go of my hand, Ray; just stand where you are and stretch out your other hand till it touches the door frame. I want to make a barrier across the hall door. Never mind the lights; I'll get them in a second . . . . All right—here goes!"

They flared up magnificently just as the little black disk spun peacefully off into silence and quiet under the frantically incredulous eyes turned to it.

Gavin Dart was the only one who did not so much as glance in its direction. His eyes were on another disk—a small white one on his wrist, and they were narrowed in a very passion of concentration.

"Exactly two minutes and ten seconds. Are we all here?"

Sherry's voice called from the head of the stairs, breathless and incoherent: "Wait, will you? I took the wrong turn on the third floor—there's a damned jog in the hall that brings you out beyond the stairs, and I—"

"It was you that we were waiting for, Sheridan," said Gavin Dart. "It was for your especial benefit that I waited almost a minute to turn the lights on. Come down and join us, won't you? You had a rendezvous with us here almost forty-five seconds ago."

Sherry, thrusting his way through the crowd in the hall, said sullenly:

"I took the wrong turn, I'm telling you. What's the matter with all of you, anyway? What are you gawking at that darned phonograph for?"

Chatty answered in a small, hushed voice, too charged with awe to even tremble:

"Sherry, it was playing . . . Sherry, it was playing Sunny's tune."

"Never mind the phonograph for a moment, please, Chatty. Let's find out first, Sheridan, why you took that wrong turn now and didn't take it at midnight? At midnight if you remember, you were a long sight farther from the room than you were this time . . . you'd managed to waft yourself through a locked trap door

"What's the matter? What are you gawking at that phonograph for?"

into some remote corner of the attic itself—and yet in the pitch dark you got yourself out of the attic, down the ladder, through all those corridors, down two other long flights of stairs, and into this room, straight as a homing pigeon, in a little over a minute flat, according to the estimate of some of us here—in under two minutes, according to the most generous of us. Why couldn't you repeat that distinguished performance of yours, Sheridan?"

Sherry said in a voice too weary for bravado: "I told you why, twice. I got balled up on the turn."

"You're balled up on more than the turn, I'm afraid. You won't blame me later for not reminding you that candor is your surest refuge in time of trouble, will you? Because I'm reminding you of it now." He paused, waiting expectantly, his chilled eyes on Sherry's sullen and disordered countenance. After a moment he said smoothly: "Very well, then. I think that as we aren't to be vouchsafed any assistance on your part, we'll manage to get on excellently without it. Tom, I want you to go on an errand for me . . . Or no, wait a moment. Are you all standing just where you were at ten minutes past midnight?"

Trudi said wearily: "Of course we're not. In the first place that phonograph thing brought us all in here on the run, and in the second place you told us to stand still exactly where we were when you spoke. Why didn't you turn on the lights, without all that chatter about not moving a hand or a foot?"

"Because I was performing this experiment for a perfectly definite purpose, Trudi. It was, I regret to say, a trap to catch Sherry, and phonograph or no phonograph, I couldn't spring that trap for at least two minutes. My watch has a luminous dial, you know, so I simply held off the lights until the time was up."

JOEL demanded excitedly: "Yes, but after all you can't laugh that phonograph off, can you? How does that fit in, for Pete's sake? What's it all about anyway?"

"It strikes me as fairly simple. It means that someone was moving about in this room who had no earthly business to be here, and that for some reason of their own they were very near the phonograph. Suppose we check up on who is in the room now. You, Lindy, naturally. And Tom—you came in from the chapel,

By Frances Noyes Hart

Author of "The Bellamy Trial"

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

didn't you? That leaves Jill to be accounted for. How did you happen to be here, Jill?"

She said, clinging to the back of the chair by the door, her face turned so that she could not see Larry's astounded eyes: "I thought I was meant to be here."

"And what made you think that?"

"Because—because this was where I was when it—happened."

"But, Jill, I told you perfectly distinctly that you were to be up with Larry in the linen-presses. And you were certainly there when Ray and I were checking up on positions."

"Was I? I don't remember . . . I don't remember anything very well."

She swayed slightly, and something in the blinded pathos of the small, sad face tempered the steel in Dart's voice. "Just try to tell us what happened, will you? We all want to help you."

"I can't tell you."

Larry asked from the hall, his face drained of every vestige of color:

"Let me get in there to her, will you, Dart? You can see for yourself that she isn't fit to answer questions. I'll tell you anything you want to know, I swear."

Gavin Dart dropped the arm that still formed a barrier across the door, and [*Turn to page 56*]

"I must go back! I will wait for nothing! I must go back!"

Like a house divided against itself a woman's heart is severed by

THE STRONGEST TIE

By Evelyn Campbell

Illustrated by MEAD SCHAEFFER

ROY and Enid had been married for two years when they discovered that their perpetual honeymoon was to be invaded.

The news affected them differently. Roy reacted as most young fathers do—he was furiously embarrassed, proud, and consumed with the desire to take the world into his confidence; amazed and a little offended when the world smiled and went on about its business, as though nothing uncommon had occurred. All this with substratas of complete panic when he thought of all that Enid must go through. Men have their gossipy moments and some of the young married fellows told harrowing tales of hours spent waiting beside closed doors. But the old ones, those with grown-up families, seemed to have forgotten. When they were asked, hinted to, they looked merely reminiscent and began to wonder who was President that year. Although that comforted Roy in a way . . . . it couldn't be so frightful if a man didn't remember! He put some of this down to pure sensationalism, finally becoming calm. But Enid accepted it from a surprising angle. She never talked to any one, not even her mother. From the moment she was sure, she seemed to close up like a flower—one of those blushing waxen water lilies that as evening comes near folds pearly walls about the secret of its shining heart.

She went about with that still, remote look in her eyes until Roy reproached her timidly.

"You might talk to me. We could be picking out a school for him, or a name, or something. The Marshes had a lot of fun doing that."

But Enid had lost her sense of humor. "Hush," she said, and would not smile for him.

It was rather unfortunate about the trip to Europe. The arrangements had practically been completed, but were of course instantly abandoned. The European trip was just one of those things that never seem to happen.

It had originally been scheduled for the wedding trip. Once a year the firm sent a man over; and when Roy's turn came they happily chose that time for their marriage. But as luck would have it that was the very year a money panic struck the company, and Europe was the first item snipped from the budget of company expenses. The young pair went to Florida instead and had a perfectly scrumptuous time. Europe next year, they were promised.

But next year Roy had the flu and Davis went in his stead. It looked as if the third time would prove the charm, but the most insuperable barrier of all arose in their domestic sky.

Roy would not consider going without Enid.

"They can send the office boy for all I care," he said firmly, "You and I will see Europe together or Europe will have to get along without us."

He laughed indulgently when she shyly suggested that he reconsider that. Let him go alone once and learn the ropes. He would know all the better how to show her around when her time came to go. But of course she didn't mean that. That was only talk.

BUT Enid did mean it. The oddest thing had happened to her. She loved Roy as she always had, but he seemed to be fading away. It was like turning a delightful page that she had laughed over and cried over, but which must be reluctantly abandoned if she was to finish the chapter.

She wanted to be alone. She was perfectly satisfied to sit by the window and watch buds unfold on a climbing rose. She wanted no more than that.

They were living in the little bungalow at Veronica where they had taken up the serious and delightful business of life after the honeymoon journey. They could very well have afforded a nice apartment in town but the bungalow had attached itself to them in the way that houses sometimes do. Everyone knows that young children thrive near the sea and Enid herself loved the Pacific mightily. It was in her bones, she said laughing. She used to dream sometimes that the white caps came into her window and curled around her pillow. But she was never afraid . . . the foam was like the long fair locks of little children that might have been sleeping beside her.

Every morning Roy must leave very early and at evening return very late. He was often worried and depressed by the long hours he spent away from Enid, but she was too tactful to tell him that she was never lonely. There were so many things for her to do. For instance she could sit for hours in the living-room and people every corner of it. She could arrange small furniture, doll tea parties at which she was a guest. She could imagine a toy piano. And from there she could go to the bedrooms where imaginary cots were placed to the best advantage . . . . night lamps and Christmas stockings, so small!

Roy came through the magnificent hour without suffering too much. He was inclined to think after it was over and he was wiping his forehead with a fresh handkerchief, that his friends had greatly exaggerated the tragic details of their own suspense. He mentioned this to a nurse who happened to pause near him and was startled by the look she gave him.

Enid was what is known as a quiet case. She watched, obeyed, and got well very quickly. Soon she walked out of the hospital to a home-going automobile, and when somebody laid her baby in her arms she gathered it in with a way that closed the doors against hospital advice for good.

There were to be no toy pianos or doll tea parties in Roy and Enid's house. The baby was a boy.

Roy went about boring his fellows with his tiresome talk about children, how to raise them; how smart some of them were at three months old, and so on. He even tried that talk on Enid; but she would look at him with a strange laugh in her eyes, pressing her lips together tight as if holding back a precious secret.

She never had much to say about Ronnie herself, and the boy was nearly a year old when the slow understanding came to Roy that he was shut out from something secret and marvelous which existed between the child and its mother.

Roy thought this over fairly and justly before he broke in upon the uninterrupted companionship of the two. And then he did it very gently, as you would handle a butterfly's wings.

He bought tickets for a good show and came home with roses for Enid.

There would be no difficulty about leaving Ronnie. Mrs. Simms would be glad to stay for a dollar. Mrs. Simms was a kind motherly soul who talked in the language of births and deaths. Ronnie was as safe with her as he would have been in a clinic. Enid dressed and departed theaterward, seemingly smiling and happy and the baby crowed goodbye from his nurse's accomplished arms. "We're to meet the Pallens at the theater and go to supper with 'em afterward," Roy told Enid when they were safely on the car. "We'll make a night of it, dear, now we're out again with the rest of the gang."

She smiled again, but said little or nothing on the way into town. But as her husband was tucking the collar of her coat around her chin, he noticed an odd, drawn expression in her eyes.

"What is it? Don't you feel well, dear?"

She answered in a small, thrilling voice that did not seem to be her own voice.

"He is asleep now. And I did not see him go to sleep. He always touches my neck after he shuts his eyes... and then he opens them and looks for me . . . ."

ROY was almost angry. "Enid, this is foolish. Of course the child is asleep. I hope so, at least, on account of Mrs. Simms. It is absurd if you can't let yourself go for one evening. Now be a good girl. Come along and enjoy yourself. It's a good show—best in town."

Enid knew nothing about the play, good or bad. She sat there, pretending to listen, her eyes strained and bright. On either side people were babbling.

Figures on the stage passed to and fro and bright colors confused her. [*Turn to page 101*]

There would be no toy pianos or doll tea parties—the baby was a boy

"You wanted a kind of sinless hero. I don't. I just want him"

The GUARDED HALO

By Margaret Pedler

Illustrated by **H. R. BALLINGER**

"WHAT was it you wanted to talk to me about, dear?"

Shirley's frank young gaze rested on the faded roseleaf face affectionately.

"You're a perfect darling," she said bluntly. "That's just the difficulty. I'm afraid what I have to say will disappoint you."

A sudden light came into Lady Beth's eyes. She had observed various little matters since they had come to live at Beriscombe. "Perhaps it may disappoint me in one way; but not in another," she said. "Shall I guess what it is?"

"I don't think you could," said Shirley doubtfully.

Lady Beth smiled again, a small, pleased smile of secret amusement. "Let me try. Old people like me have opportunities for observation which you young folks miss," she said. "Now am I very far away from what you want to tell me if I guess that a certain somebody has asked you to marry him?"

A swift rush of color flew up into Shirley's cheeks; the guess had been so surprisingly near the mark.

"Well, my dear," Lady Beth had continued happily, "it will mean losing you, I know. But not altogether. East Wyck isn't so very far away from the Friary, is it? And there's no man in the world I would more gladly trust you to than Simon Drake."

BUT it isn't Simon!" Held silent by sheer dismay while Lady Beth had been speaking, Shirley at last found her voice and blurted out the truth. "It's not Simon. It's Neil Kenwyn."

For an instant Lady Beth gazed at her, speechless. "Neil?" she replied whisperingly. "Oh, no, not Neil!"

And when Shirley nodded assent, all the brightness, the secret glow of inward satisfaction which had illumined it, died out of her face.

"You can't marry Neil," she said slowly. "You can't possibly marry him."

"I shall never marry anyone else," answered Shirley.

Lady Beth clasped her hands tightly together. "You had better never marry at all than marry Neil," she said, with an unusual note of decision in her soft voice. "He will only break your heart as he did mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine." She paused a moment, then gathering her frail strength together, she went on earnestly: "I see I must tell you the whole story. You can't marry Neil; you must know the whole truth about him."

"Tell me then," replied Shirley simply. "But, darling Lady Beth, I don't think it will make any difference."

"It will. It must. Listen. I told you long ago that I had no child of my own for many years after I was married. I thought I never should have one. And so it came about that we adopted Neil. He was the son of my dearest friend. She and her husband were crossing to America. As the Kenwyns weren't sure they would settle permanently in the States, they left their small son, Neil, in our care. He was such a darling . . ." She broke off, her eyes filling with sudden tears.

"Don't tell me any more; it's only hurting you unnecessarily."

But Lady Beth shook her head.

"I must tell you the rest. Gerald and his wife were both drowned at sea. Their boat was wrecked on the way to America, and so it seemed quite natural that we should keep their son with us. John and I had grown to love him as much as though he were our own child. Even when my darling Ronnie came, five years later, it made no difference. We had our two boys, instead of one, that was all. Then when he grew up, Neil became John's secretary and agent, his right-hand man, and we trusted him completely, just as one would trust one's eldest son."

"Well?" queried Shirley doggedly. "Are you going to tell me that he—that he wasn't to be trusted?"

YES. It's terrible to think of, but it's quite true. He wasn't. Of course, he was always a bit wild and extravagant—he inherited that from his father. Indeed, both he and Ronny were terribly fond of gambling, horse-racing and cards. But lots of young men are that, and John and I didn't mind it, in a way. We could afford to let them have good allowances and we thought they'd settle down as they grew older.

"Then Ronny married, and Nicolette proved to be even wilder and more extravagant than they were. My husband paid their debts several times, and at last told them all three that they were going too far and that he would pay no more debts for them. So when Neil came to him one day and asked for a quarter's advance of his allowance, because he was again in debt, John refused point-blank.

"Then, when we came back from abroad the first thing we were greeted with was a check for a hundred pounds, payable to 'Self,' drawn and endorsed, apparently, by my husband. It had been cashed, but it appeared that afterward, comparing the signature with his, the bank had doubted its genuineness and had written to him about it. The signature was a forgery."

"But that doesn't say that Neil forged it!" broke in Shirley almost violently.

"It was Neil who had forged it. John feared so at once, because of his having asked him for money to pay off some pressing debts and having been refused. He wrote to him asking if he could tell him anything about it—Neil was in London at the time. And the reply we had was a confession."

"A confession?" The word broke incredulously from Shirley's lips. "Are you sure—sure?" she insisted, still struggling against the terrible truth that was slowly forcing itself upon her. "You may have misunderstood him, been mistaken."

For answer Lady Beth got up and went to her writing bureau. Unlocking it, she took out a small flat tin box, and opened this with a tiny key. From the tin box she withdrew a single sheet of note paper and handed it to the girl in silence.

The handwriting on the paper was unmistakably Neil's. Shirley recognized it at once. And then the few brief phrases of the letter seemed to burn themselves into her brain:

> Yes. I am responsible for the check. I realize now of what I have been guilty. Will you consent to see me and let me try to explain how such a thing happened?
>
> Neil.

BUT the explanation?" cried Shirley, pointing to the last lines of the sheet she still held. "He said there was an explanation! You don't mean—Sir John didn't refuse to see him? He couldn't have been so cruel!"

"Oh, no. John interviewed him a few days later. But not immediately, because we were overwhelmed by such deep trouble. The self-same morning that we received Neil's letter came a telegram bringing us the news of Ronny's death. I shall never forget that day. Everything we had loved and valued torn from us at once!" Lady Beth's face was white with the anguish of remembrance.

"What did Neil say? Tell me, how did he explain?" Shirley inquired, her voice shaken with suspense.

Lady Beth stifled a sigh. "My dear, you must try to bear it. There was no explanation, except the obvious one that he was in pressing need of money, and as he couldn't get it any other way he had forged John's name. There was no excuse. I was present at the interview between them, when Neil admitted everything." For a moment her control deserted her. "And once he was just my own little boy! . . . Yet he could care so little, treat us who loved him like that!" With a visible effort she forced back the tears that threatened. "Oh, Shirley, there is nothing more bitter in life than to find that some one you've loved and trusted, and believed in and been proud of, is utterly worthless and disloyal. And it's from that I want to save you."

"It's too late to save me—that," Shirley said dully. "I love him."

"But you won't marry him, Shirley? My dear, you can't, you mustn't!"

The girl shook her head.

"No," she said. "I shall never marry him now. You'd been so good to Neil—you and Sir John loved him so. And all he could do in return was to let you down. He—he couldn't play the game by you. That's what hurts."

VERY quietly, with a queer, dry-eyed composure which had surprised herself, Shirley repeated to Neil all that Lady Beth had disclosed to her that morning, her words dropping like hard little pebbles into a dreadful pool of silence.

"So that's the end of it," said Kenwyn at last. "The end of everything between us."

"Do you mean that it's true?" Only now did Shirley realize that subconsciously she had been hoping all along for some impetuous denial, some swift-self-vindication from the man she loved. "There must have been some explanation, some excuse or reason."

"There was none," he said shortly. "None whatever. You thought I'd draw the line at forging another man's signature. I suppose?" he said harshly. "Well, you see you were mistaken."

"Oh, it's not the actual fact that you committed forgery. I could have forgiven that, I think, if you'd forged any one else's name—not Sir John's."

A look of astonishment crossed his face.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"Don't you?" A faint, weary smile crossed her face. "I didn't mean that I regarded forgery and stealing and crimes like that, any differently from other people. I don't. But I think they're infinitely worse if they're committed against a friend, against some one who trusts you."

"Thank you," he said swiftly. "You've said enough. Well, that's so much to the good—you'll be able to forget you ever loved me."

"Forget?" For an instant she lifted her eyes to his—eyes which held pain immeasurable, but no power of forgetting. "No," she said slowly, "I shan't do that. I suppose I shall always love you and I shall always feel ashamed of loving you."

She did not see him wince, see the sudden white, drawn look which came into his face as she spoke. His lips moved, but no words came. He turned and walked quietly to the door and the next moment she heard the click of the old-fashioned latch as it dropped back into its place behind him.

I CAN'T believe it," declared Kit blankly. "It all sounds like a horrible bad dream."

It was the following day, and Bob, sorely troubled in spirit by the trend of recent events, had motored over to East Wyck, turning instinctively for advice and help to the woman who, although he had not yet dared to tell her so, had come to mean so much to him.

"It's bad luck Simon's being away," observed Kit unhappily. "Bob, do you really believe it's true?"

"There isn't any doubt about it. Sir John went into the whole thing with me, told me all the facts. He was quite fair and impartial—not in the [*Turn to page 76*]

"No one can bear loneliness always. One day you may want someone—let me come to you then, Neil"

In Miniature—Mrs Edgar Guest

Who believes you can't govern a 1929 child with 1906 rules

By Grace Nies Fletcher

I HAD expected to find the Edgar Guest home in Detroit a cross between a bridal bungalow and "my little gray home in the west." What I really did see was a brick colonial mansion, dignified, large, imposing, framed in a wide sweep of lawn where a correct gardener was busily engaged in clipping and snipping.

Mrs. Guest herself opened the door behind the tall white pillars and immediately the house faded into insignificance. For Nellie Guest is one of those rare personalities who will never be dominated by mere things. If "Eddie," as all Detroit affectionately calls the poet, should become many times a millionaire, Mrs. Guest would still be "Mother."

"Go right over and visit Mother," Mr. Guest advised me when I told him I wanted to get better acquainted with his wife. "She'll be glad to see you!"

This calm, hospitable, brown-eyed woman, with gentleness in her smile, but firmness in her generous mouth, is the very essence of modern motherhood. Children are the great passion of her life—her own children, her adopted children, any child whom she can hold. The significant story of her life is how she grew up with her own children, for she was only twenty when she married, and how she made for them a home which has successfully competed with the modern twins, jazz and gin.

"Even when I was a little girl, I never played with dolls," Mrs. Guest confessed. With her firm pink cheeks, clear eyes under their finely arched brows, and her radiating energy, she seemed little more than a girl herself, in spite of her gray hair. "I had to have a real baby to hold and look after. And since there were five of us in our family, that wasn't difficult to manage."

So there have been babies and more babies in the Guest household ever since Nellie Crossman agreed to make her famous lemon pies for the young Detroit newspaper reporter, twenty-three years ago. When their first little girl died at fourteen months, the young parents immediately adopted three-year-old Marjorie. By the time their own little "Bud" arrived several years later. Marjorie was so much beloved that it was hard to tell which was the adopted child. Later when Marjorie, too, left them, the Guests tried to fill the emptiness by taking her sister, twelve-year-old Sylvia. Last of all came Janet, vivacious, dark-eyed, keen, her father's own daughter. As if these were not enough, Mrs. Guest every now and then picks up a pale, backward youngster and brings her home to grow fat and rosy with the healthy Guest children.

But keeping the children in the modern home, after you get them there, is a problem which harasses most parents. With movies and Fords and petting parties, home too often becomes a place to come back to when you can't stay awake any longer. Mrs. Guest has encouraged her children to bring their jazz home with them, instead of having to find it in a hot-cheeked dance hall. Home isn't a furniture museum to be dusted, but a place to be enjoyed, Mrs. Guest believes.

Even when six-year-old Janet came bursting into the room where her mother and I were talking, trailed by two muddy puppies and spilling dolls indiscriminately, Mrs. Guest was not perturbed.

"One of the puppies is mine and the other I brought home to lunch," Janet informed us, as she danced about the room. She had no doubt of her mother's welcome for the stray pup.

Just to live with them and enjoy them, that is Mrs. Guest's way of making her children what she wants them to be. To her, children are not so many problems to be psychoanalysed, but miniature people to be loved, and laughed with, not at. Nor does she lose sleep at night worrying if Bud or Janet doesn't react exactly as the book says a well-bred child should. With uncommon sense she looks back on her own childhood and tries to meet each child on his own ground. For instance, she discovered early that to spank her son did no earthly good. So when he was [*Turn to page 83*]

A hot soup makes the cold meal so much more healthful!

I simply can't tell you
How hungry I grow
Just thinking of Campbell's
As homeward I go!

We all crave refreshing cold foods in summer, naturally enough. The cold meats, the tempting salads, the cooling beverages and ices all have their irresistible invitation.

But how much more delicious they are when you have been revived and invigorated by a plate of stimulating soup! Its warmth arouses a sluggish digestion, gives you a keener enjoyment of the cold foods, makes them benefit you more.

This is why soup has become an all-year-round food — served daily, summer and winter, in thousands and thousands of homes.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an ideal summer-time dish because it is so delicious and substantial — *and so convenient.* With but a few minutes of your kitchen-time, it brings to your table 15 health-giving vegetables — a meal! And see the Campbell's label for 20 other delightful soups for your summer meals. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

The Modern, Easy Way of Preparing Delicious Mazola-Mayonnaise

—"Beating" requires only 30 seconds

THIS is the new Mazola-Mayonnaise recipe that has amazed thousands of housewives. Easily, quickly made—and you can prepare a pound for less than twenty cents—about one-half the price of manufactured mayonnaise. Merely follow the recipe —the results will surprise you.

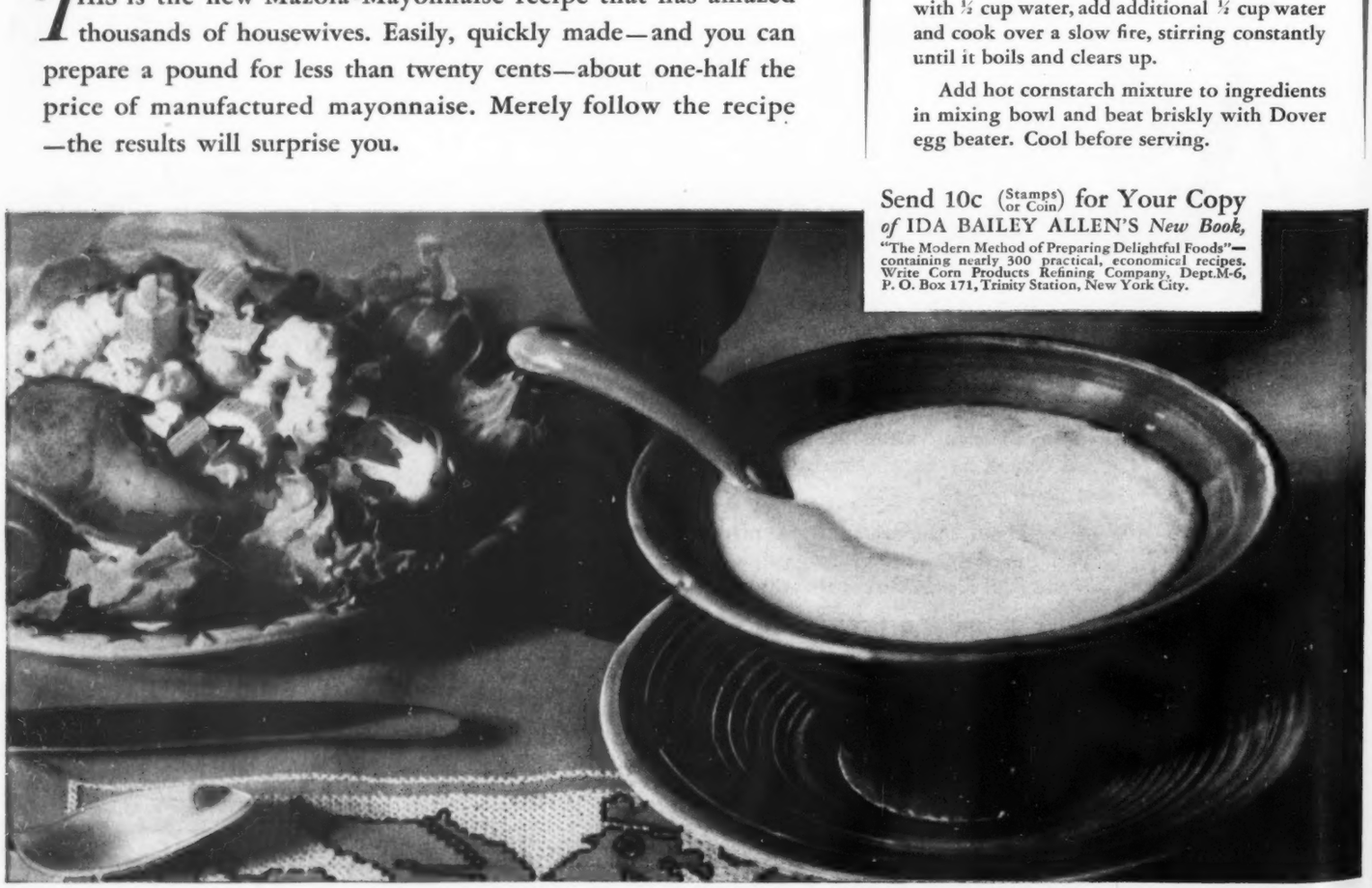
1 egg	*½ teaspoon paprika*
2 tablespoons sugar	*¼ cup vinegar*
1½ teaspoons salt	*¾ cup Mazola*
2 teaspoons dry mustard	*1 cup water*

4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch

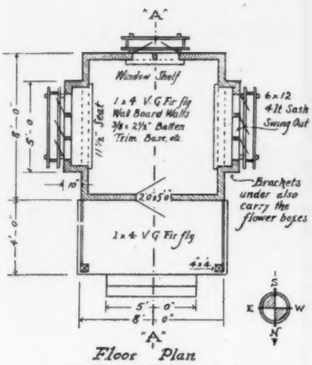
{All measurements should be level}

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

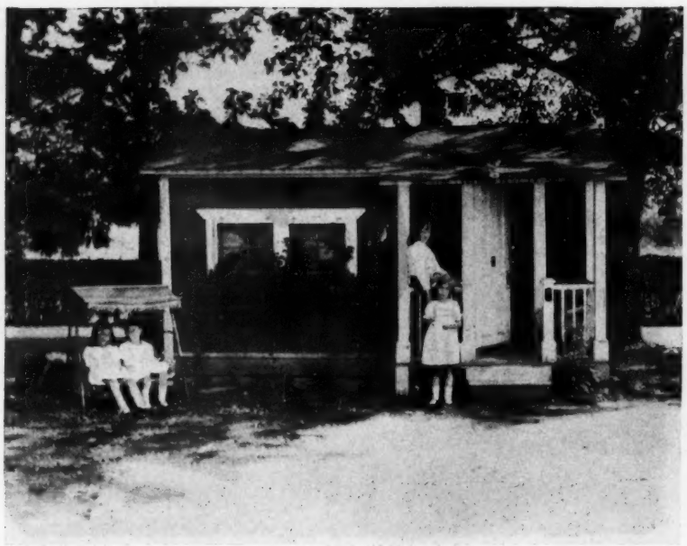


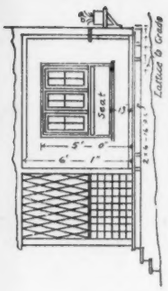
Send 10c (Stamps or Coin) for Your Copy *of* IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S *New Book,* "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods"—containing nearly 300 practical, economical recipes. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept.M-6, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City.



Floor Plan

Roof ⅓ Pitch Covers Porch, also Red Cedar Shingles. Sides ½" x 6" Bevel Siding to Window Sill ½" x 4" Siding above





Section "A-A"

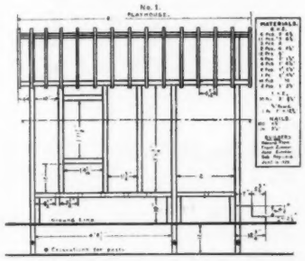
Showing interior East Wall, Window seat and Porch lattice

A playhouse which was built in Fairfield, Connecticut, is an ideal type of cottage. The finish and the plan encourage young decorators.

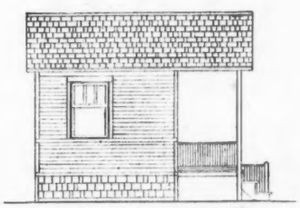
Flower boxes and a lattice encourage the young gardener. There may also be a garden plot at the side or rear for vegetables and flowers.

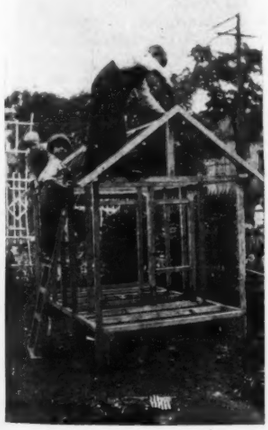
PLAYHOUSES

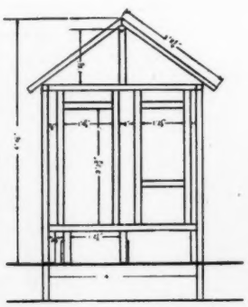
To build in any back yard



The boy or man who is going to build a playhouse must make a plan and working drawings. The more professional his work (see floor plan above and working drawings at left) the better his finished house will be. Wood, wallboard, cement, brick and other materials all adapt themselves to this miniature architecture while interior finishes also may be as varied and interesting as in full-sized houses.

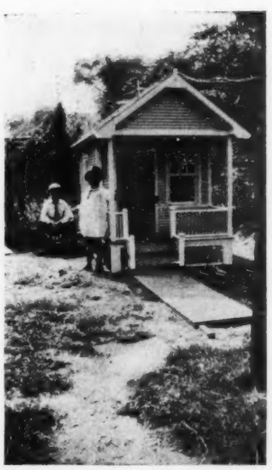


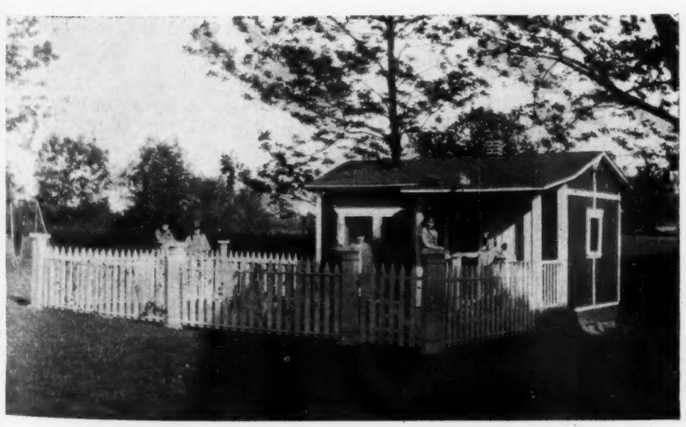




At the left and right, three stages of construction are shown with the children at work and enjoying the finished house. Working drawings and the elevation drawings are essential guides to the well-done job.

The playhouse below has all the appearance of a well-run household. Casement windows stand wide to the summer breezes, a snug bird home appears in front and properly tended shrubbery surrounds the house.





Packing a mold of Maple Parfait for freezing

COLD SWEETS *for* HOT DAYS

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

DIRECTOR, McCALL'S DEPARTMENT OF FOODS AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

ISN'T it lucky for us that such a popular dessert as ice cream is always within our reach? When we haven't the time or facilities for making it at home, a neighborhood confectioner or druggist can usually supply us with a reliable brand; should these two sources fail, we can order it from a caterer in the nearest big city who will pack it in "dry" ice and ship it to us a day's journey away, if necessary.

There are two types of ice cream with which we are all familiar; they are known as "Philadelphia" and "American" ice cream. Philadelphia ice cream is made of *all* cream; usually it is added to the mixture in fluid form, unwhipped. American ice cream is made of a soft custard foundation with *some* cream, usually whipped. Without the addition of cream, this is known as "Frozen Custard."

A second class of frozen desserts are the still richer mixtures, known as mousses and parfaits. They are made entirely of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored. They are fairly expensive to make, but because they are so rich only a small quantity need be served.

The third group of frozen desserts—ices and sherbets—deserve more attention than they usually come in for. They are more appropriate than a rich ice cream for the ending of a heavy meal, and in hot weather they are especially refreshing. Ices are made of sugar, water and fruit juices only. For a *sherbet,* egg whites are added to give that pleasant frothy texture. *Milk sherbets* are made with milk instead of water, and are more nourishing. They are especially good for children and invalids.

Home Frozen Mixtures

The two easiest ways of making a frozen dessert at home are (1) to pack the mixture in ice and salt and allow it to stand until frozen; (2) to place it in the tray of an iceless refrigerator for the required length of time. The actual churning of an ice cream freezer requires a little more effort, but even that method can be simplified—and it has its compensations too, for you can have *more* ice cream! For a large family it is the most satisfactory method.

The proportion of ice and salt used in churning, or in packing, ice cream mixtures has a definite relation to their texture. It has been found that for churned ice cream *eight* parts finely-chopped ice to *one* part coarse rock salt gives the best result. Turn the crank slowly for about five minutes or until the mixture becomes thoroughly chilled through; then turn more rapidly, keeping up a steady pace until freezing is finished. This proportion of ice and salt prolongs the churning time a little, but it makes an ice cream of better texture, and at the same time increases the volume of the finished product one fourth to one third. Ice cream may be churned until hard enough to serve; but an easier and better way is to freeze it to a mush, then take out the dasher, repack the freezer and allow the cream to stand and "ripen" for several hours. This gives a richer flavor and a smoother texture.

For packing a mold containing a mousse or a parfait the preceding proportions of ice and salt would not do. Much more salt is necessary when a mixture is not to be churned—*two* parts ice to *one* part salt is recommended. As these rich mixtures do not need churning to give them a smooth and velvety texture they may also be made in an iceless refrigerator.

This newest method of making frozen desserts is becoming more popular as gas and electric refrigerators are better known. Delicious mousses and parfaits can be made by simply pouring the rich mixture into the refrigerator tray and allowing it to stand for a few hours. Certain variations of sherbets and ices can be made, too. Such recipes are usually varied from the original by the addition of an egg white or a little gelatine, and the substitution of a small quantity of corn syrup for some of the sugar. These precautions insure a smoother texture. It has not yet been found practicable to freeze plain ice cream mixtures in an electric refrigerator.

RULES FOR FREEZING AND PACKING

Ice Creams, Ices and Sherbets

1. Cool mixture before putting into freezer.
2. Never fill can more than ¾ full.
3. Use *finely* chopped ice and *coarse* rock salt.
4. Use 8 parts ice to 1 part salt; measure carefully.
5. Fill bucket at least ½ full of ice before adding salt. Continue to add alternate layers of ice and salt until bucket is full.
6. Turn crank slowly at first, then more rapidly.
7. When frozen sufficiently, drain off water from bucket, remove top and dasher and pack down the frozen mixture with a spoon. Repack in ice and salt until ready to serve.

Mousses, Parfaits and the Like

1. Any kind of mold with tight-fitting lid may be used.
2. Fill mold almost to the top with mixture. Cover with heavy waxed paper and carefully fit on lid.
3. Provide a bucket, or pan, deep enough to bury mold in it.
4. Use 2 parts finely-cracked ice to 1 part coarse rock salt.
5. Put a layer of ice and salt in bottom of pan, place mold on it and cover with more ice and salt.
6. Allow to stand three to four hours. (In hot weather it may be necessary to pour off excess liquid once during that time, and add extra ice and salt in above proportion.)

Vanilla Ice Cream

(American Style)

2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs
1 quart milk
2 cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons vanilla

Mix together flour, salt, sugar and beaten eggs. Slowly add the milk which has been scalded, and cook mixture over hot water until slightly thickened. Stir during cooking to prevent curdling. Remove from fire; strain, cool. Add cream and vanilla. Freeze according to directions. This makes from 12 to 15 servings. A richer ice cream can be made by using more cream and less milk (3 cups of each).

Vanilla Ice Cream

(Philadelphia Style)

1½ quarts thin cream
1¼ cups sugar
2½ tablespoons vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt

Mix together cream, sugar, vanilla and salt. Freeze according to directions.

Variations

Chocolate: Follow recipe for either type of Vanilla Ice Cream, adding 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate and 1/3 cup extra sugar. Melt [*Turn to page 52*]

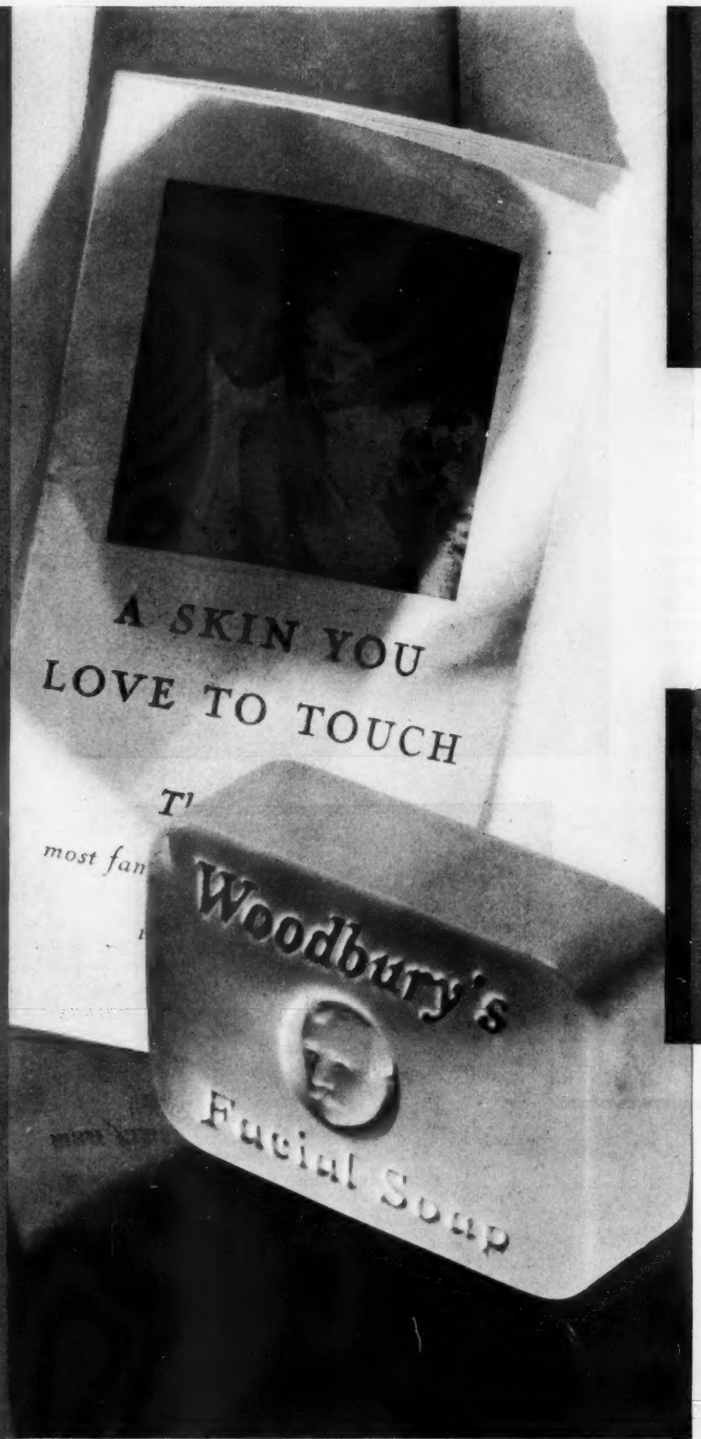
THIS IS THE SOAP

that is helping thousands of women to gain a beautiful skin

THERE IS NO NEED for you to be tormented with blemishes, acne. The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes—worked out by a skin specialist and approved by leading skin authorities—will help you to keep your skin smooth and perfectly free from this trouble. Turn to page 5 of the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

ENLARGED PORES — what woman does not dread to see this change begin! Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep your skin fine in texture. Faithfully follow the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet, and see what a wonderful help it will be in improving your skin's texture.

ANYTHING BUT AN OILY SKIN! —for excessive oiliness leads to blackheads and blemishes, besides being unbecoming in itself. Vigorous cleansing treatments with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, followed by an application of ice, will help you to correct this defect. See page 8 of the Woodbury booklet.



ARE you following the series of beautiful Woodbury users, chosen by John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and now running in all the magazines? These beautiful women are only a few of the thousands whom Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments have helped to gain a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today! Let Woodbury's help *you* to gain *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

FRESHNESS, RADIANCE, BEAUTIFUL COLOR—your skin will have these qualities if you keep it perfectly healthy and clean. Give your skin the famous Woodbury steam treatment tonight, if it seems a bit sallow and lifeless. The results will delight you. It will leave your skin soft as velvet, deliciously stimulated, glowing with life and color. The treatment is given in full on page 6 of the Woodbury booklet.

BLACKHEADS are one of the commonest, most annoying, most obstinate of skin troubles. But you can overcome them! A famous skin specialist has worked out the proper method of dealing with blackheads . . . Ice—hot water—and a soothing, tonic, stimulating lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Your own doctor will approve this treatment. You will find it on page 7 of the famous booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for Large-Size Trial Set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.
1515 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." *In Canada address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1515 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

Name_____
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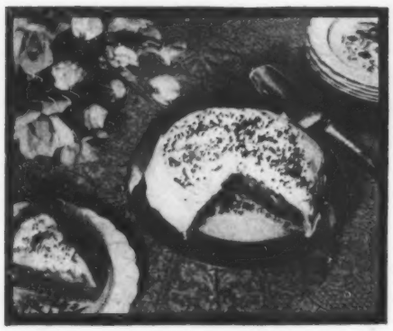
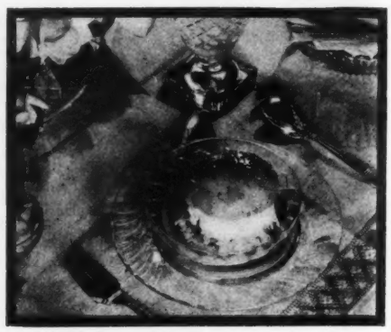
A COOL ANSWER TO THE DESSERT QUESTION



SURPRISE CAKE: *Make a sponge cake in cake-shell pan, fill center with ice cream (home-made or bought) and cover with whipped cream. Sprinkle top with chocolate shot, or chopped candied fruit.*

CHOCOLATE FLOAT: *For each glass of milk allow 1½ tablespoons syrup (½ cup cocoa, 1 cup water, 2 cups sugar, few grains salt; boil 5 minutes; add 2 teaspoons vanilla). Shake well. Top with ice cream.* (*Photograph at right.*)



PEACH MELBA: *A thin slice of cake cut round, a scoop of vanilla ice cream, an inverted half of peach and some raspberry sauce. Here is a famous dessert, easy to make at home.* (*Photograph above.*)

FRUIT SUNDAES: *Make them with fresh fruit or berries when they are in season. Cut up or crush the fruit, sprinkle with sugar; let stand until syrupy. If canned fruit is used no extra sugar is necessary.* (*Small photograph center.*)

BANANA SPLIT: *A time-saving dessert in emergencies. It consists of two balls of ice cream—one of vanilla, the other of chocolate—on top of a banana, split lengthwise. Garnish with whipped cream.* (*Photograph below.*)

ICE CREAM SHORTCAKE: *Two pieces of cake (usually sponge cake) with a slice of ice cream between the layers. Pour caramel or chocolate sauce over all, and sprinkle almonds or pecans on top.*

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Lady Violet Astor

Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday

The Duchesse de Gramont

DISTINGUISHED IN THE SOCIETY OF FIVE NATIONS · · · THEY TRUST THEIR BEAUTY TO THE SAME SURE CARE

The Duquesa de Alba

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr.

Lady Louis Mountbatten

The Countess Howe

WOMEN in society are subject to the keenest scrutiny. They know that to be well groomed one must have a meticulously cared for skin. So they use the four famous preparations Pond's makes which cherish the skin perfectly in any climate.

In our own America, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., says, "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my daily facial—with Pond's." A lovely, ivory-skinned bride, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr., uses Pond's "three times a day for charm" as the old rhyme goes. Charming Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, declares, "Pond's method makes daily treatment simple and practical."

In France, the chic Duchesse de Gramont attributes the velvety smoothness of her skin to these delightful aids. The fascinating Marquise de Polignac exclaims, "I have got the Pond's habit!"

A Viennese beauty, Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday—says charmingly, "I like them so very much."

One of England's six most beautiful women, the Countess Howe, calls Pond's "a straightforward way of keeping fit." Lady Violet Astor declares, "Pond's has done a wonderful service to women." Lady Louis Mountbatten is another Pond's devotee.

In Spain, The Duquesa de Alba, patrician beauty, says, "No aid for my skin is more effective than Pond's."

So, in Europe and America, and, indeed, all over the world, Pond's preparations are the favorite way to a lovely skin. This is how to use them:

First—for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck several times a day and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes; the pure oils sink into the pores and lift the dirt to the surface. *Then*—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. Repeat these two steps. *Next*—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck to remove oiliness, close the pores, invigorate the skin. *Last*—smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

At bedtime—thoroughly cleanse with cold cream, removing with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. V
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The Marquise de Polignac

Mrs. Adrian Iselin II

Pond's four preparations are the simplest, safest way to a lovely skin . . .

Common Sense

A FAMOUS doctor said, "Many of the people who want me to diagnose and treat their ailments are more impressed by some scientific medical apparatus than by plain, common sense advice. And they are more willing to follow orders faithfully if given some special office treatment.

"Recently a man I know well came in looking haggard. I gave him a thorough physical examination while inquiring about his living habits. The diagnosis was clear but the patient a problem. If I had told him the simple truth that what he needed most to get back his health and strength was to slow down, sleep more, and get the proper amount of fresh air and exercise, he would have thought I did not understand the complications which were undermining his health. And if I had sent him a bill for such advice, he would have told his friends that I was a robber and not fit to practice medicine.

"So I gave him a treatment with a scientific apparatus and wrote a simple prescription. At the same time I gave strict orders as to what he should eat and drink, how many hours he might work, how long he should remain in bed, and the amount of time he should devote to outdoor exercise. To make sure that he was following my orders concerning his living habits, I had him report once a week for further observation and treatments. In a few weeks he was well. He will tell you—and he believes it—that I am a great doctor.

"Perhaps someone may say my methods with him were open to criticism. But it was my responsibility to use every means within my power to bring him back to good health. Knowing my patients as I do, I know that many of them will not obey my orders for *correct living habits* if given without special treatment or medicine. More than half of the people who consult me would not have to do so if they would learn and practice important rules of health. They expect me to cure them of physical ailments which they could easily have avoided."

A majority of cases of physical let-down and distress are caused by careless or wilful violation of health rules. Bad eating habits, too little sleep and rest, lack of fresh air and exercise, worry, self-pity are responsible for many cases of bad digestion, headaches, poor circulation, constipation, jumpy nerves, depression and run-down condition.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has had a booklet prepared by eminent health experts which tells simply and clearly the fundamental rules of intelligent living habits. A chapter or more is devoted to each one of eleven important rules of health under the headings Sleep and Rest, Fresh Air, Sunlight, Exercise, Cleanliness, Water, Food, Comfortable Clothing, Work and Play, Good Posture and Good Mental Habits.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Booklet Department 89-M

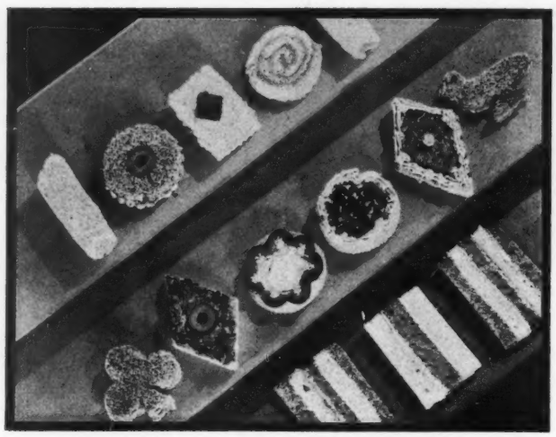
Gentlemen:—Please mail free, without any obligation on my part, a copy of your booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life".

Name..... *Street or Box No.*.....

Town..... *State*.....

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Delicious trifles for gala occasions

SANDWICHES Plain Or Frivolous

For picnics, parties and school lunches

By DOROTHY KIRK

NO ONE has ever yet succeeded in making a complete list of sandwich fillings. On this page you will find as many as we have space to list, but they are a mere drop in the bucket. I have left out the sandwiches filled with salads, and the more hearty sandwiches of cold sliced meat and cheese which are special favorites with the men. And I haven't even attempted to tackle the toasted variety—hot and cold, these popular sandwiches need a whole page to themselves.

Delicious Fillings

Chopped date and cream cheese
Chopped pineapple, cream cheese and nut
Peanut butter and ginger
Grated carrot and mayonnaise
Celery and Roquefort cheese
Chopped cabbage, apple and nut
Snappy cheese and pimiento
Sardine, chopped egg and mayonnaise
Tuna fish, celery and mayonnaise
Chopped chicken and almonds
Chopped chicken, ham and pickle
Chopped corned beef, celery and watercress
Chopped tongue and horseradish
Chopped ham, green pepper, egg
Chopped ham and raisins
Baked beans (mashed) and Chili sauce
Chopped bacon and egg
Chopped liver and bacon
Chicken giblet and egg
Beef loaf and catsup

But I hope you will find suggestions suitable for picnics and motor trips, for the children's lunch-box and for your own afternoon and evening parties. Many of them may be used with a foundation of lettuce if you like. Shred the lettuce with a sharp knife or scissors instead of using the whole leaves; you can use up the outer leaves in this way, and the sandwich is easier to eat.

Any of these combinations may be used on white or whole wheat bread; and some of them are especially good on the sweet breads—raisin, date and nut. Follow your own preferences in making them. Cut off the crusts for special occasions, but always leave it on for children—it encourages the chewing habit so necessary for good digestion.

The butter for sandwiches must be soft, but it should *not* be melted. Cream it in a bowl with a wooden spoon as you would when starting to make a cake. If it is very hard place over hot water while creaming. For sandwiches on which moist spreads are to be used, butter only one slice of the bread, then spread the filling on the other. Sometimes the second slice is spread with mayonnaise dressing, depending, of course, upon the kind of filling.

Any simple sandwich may be dressed up for party occasions by cutting in fancy shapes. Children like animal sandwiches. For card parties use the diamond, heart, spade or club cutters which may be bought at the 5 and 10 cent store. To give still further variety put "inlays" into the upper slice. To do this, cut tiny circles or any fancy shape with vegetable or garnish cutters. With the same cutter cut a piece of pimiento or bread of contrasting color and insert it into the opening. Or if the opening is the proper size, insert a slice of stuffed olive (Illustration—top row). You will think of many other ways to make "inlays" when you begin to work on them.

ROLLED SANDWICHES: Remove crusts from loaf of sandwich bread a day old. Cut in slices ⅛ inch thick and spread with softened butter, or well-seasoned cream cheese blended to a smooth paste with a little cream. Roll each slice carefully. If bread is of close texture, moist, and cut sufficiently thin, it will roll easily. Lay

[*Continued on page 62*]

You can make your stocking money go TWICE AS FAR

New York's Musical Shows tell you how!

Keep every pair of the lovely sheer stockings you buy just like new *twice as long*—then your stocking money will go twice as far.

Wardrobe mistresses of the big musical shows tell you how . . . they have thousands of pairs of sheer dancing stockings to care for. They must know—they can't afford to guess—the very best, safest way to cleanse them.

Comparing the different cleansing methods, they found that "Stockings which are always washed in Lux last for more than twice as many performances—give more than *double the usual wear!*"

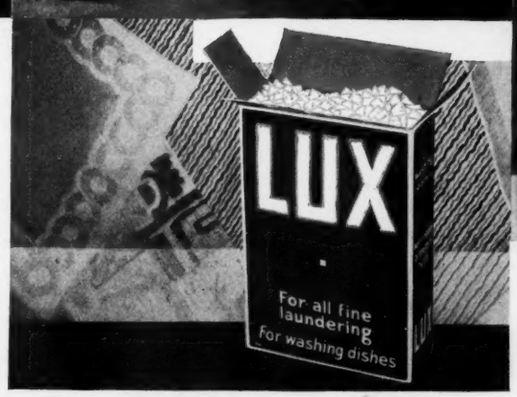
Now every musical show in New York uses Lux to double the life of stockings.

You, too, can be sure of the same wonderful results—make your stocking money go twice as far. Simply use gentle, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing stockings with cake soap. Avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, cakes, chips or powders.

(Above) MARILYN MILLER, *beautiful Ziegfeld star ..."Our stockings stay like new twice as long with Lux," says the Ziegfeld wardrobe mistress—"and all our washable costumes, too (from chiffons to cottons) are kept new looking with Lux. Naturally, I insist on Lux."*

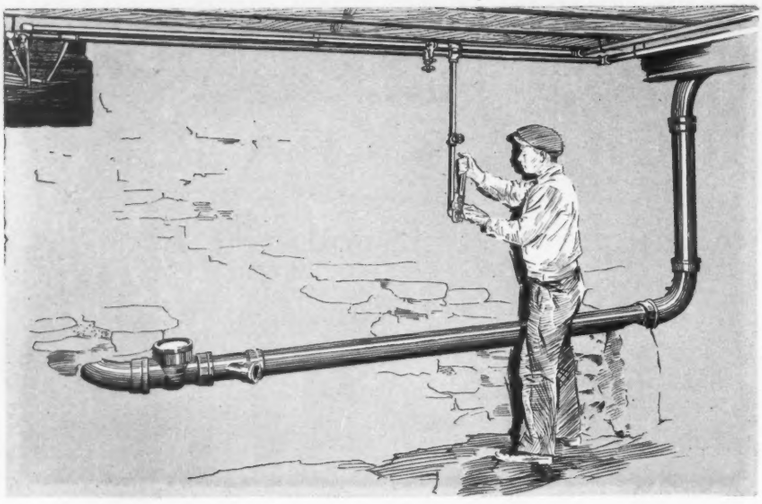
(Above right) NORMA TERRIS, *the adorable Magnolia of "Show Boat." This marvelous show uses 600 costumes with stockings to match! "I find our sheer hosiery gives us twice the wear with Lux," says Mrs. Victoria Reilly, wardrobe mistress. "Lux is wonderful and a great economy in laundering all fine fabrics."*

Summing up for all Broadway producers, the Shubert general manager adds: "We would use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box—Lux cuts stocking bills in half"... Lux is so much purer, so much more carefully made—that is why Lux doubles the life of stockings.



"SINCE I LEARNED this secret of the big Broadway shows, my stocking money goes twice as far"—girls everywhere are enthusiastically saying . . . For whether your stockings cost $1.15 or $10.50, they can be made to wear ever so much longer—just as the great New York musical shows make their stockings last twice as long—if you always wash them in pure sparkling Lux suds.

RUTH ETTING, *featured in the rollicking "Whoopee," is enthusiastic about Lux . . . "Of course I use Lux," she says. "Show me a stage woman who doesn't! Washing one's fine things in Lux is surely the a-b-c of fashion wisdom and clothes economy."*



A basement laundry in the making with the brass hot water pipe already in position

GOOD PLUMBING

What the home builder should know about it

The Second Article in a Series on House Construction

By MARCIA MEAD

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

IN DETERMINING the various features of designs for large buildings the architect commands the knowledge and skill of the sanitary, heating and electrical engineers. The small house also requires for its ultimate good a working knowledge of these special trades though its installations are usually within the power of specification of the architect without the help of the specialist.

The basic principles of these installations should also be understood by the home builder particularly in regard to plumbing which is the most important of all for health and safety in the home. An abundant supply of pure wholesome water should first be assured. It must not only be pure but the water must be adequate in volume for all household uses and sufficient in pressure for the proper use of all plumbing fixtures.

There also must be an adequate drainage system and method of sewage disposal in the house. In a town or city it is the duty of the town administrative authorities to see that the street service provides pure water, adequate pressure for the operation of plumbing fixtures and a sewage disposal system; under these conditions the building of a home involves only the securing of proper permits for connecting with the street service.

The materials which are put into the plumbing system of a building should last as long as the life of the building. To put in anything which will have to be replaced before that time is wasteful.

In the usual plumbing job there are two dangers to be overcome, the possibility of the bursting of pipes under pressure, and the escape of gas or sewage. Ideal piping conditions would have all piping exposed, but we should not like to live surrounded by bare pipes and the finish and decoration of our houses demand that all of this work be concealed in the walls and floors. This makes it doubly imperative that good plumbing installations and fixtures be planned; repairs within the walls are difficult to make and costly.

THE water supply system is fairly simple and easy to comprehend. There is the connection to the street main, the "corporation cock" to turn the water on or off before it enters the house system, the service pipe to the building with a stop and waste cock at the lowest point by means of which the house system may be drained, and finally the cold water branches to all fixtures, including the hot water heater.

The hot water system is similar to the cold water system. It starts from the boiler and goes to all fixtures needing it and back again making a complete and constantly circulating supply. In the best plumbing work care is observed in assembling the piping that the operation of fixtures will release any air from the pipes and prevent air pockets. There should also be a check valve where the return enters the cold water system. This circulating feature is always provided for in the high class building but is often omitted in the small house because of the first cost. This is not wise as the additional expense amounts only to the installing of the return and the covering of the pipes. If water is paid for by meter a circulating system, beside being a comfort and convenience, will pay for itself many times.

All vertical soil pipes or stacks, which must not be less than four inches in diameter, must be supported on the framework of the building at each floor level and horizontal lines must rest on hangers properly spaced and adjusted so that the contents will have a uniform flow. The roughing-in of all piping should be done simultaneously with the framing of the house and left exposed until all tests for leakage of water or gas have been satisfactorily made.

Traps and vents are safety contrivances introduced into the drainage system. Waste lines unlike supply lines are empty except when the fixtures are being flushed or drained and it is necessary that they be permanently sealed against gas, insects and vermin. A trap is in principle a U-shaped bend in the pipe in which water will remain after flushing. The bend must be deep enough so that the water standing in the pipe will completely fill it, permitting no air or gases to pass. Insects and vermin also will not pass such a barrier. A trap should be located as near as possible to the fixture it serves and be made accessible for cleaning. The house trap also should have a cleanout.

The water seal of a trap may be destroyed by evaporation, by sucking out of the water through variations in the air pressure or the high velocity of the contents of the drain. To obviate this difficulty vents are installed to conduct the air to the lower leg of the trap nearest the sewer reducing the effect of pressure. There is no certain remedy for eventual evaporation and the vents naturally increase it, so if the house is to be left unoccupied for any length of time, all traps should be emptied of water and filled with some other fluid which evaporates more slowly such as kerosene oil.

WHILE water may be safe for drinking, its chemical composition may often determine the nature of piping and fixtures to be used. Some water affects the piping but little, and sometimes the water contains elements or chemicals used to purify it, highly destructive to certain metals, but not to brass, hence brass pipe should be used throughout the system. In any case brass pipe should be used for the hot water, which has more tendency than cold to corrode metal.

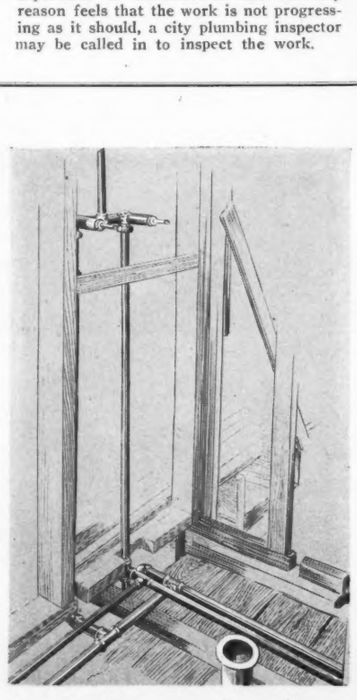
Supply pipes should not be installed in outside walls because of the danger of freezing. Horizontal lines of pipe should incline throughout the supply system to one point from which it can be drained if necessary.

A primary requirement of modern plumbing is large streams for rapid delivery, therefore it is important that pipes be sufficiently large for the [*Turn to page 54*]

When You Build

Be sure to employ a registered licensed plumber, which means that he is a workman who not only understands his job but that he carries proper compensation insurance for his employees, so that the owner-builder is not liable in case of accident. See that he secures all permits, inspections and certificate of approval when the work is complete. A certificate is an asset in selling your house.

If one does not have an architect or supervisor of construction and for any reason feels that the work is not progressing as it should, a city plumbing inspector may be called in to inspect the work.



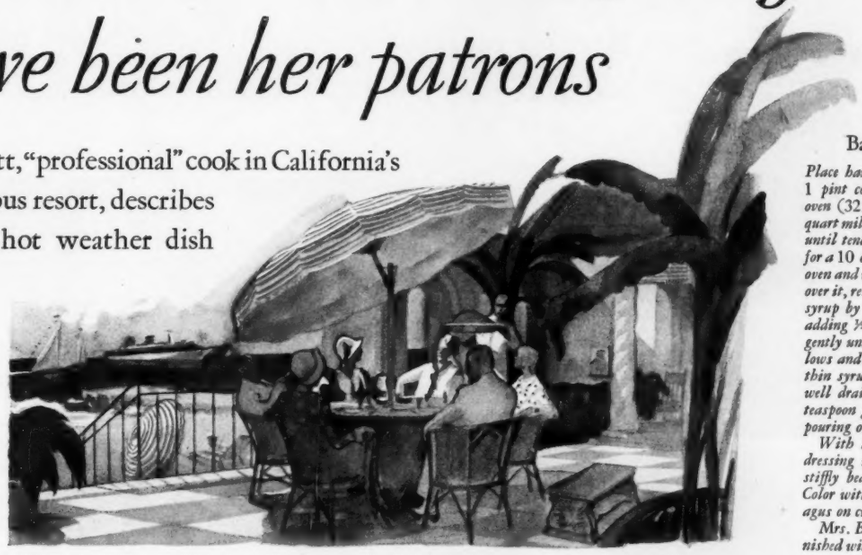
Intricate piping system for the shower

In luxurious Santa Barbara a generation of *America's great families have been her patrons*

Louise Brett, "professional" cook. Among her distinguished patrons are:

Mrs. George Gill Whitelaw
Mrs. John Percival Jefferson
Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor
Mrs. Lora J. Knight
Mrs. Ralph Isham
Mrs. George E. Coleman
Mrs. Edward Cunningham
Mrs. DeWitt Parshall
Mrs. William Starbuck Macy
Mrs. A. Lawrence Ballard
Mrs. Bernhard Hoffman
Franklin Price Knott

Louise Brett, "professional" cook in California's most famous resort, describes a popular hot weather dish



IT'S the mecca of the nation's fashionables—this luxurious colony set like a jewel between mountains and sea. From New York, from Chicago, from San Francisco they come to enjoy the gayety and colorful charm of Santa Barbara.

The great houses that now line the old Spanish roads see an almost unceasing round of brilliant entertainment. Entertainments prepared and served under the skillful guidance of Louise Brett.

For a generation Mrs. Brett has been "professional" cook to Santa Barbara society. Her list of patrons, headed by such famous names as Andrew Carnegie and the first Pierpont Morgan, reads like a roll call of America's great families.

All the varying entertainments that make a Santa Barbara season have been prepared by Mrs. Brett time and again. Informal teas after the arduous chukkers of a polo game—stately dinners—gay week-end parties at the hillside ranchos. Not only does she take general charge, planning the meals and the ordering, but many of the important dishes are cooked by Mrs. Brett herself, from her own widely famed recipes.

Simple to prepare—unexpectedly alluring

One of the most popular of her hot weather dishes, according to Mrs. Brett, is the Baked Ham Dorado pictured here. Paper thin slices of cold ham, its delicious natural flavor emphasized by Mrs. Brett's unusual way of cooking. (See recipe above at right.) And to accompany the ham, asparagus and a subtly flavored sauce.

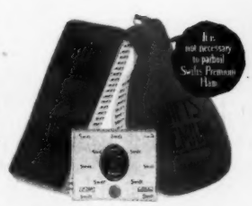
"The success of this dish," says Mrs. Brett, "depends not so much on the recipe as on the kind of ham. To get just the right taste, savory yet mild, just the right juicy tenderness—I use Swift's Premium Ham. I not only order it for my patrons' entertainments, but serve it in my own home as well."

And that is one of the interesting things about Premium. Where cost is no consideration—or where a narrow budget must be rigidly watched—wherever there is a desire for unusually good things to eat, Premium Ham has long been a favorite. Good cooks everywhere prize its tenderness and delicate, mild flavor.

Your family is sure to enjoy Premium's rare goodness. Why not surprise them some night soon with Baked Ham Dorado, cooked according to Mrs. Brett's famous recipe?

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS PREMIUM! *Look for the blue Premium label and the parchment wrapper. The Premium brand on the rind. And the name SWIFT in brown dots down the length of the side.*



Baked Ham Dorado

Place ham on rack in roasting pan with 1 pint cold water, and roast in a slow oven (325°F). Baste frequently with 1 quart milk, using a little at a time. Roast until tender (about 25 minutes per pound for a 10 or 12 lb. ham). Take ham from oven and remove skin. Pour caramel syrup over it, return to hot oven and brown. Make syrup by browning slightly 1 cup sugar, adding ½ cup boiling water, and boiling gently until smooth. Cut up 4 marshmallows and add, stirring constantly until a thin syrup is formed. Then add ½ cup well drained, crushed pineapple and ¼ teaspoon ground cloves. Cool syrup before pouring over hot ham.

With ham, serve asparagus tips and dressing made by adding horseradish to stiffly beaten cream until flavor is tart. Color with paprika. Serve heaped asparagus on crisp lettuce.

Mrs. Brett usually serves this dish garnished with parsley and turnip daisies.

One of Mrs. Brett's most popular hot weather dishes—Baked Ham Dorado. (See recipe above.)

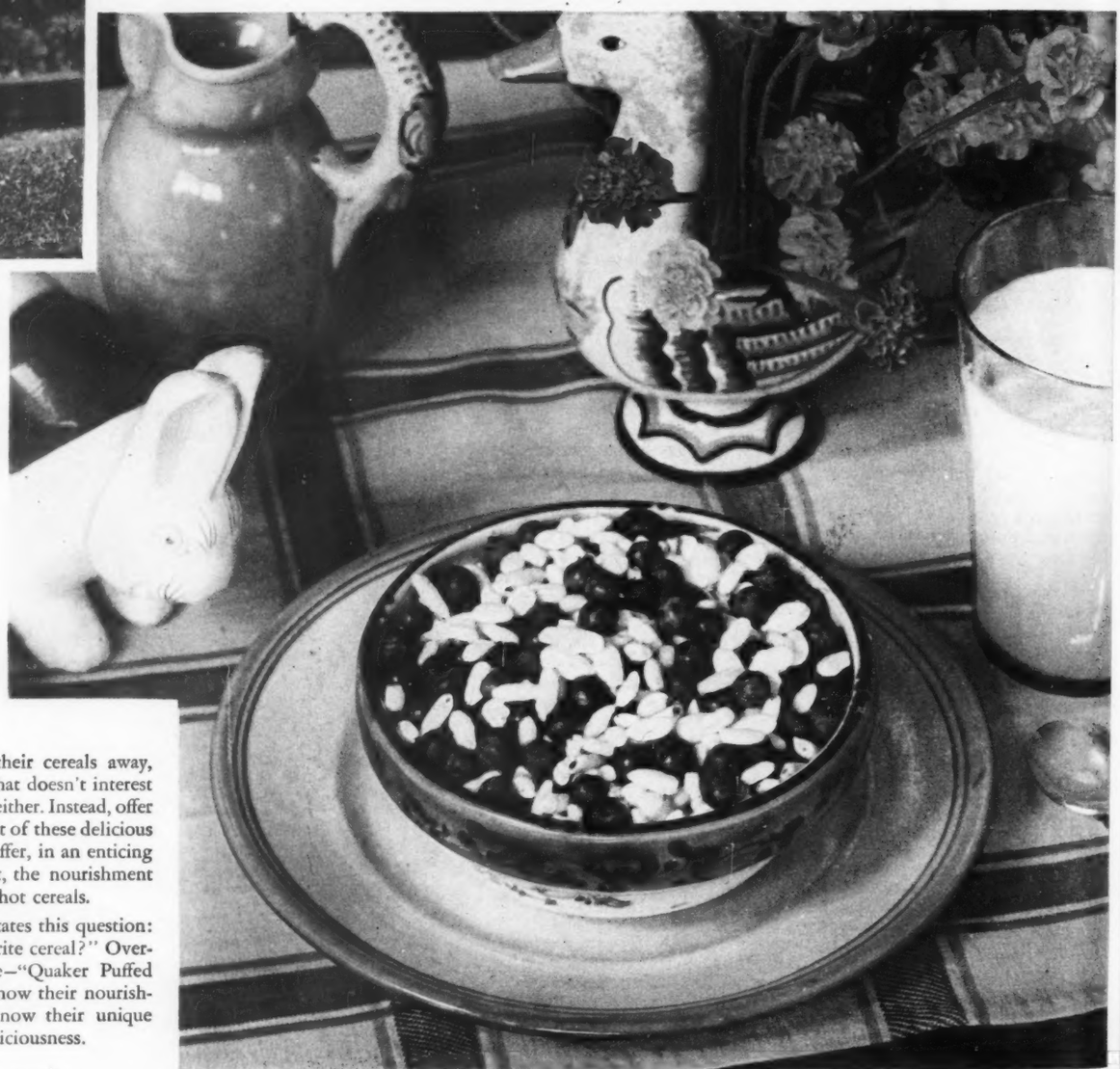
Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

A BREAKFAST

For the child who "won't eat cereals"

Here's a breakfast adventure that provides needed nourishment —that entices children's appetites—that requires no preparation

Leslie Brunker, four-year-old son of an aristocratic Virginia family, is a picture of sturdy boyhood. His mother has given particular emphasis to the food he eats, and notes considerable improvement in him, now that she gives him Quaker Puffed Grains. "It is the only cereal he really loves," she writes us. "The only one he will eat without coaxing."



A cool and nourishing breakfast dish—Puffed Rice and blueberries.

WHEN children push their cereals away, don't scold. For food that doesn't interest them doesn't do much good, either. Instead, offer them the appetizing allurement of these delicious puffed grain morsels. They offer, in an enticing form that children can't resist, the nourishment you usually expect only from hot cereals.

We asked mothers in 42 states this question: "What is your children's favorite cereal?" Overwhelmingly the answer came—"Quaker Puffed Grains!" For wise mothers know their nourishment value – children only know their unique flavor, their crisp, crunchy deliciousness.

To tempt hot weather appetites

In hot weather when appetites are lazy, children delight in Puffed Grains. Served with fruits or berries of the season, they provide endless variety to keep children's appetites keen and zestful—sustain them in their play or work. Not only at breakfast serve them, but at luncheon, for twilight supper or a bedtime snack.

Quaker Puffed Grains are simply selected rice and whole wheat grains, puffed by a unique process to eight times their normal size. Puffing explodes each of the 125 million food cells each grain contains. Releasing every bit of the valuable mineral, protein and carbohydrate content for easy digestion and complete nourishment.

Nourishment in a delicious form

Puffed wheat provides all the rich minerals of the entire wheat grain, with nothing milled away. More than 20% is bran. Puffed Rice is a substantial energy food. It contains plenty of nourishment for active little bodies. Quaker Puffed Grains with whole milk approximate in energy value a dish of hot cooked cereal.

Today, get Puffed Grains at any grocer. Keep both kinds in the pantry for variety. Here is all the rich energy of wheat and rice in a delicious form that does not tax the system in hot weather. At all grocers.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

The corner cupboard and furniture styles are especially suited to this house

FURNISHING A Little Country House

By LAURA DUFFY

THERE is no setting so ideal for Early American furniture as the farmhouse or its replica—the suburban or summer country house in the style of the New England farmhouse. Low ceilings, wide fireplaces, small-pane windows, the prevalence of painted woodwork of pine or hickory and simple wainscoting all contribute a character which, combined, makes the most suitable background for pine, maple, hickory and simple walnut and mahogany furniture. Nor is it necessary to visit antique shops to find old pieces to furnish such a house. It is true that a few beautiful antiques in a room contribute a special charm which emanates from fine, though simple craftsmanship and the beauty which years of gentle use have contributed. But our modern furniture makers are copying these ancestral pieces of Early American with such fidelity and skill that their productions mingle with the antique in perfect harmony. Fortunately for housekeepers who do not have the advantages of large city shopping, such furniture is found in department and furniture stores almost anywhere.

In the house illustrated the atmosphere of an early Long Island farmhouse is retained throughout. The mantelpiece over the living-room fireplace is simple woodwork, with brick for the frame and hearth. The painted bookshelves at the left of this fireplace are partly curtained and the color of this material is echoed in the hooked and rag rugs which are scattered on top of the plain chenille carpet. At one end of the room the settle, rush-seat chairs, gate-leg table and reading lamps are grouped for comfort and convenience. At another end of the room under the windows is an upholstered davenport anything but Colonial American in its comfortable depth, but with the rush-seat chairs, small pine tables, a walnut tip-top table, and a fine mahogany drop-leaf table, it is used with good effect.

In the dining-room some of the old pine woodwork appears in beams and supports as well as in a large open-shelf cupboard of the same wood. The furniture includes the essentials for comfort and use: rush-seat chairs, a dining-table and two small serving tables. Brass candle sconces hang on the wall and an old clock ticks away opposite the cupboard. A second interesting style of American chair is used in the little reading and writing room at the end of the dining-room. Here another old clock stands on the low book shelves. There is also a convenient writing desk, small tables which hold jars of garden flowers, as well as a lamp and additional book shelves left uncurtained for ready access to the volumes in them.

At the other end of the dining-room a small breakfast-room opens onto an enclosed porch. The corner cupboard holds pewter and china pieces, the window shelf is a place for flowers from the garden as well as for useful pottery bowls. The braided rag rug, the only covering on this floor is especially harmonious with this style of cupboard, table and chairs. This room is an example of the good use of wall paper, painted woodwork and wainscoting in combination, with unpainted pine woodwork (the corner cupboard) and simple furniture in the same interior.

Throughout this house all accessories such as table covers, candlesticks, lamps and vases are Colonial or modern copies of the Colonial. All draperies and curtains are hung to good advantage at the small-pane windows. The completed whole is livable with that charm which always comes from simple things in the appropriate setting; a result of planning with care and choosing with discrimination from the many styles now offered and arranging with conscious or unconscious consideration of the laws of good furnishing. Usability certainly is one of the most important and essential of these rules.

The furniture is well-placed for comfort and convenience

Strained Vegetables *Wherever* Baby May Be

AT home with Auntie, Grandmother or Nurse—or abroad with Mother on trains and in hotels on a real holiday—baby's important strained vegetable feedings are now provided for in a wholesome, scientific manner. Day after day—regardless of seasonal markets—regardless of travel—regardless of other demands on Mother's time and energy—baby can now be systematically fed. One only needs to warm the Gerber Products—add a small pinch of salt or sugar—and serve.

Delineator Home Institute — Good Housekeeping Institute

. . . *of* Approved Goodness

Steam pressure cooked and sealed—steam sterilized—Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup, Strained Spinach, Strained Carrots, Strained Peas, Strained Prunes and Strained Tomato offer a new degree of efficiency for mothers—and a higher standard of wholesomeness in baby's strained vegetable feedings. Vitamin A—Vitamin B—Vitamin C—and rich mineral salt values partially lost in open vessel cooking are conserved to the maximum degree with Gerber steam pressure methods. Your doctor will gladly explain why they are best for baby—and can best prescribe the feeding schedule for your own baby's individual requirements.

Send for Assortment

If your grocer has not yet stocked the Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products, send us today the coupon below with $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment, or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

Free samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

A WEEK'S SUPPLY — SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
Dept. M-4—Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.
NOTE: Soup now packed in 10½ oz. and 4½ oz. sizes. 1 large or 2 small in Complete Assortment.

$1.00 Complete Assortment	25c Strained Vegetable Soup	15c Strained Vegetable Soup	15c Strained Spinach	15c Strained Carrots	15c Strained Prunes	15c Strained Peas	15c Strained Tomato

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My grocer is _____

POST Toasties is called "The Wake-up Food"

because its crisp, delicious flakes bring you quick new energy

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Narcissus, Queen of The North

The May Blossom Tulip

Narcissus, Sir Watkins

WHAT'S IN A BULB?

Now is the time to order for next Spring

By MRS. FRANCIS KING

THIS is one of the many articles which Mrs. King, one of the foremost gardening authorities of America is writing exclusively for McCall's readers. Her many excellent books and articles published in leading magazines of this country and England have inspired thousands of garden lovers.

WHAT'S in a bulb? Form, fragrance, color, all of spring's delights. A charm not possessed by flowers that come from fibrous roots, a stiff drawing that makes the tulip and the hyacinth particularly perfect for a little formal planting; a grace that fits the blowing daffodil for use in woodland spots; in short the very sign of "the gray world's darling, Spring."

The lists of bulbs for fall planting come in June and July and now is the time to plan for the next spring's loveliness in such things. The smaller the garden the better it is adapted to bulb planting; for this reason, that the most charming effects can be had with formal planting of crocuses, tulips, daffodils, scillas, grape hyacinths, other bulbs, (and do not forget that fascinating tiny thing called Puschkinia) in a garden of, say, twenty by thirty feet. These spring things take so little space; they look so well, so at home, if set in lines, rows, or stiff squares in such a place; and the cost is so comparatively little, that in time I know we shall see small spring gardens generally throughout the country. In every one of these there should be a flowering crab, a dogwood, a pear, an apple or a plum; for if the flowers from bulbs are charming, they are doubly so when the blue shadows of flowering boughs fall across those colors.

OUT of a long experience I give a few hints as to nice early spring effects with tulips. If you have a plum or a pear tree with room below it for a few bulbs, grow there the single early tulip Vermilion Brilliant. Suppose there is a copper beech somewhere on your plot; the two most glorious tulips to use near this, as a foreground, a sheet of color below it, are Inglescombe Pink, the Cottage tulip of ineffable loveliness in pink and amber and Valentine, a fine flower of violet hue. In setting these, let the two colors intermingle in one place; plant the bulbs as though this were a bit of woodland and the flowers grew naturally; all the better if your beech is in a border with other shrubs back of it, for this wild effect is then easier to attain with tulips. And, as a rule it is a little difficult to get a naturalistic look with these magnificent flowers except where one uses the single early or species tulips which are smaller and less stiff in type than their glorious cousins the Darwin and Cottage kinds.

For tulips of fine colors together try Mystery and the delicious pink Mayblossom; a lovely tulip called Twilight below the magnificence of tulip Ambrosia which has the most enchanting form and color of any tall new tulip that I know; Bacchus with Fantasy below it, and a planting of Louis XIV, Bronze Queen, Bacchus and William Copeland will create a border of great distinction where the purple-bronzes and a lavender are wanted.

It is pleasant to be able to discuss the daffodil once more after the recent years of the Federal Quarantine when the hope of these flowers for our gardens seemed to many of us to be gone. But now one of the greatest foes of this Quarantine writes "American-grown daffodils are a distinct success" . . . and on his own list for sale this coming Autumn these kinds are named; Lucifer, a lovely daffodil with a white perianth and an orange-red cup; Barri conspicuous, Whitewell, with a perianth of creamy yellow and a deep yellow cup, Evangeline a most beautiful flower of the Leedsi type, and Queen of the North, said to be wonderfully good, with a cup of primrose color. Eighteen other sorts are named as available for American gardens this year.

Tulip, Ambrosia

A little spring planting of my arranging has been so successful that I must pass it on here. This was on a tiny knoll where white pine and Carolina poplar had been planted years before to screen out an ugly prospect. We cut a short winding path through these trees and set out in this order the following bulbs, very thickly planted in groups close to the tree roots and edging the narrow walk of trodden earth on both sides. The flower groups were irregular—first they were large, then small, sometimes dozens of flowers together, then a mere trickle of daffodils or grape hyacinths. All this was to keep the naturalistic effect. Here is the planting order:

On the right at the beginning of the walk, daffodil, Sir Watkin, mingling with that narcissus poetaz Elvira, then a group of daffodil Cynosure then the fine orange tulip Mr. van der Hoef. Again Sir Watkin, a thick planting of grape hyacinth, (muscari Heavenly Blue), narcissus Elvira with the lovely early white tulip Lady Boree, grape hyacinths again with daffodil Sir Watkin, more Elvira, more Sir Watkin—and the end of that side of the walk. The other side of the path was filled with spring flowers in the same way. This is the simplest possible planting to plan; anyone could have it.

THE common myrtle, vinca minor, is a great favorite of mine for general planting; and nothing is sweeter in early spring than to see thrusting their flowers through these small dark green leaves of the myrtle, such crocuses as Kathleen Parlow, Mikado, and the crocus Largest Golden Yellow.

One more tulip combination—Alcmene, deep rose, Mrs. Hoog, a pale yellow, Mme. de Buyssens, yellow and Mr. Hoover, deep salmon red . . . These are marvels either separately or together. But how useless it is to try to convey the wonder of beauty of these newer tulips in "the scant gray meshes of words."

The dentifrice with the *wonderful* after-effect

ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:—

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture, it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—*That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.*

There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

"Kodak as you go" and let your tooth paste pay for it

There are a great many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A kodak is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Why should any

THIS monogram is the finest reference an electric servant can have. Whether on a fan, a MAZDA lamp, or a versatile helper such as a Hotpoint automatic electric range, the G-E monogram assures you of faithful, dependable, and economical service.

GENERAL

woman have a hot stuffy house

when electric fans can be operated for about 4 cents a day.

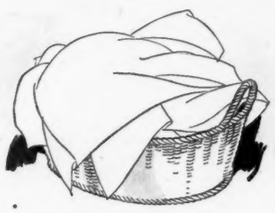
IN FACT, why should any woman be satisfied with less than the dependable comfort and convenience of the *completely* electrified home?

Breeze through the night with a *bedside* fan

How they "fag" you . . . these sweltering nights when there isn't enough breeze to stir a spear of grass! Make your own breeze. G-E electric fans are as easy to own and operate as floor lamps. Just plug them into convenience outlets. Give yourself and your family refreshing rest at night; and make your home a pleasant place to visit all day.

This air isn't free but it's well worth half a cent an hour

A G-E fan keeps the air moving without making a draft and costs less than half a cent an hour to operate. Human beings are more human if they have their air changed 3 to 4 times an hour. Kitchen air should be changed 15 times an hour. Here the regular G-E household utility electric fan should be in constant use.

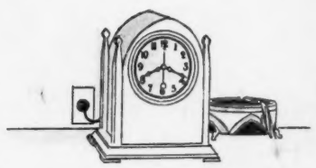


In, Dry and Dirty— Out, Clean and Dry

Why not wash and dry your clothes by the same method that has been used in commercial laundries for years? Now a home-size machine gives you the same convenience. You wash and rinse with electricity. Then the same motor whirls your clothes dry . . . ready for ironing. Wash *day* can be turned to wash *hour* for about 50 cents a week (including the cost of the machine).

Gloomy rooms—gloomy thoughts

Your eye muscles have to work more than any other muscles in the body. Eyestrain caused by inadequate and improper lighting has a direct relation to nervousness, despondency, and "moods". A portable reading lamp placed behind the left shoulder should be supplemented by light from fixtures or additional portables, all properly shaded so as to supply diffused illumination for the whole room. G-E MAZDA lamps cost so little—about half as much now as six years ago—and they're twice as efficient!



New Magic!

What time is it? The Telechron always gives you an accurate answer, and it never needs to be wound, oiled, cleaned, or regulated. It contains no springs or escapements—only a tiny motor operated by the alternating beat of the same current that lights your home, browns your toast, and powers your radio. Telechron is furnished in a wide variety of styles adapted for living room, study, dining room, or bedroom. Ask your Telechron dealer to explain in detail how Telechron works, and why it is always accurate to the second.

If you ever want to rent your house

Won't electric convenience outlets be among the first things your "prospects" will look for—one of the chief things that will determine its rental value? Or if you are building a new house or renovating an old one, what more essential investment than the electric system? New and better electric appliances are being developed all the time—every room should be equipped to plug them in. Also, the installation of new outlets costs comparatively little and doesn't mean tearing up floors and plaster. If you specify "G-E Wiring System" you can be sure that it will be efficient and adequate.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

ELECTRIC

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 8 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make

8 Bottles

(pint size) of delicious Hires Root Beer.
Just mail the coupon.

TRY HIRES ROOT BEER

at our expense

Far More Than a Delicious Beverage

Appetizing, refreshing, yes, Hires Root Beer has always been famous for its appeal to the taste... but doctors and nutrition experts also agree that Hires Root Beer is invigorating and nutritious, supplying precious Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

In over 2,000,000 homes Hires Root Beer is the favorite beverage.

Now we invite you and your family and friends to join the millions who for 50 years have been our patrons.

To win your friendship we make this liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

All you add to Hires Extract are water, sugar and yeast. Then after it sets 2 days, you're ready to offer your family and friends one of the finest beverages that can be made.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of root beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, as compared to the usual price of 15c to 25c for bottled beverages.

This saves you 90%—90c out of every dollar! A luxury drink at a mere fraction of the usual cost!

Hires created the original recipe and today it's better than ever. It is made of the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients, rich in Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

Get this Free trial bottle of Hires Extract, together with simple directions, by mailing the coupon at once—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa. (Mc-8-9)

Please send me sample of

Hires
Extract

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

SMOOTHING BEAUTY'S WAY

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCall's Beauty Editor

"LINES? Of course we can smooth them away," said the alert young head of an internationally famous cosmetic house. "But there are lines and lines," she went on. "Lines that etch meaning and interest on the face, lines that tell of discontent, and lines that come from a piling-up of little worries plus neglect of daily skin care."

We all know that the lines of character that appear on our faces are as important in physical and mental equipment as is growing to normal adult stature. If we had been meant to keep rounded, unlined baby faces I'm sure that there would be more provision for it in Nature. As it is the attempt to hold such contours when we're grown up often results in an unhappy travesty of a face. Little rounded chins "lifted" on forty look silly somehow, though I sympathize with the desire to keep step with youth. The mistake we make in this matter of aging contours is that we hold up to ourselves an ideal conformation that is quite foreign to Nature's plan. We were meant to have firm, interesting faces, with an expression that matched our personalities. The lines that make our faces interesting should never be erased by artificial means, particularly the lines that happy purposeful living has put there. This may sound heretical, but there is something charming about little lines that quirk in amusement around the eyes and mouth. Rub them out and your face becomes an expressionless mask with the look of youth's inexperience, perhaps, but not the conviction of youth's thrilling joy of life.

Lines of discontent, puckered brows, drooping, sullen mouths and eyes—these, alas, tell character too, but they tell too much. And all the creams and lotions and featherweight massages in the world won't take them away. They're too intimately connected with the stuff of our souls. And they can only be chased away or altered with a change in our dispositions.

But the lines in the third class—that come from everyday worry and neglect—these are the ones that modern skin care preparations can smooth away, with your help. The intelligent young woman whose statement I quoted at the beginning of this article pointed out something very interesting in our outlook on this whole matter of beauty care. "We used to hear a lot," she said, "about the woman away from the big centers who led a 'natural' life: 'She doesn't need elaborate beauty treatments; she doesn't have to spend time smoothing away lines. Isn't she, after all, free of the many, many social and business duties that occupy the city woman? Why, with modern labor-saving devices and all that, she leads a life so well-balanced that she can hold on to her youth naturally, without external aids.'"

Learn to Relax

FOR a long time I believed this," she went on. "Then I began comparing notes. We do have labor-saving devices—marvelous ones. Our lives, by virtue of our advanced knowledge of hygiene, of sunshine, exposure, of ventilation, of all the scientific miracles that have made America such a comfortable place to live in, are more conducive to leading a 'natural' life than ever before. But, if my observation is right, mentally we haven't all kept step with this. We aren't willing to learn the secret of repose, of meeting life's daily worries without letting them wear us down nervously. That is why women still suffer the marks of premature old age and loss of firm contours."

I had to admit the truth of this. I thought of women I knew—women who could not be called rich, yet who had comforts and ease of which our grandmothers never dreamed. There is Sally—who is just over thirty and looks nearer forty. The last time I visited her she said, "I don't see how you keep your skin so fresh. And your eyes never look tired, yet you use them a lot, don't you?"

I told her that I believed in daytime naps and short walks outdoors.

She sighed. "Yes, I suppose they do help. But of course I wouldn't have time for all that. There are so many interruptions."

We chatted while the babies slept, and while we sat there I waited for the 'interruptions'. So far as I could see, they were mostly in Sally's mind—wondering whether or not she ought to call the chairman of her bridge club about the next meeting. Worrying about the butcher—he never seemed to get her order right any more. Worrying about little things that she couldn't do anything about—keeping her mind in a turmoil over trifles. Of course she couldn't take a nap during the day—that mind of hers was so occupied with petty affairs that it wouldn't let go. Yet not a half mile away is a beautiful park, where she could walk daily and renew her youth. Once she learned how to put the piled-up irritations out of her mind she could lie down for half an hour, never miss the time, and wake up refreshed and renewed.

Once we've taken away the worrying habit it's fun to smooth our way with creams and lotions. Skins that are overdry are prone to wrinkle. They need careful cleansing and the soothing, softening effect of creams made just for this purpose. Oils, too, are helpful. When the skin is oily itself, good toning lotions that bring the blood to the surface and clear the pores should be used.

Lines should be smoothed away with light movements that have an upward tendency. If you are puzzled about the right movements, the very best thing to do is to learn the "feel" of the thing under an expert operator's hands. Try to get the same effect she does: remember, you have two hands to use, and you know your own face as well or even better than any outsider knows it.

We are destined soon to see a brand new crop of lines and wrinkles among women of thirty or thereabouts. These come from too much experimentation with reducing diets. But authorities warn against excessive reducing because of its effect later on. Good proportions and good health we must have. But a smooth, unlined, fresh face is harder to keep after thirty when health and stamina have been endangered by foolhardy reducing methods.

The Foam Does It . . .

Cleans teeth better . . . by penetrating deep into every tiny crevice, where ordinary brushing cannot reach, and washing away impurities.

THE difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the active foam released by Colgate's the instant it is brushed on teeth.

For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . *it does more!* It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and *washes* them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

Colgate's acts in this way because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate's a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser . . . different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years . . . proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

**How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

More economical, too . . . the 25¢ tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter. This is true because Colgate's is the largest seller.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1694, 595 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
In Canada, address Colgate, Toronto 8, Ontario

FREE

Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, *Paramount star, whose skin shows flawlessly lovely in a close-up. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."*

9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin this way . .

"EXQUISITE skin is woman's most compelling charm," says Malcolm St. Clair, director for Paramount. "Flawlessly beautiful skin is more appealing than any other charm."

Directors and screen stars know so well that lovely skin is the most magnetic of all charms. And in Hollywood, among the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Nine out of ten screen stars use this white fragrant soap. You, too, will like the way it cares for your skin. Abundant lather even in hard water!

MARY DUNCAN, *Fox star—"Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin silken smooth—as 'studio skin' must be."*

MARIE PRÉVOST *says, "Lux Toilet Soap, delightful as the finest French soaps, keeps my skin satin-smooth."*

Lux Toilet Soap *Nine out of ten screen stars use it for smooth skin* 10¢

Watch Your Baby's Health In Summer

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of: Short Talks With Young Mothers, Etc.

DR. KERLEY has helped thousands of McCall mothers to keep their children in good health through the articles written exclusively for them. Besides these monthly talks on many phases of child health, Dr. Kerley is the author of well-known books on the care of babies as well as older children. His work in famous New York hospitals has established him as one of the foremost child health specialists in the country—a position which brings to McCall Street homes the same fine consultation available in New York's great medical centers.

EVERY summer takes its toll of young infants who succumb to what is known as summer complaint. The death rate from this cause in former years was enormous. During the past decade it has been materially reduced by a better understanding of diseases in infants, but the death rate from this cause remains much higher than is necessary. We have not only learned a great deal more about the management but, more important, we have found out how to prevent serious diarrheal diseases during the summer.

One of the best means of carrying the child safely through the summer is to keep him well all the months of the year. Infants who are badly managed the year round are the first to succumb; this is because they are readily affected by unfavorable climatic conditions.

This defect in the management of many infants explains why the comparatively mild month of June supplies as many deaths as does the hot and humid August. In protecting a child against summer diarrhea it is necessary to recognize that every infant is in danger of grave intestinal disorders during the hot months. The mortality records of the different states show that entirely breast fed infants rarely have any of the summer disorders, and a fatal issue from intestinal diseases in a breast fed baby is exceedingly rare. The possibilities of summer trouble must always be well weighed in considering the feeding problem, and every infant should be breast fed, not only because of its advantages from a nutritional standpoint but as a health insurance in preventing gastro-intestinal disorders during the hot months. I am confident that many more babies would be breast fed if mothers appreciated the safeguards with which she thus surrounds the child. Any mother who fails to exert every effort to nurse her infant assumes a grave responsibility.

In order to protect the bottle fed infant and unfortunately he is one of the majority, a great deal of care is required. The best milk obtainable must be selected and it is not necessary to emphasize that the best milk is the most expensive always. The production of a suitable milk for infant feeding is expensive.

When the bottle of milk for the baby's feeding is delivered at the home it must be placed at once in the coldest compartment of the refrigerator.

[*Continued on page 62*]

How good these fruits will taste next winter . .

IN HOMEMADE JAMS AND JELLIES

NOW, using the modern "short-boil" method of jam and jelly making, made possible by Certo, anyone can make *perfect* jams and jellies from any fruit!

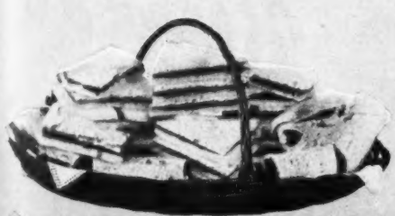
Even if you've never made a glass of jam or jelly in your life, with Certo you can make such delicacies as ripe peach jam and jelly, plum jelly, apricot jam and jelly, banana butter—even orange jelly! There's simply no limit to the variety you can make with Certo.

There are 97 recipes for delicious homemade jams and jellies in the Certo recipe booklet. A copy of this booklet is under the label of every bottle of Certo. Get Certo from your grocer.

Certo is a pure fruit product — just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant.

With Certo *anyone* can make delicious jams and jellies from *any* fruit or fruit juice—quickly, easily, perfectly. Now you can use even those delicious fruits that never before would jell. Only one or two minutes' boiling is required! That's why it is called the "short-boil" method.

Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.



Unusual and delicious sandwiches can be made from jams and jellies. You will like the recipes in our new book, "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies."

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

Your grocer has Certo. A book of 97 recipes for homemade jams and jellies is under the label of each bottle.

M. C. 8-29

Elizabeth Palmer,
Home Service Dept.,
Certo Corporation,
353 Granite Bldg.,
Rochester, N. Y.
(If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.)

Please send me the two booklets described above.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here and send 10¢ if you want trial half bottle of Certo.

Have you *heard* the new Kellogg cereal?

So crisp you can hear it *crackle* in the cream

RICE KRISPIES is the new cereal that's attracting so much attention. Surprisingly different!

Nourishing rice—that's what it's made of. Has a flavor like toasted nutmeats. And as for crispness—it actually crackles out loud when you pour on milk or cream!

Order a package for breakfast tomorrow. You'll surely surprise the family! Great with fruits or honey.

And don't forget lunch. Rice Krispies is a new and delightful suggestion. Give the children some for the evening meal. Healthful and easy to digest.

Rice Krispies make wonderful macaroons and candies. Sprinkle them over ice cream, for a sundae. Try them in soups. Serve them buttered, like pop corn.

Phone your grocer for a crisp red-and-green package. And open it the minute it comes. Rice Krispies are so good you'll want to eat them right out of the carton.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, also Kaffee Hag Coffee-real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.*

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

Will Your Vacation Be A Water Trip?

By ANNE C. GRANBECK

SAID Samuel Johnson: "The use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are." It appears to be a fault, particularly among Americans, that our imagination has not thus been regulated—until recent years when we have become great travelers.

The reason, in the main, has been a lack of understanding of play. Our vacations have long been an object of ridicule by foreign commentators. They say we positively work at our vacations; we come back, not refreshed, but exhausted. There is no doubt that great numbers of us take vacations which are precisely the wrong kind. Some one chooses to go to a crowded, bustling summer resort, when as a matter of fact what he or she greatly needs is, as Henry James puts it—"not much talk;—a great, sweet silence."

The person leading an isolated life without many contacts needs a vacation where plenty of companionships, sports and rounds of gaiety are to be had. There are people who should "rough it," or sample ranch life and others who certainly should not. There are those who should go far off, and others who can be satisfied nearby.

Today the opportunity to secure a vacation that particularly fits you is far greater than ever before. America itself has superbly developed its playgrounds in all the climates and varied scenery which it possesses. There is seashore of every possible kind. As for mountains, we have them in the form of cozy wooded hills and we have them in high, gaunt rocky shapes and in great snow peaks. We have deserts, caves, ruins, canyons, great rivers, national parks, falls, streams and placid lakes. These are scattered lavishly all over the United States, as well as in Canada. And then of course there are the steamer trips. Water has undoubtedly the greatest of all attractions for vacationists, and almost invariably they seek it in one form or another.

The Great Lakes are delightfully cool in the summertime. Easterners embark usually at Buffalo and then thread westward through the lakes. You sail over the calm, but powerful waters of Lake Erie and Lake Huron, make a turn into Georgian Bay (which actually has 30,000 islands!) and then there is a stop ashore at the famous historic Mackinac Island, an enchanting place, where, as in Bermuda, such modern vehicles as automobiles are taboo. If you have time you can journey farther off and sail the length of Lake Michigan to Chicago, the Metropolis of the middle west. Some boats go as far as Duluth, Minnesota, and these pass through the "Soo" Locks from Lake Huron to Lake Superior. On entering the lock, the imprisoned waters rush fiercely down the steep descent and eddy wildly below. Slowly the boat rises, twenty feet above the spot where you enter the "Soo" and the wide expanse of Lake Superior is visible. Two thousand miles of fresh water boating in a week on a fine luxurious big boat!

Some Unusual Cruises

OTHER lovely cruises are among the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. A trip down the St. Lawrence is a dream of beauty. Kingston is a pleasant city with old forts or hills above the bay. At Prescott, you change to the River steamer and go to Montreal. Quebec, with the Chateau Frontenac guarding the city from the heights of Dufferin Terrace, like a medieval chateau, is a succession of French towns. The Saguenay runs into the St. Lawrence and the Capes Trinity and Eternity loom high toward the sky.

Northward there is a certainty of cool breezes in hot weather; and there is good cruise service to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Labrador. The rugged grandeur of the Maritime Provinces, is a mecca to those who seek a restful sojourn amid surroundings of unsurpassed beauty. There are shorter water trips from New York to New England ports. One of the oldest of the short water trip lines plies between New York and Norfolk. It is long enough to be thoroughly restful without consuming too much time. Other all-water trips take one southward to Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, Miami, New Orleans or Galveston, or two days on the water and you can be in a British possession, Bermuda—the land of coral islands, lilies, oleanders, palms, cocoanut trees and a profusion of gorgeous flowers. Nassau is only 60 hours away, and overnight from Miami, Florida.

The Caribbean trips are particularly refreshing and colorful; Cuba with its old Spanish atmosphere; Jamaica with its "Garden of the Gods"; Santo Domingo, Porto Rico with its palm-fringed beaches, grapefruit orchards, old bandit caves; the Caribbees and Panama, Columbia, on the north coast of South America with its great banana plantation; and Venezuela with its famous crystal caves.

Steamers will carry you to our southern neighbor, Mexico, either to the east or west coast and to Central America.

There are the "intercoastal" trips, via that modern marvel of engineering, the Panama Canal which is a gorgeous water route to the Golden State. Pacific Coast intercity steamer trips may be made from San Diego to all coast cities northward to Canada.

To see the snow-capped mountains from the comfortable deck chair of a Pacific Coast steamer, on the trip from Seattle or Vancouver or Prince Rupert to Alaska, our "Land of the Midnight Sun," is an experience one does not quickly forget. Here is romance in the colorful totem pole relics of a vanishing race. Numberless small islands surround the ship as it noses its way into Alexander Archipelago. A cruise to Skagway may be within ten days and a land and water tour of Alaska may cover thirty-five days.

Fragrant with exotic beauty, Hawaii offers an alluring promise. Verdant shores, great green peaks, Kilauea volcano and bathing beaches give but a bare hint of the charming picture. Go on to Tahiti and other South Sea Islands, premier of all the colorful regions, if you have time.

From this galaxy of water trips, at fares from a few dollars to a few hundred, from overnight to thirty-day journeys, no person may fail to find the right vacation if he gives consideration to the possibilities.

"Good'n thick —is the way I like it"

LEAVE it to them and they'll spread it on "good'n thick." They like it that way. And there's not a digestion pang in a whole jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. For in this form it's one of the most easily digested foods a child can have.

They like its flavor. And every mother should well understand how thoroughly good it is for them. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is full of nutriment—for it contains the proteins that are so necessary to restore the energy that is lost in play and exercise. It is a real food—not merely a flavor. So let the growing youngsters have it often and in generous quantity—either as a spread on bread or crackers, in sandwich form, or in the many other ways it can easily be used.

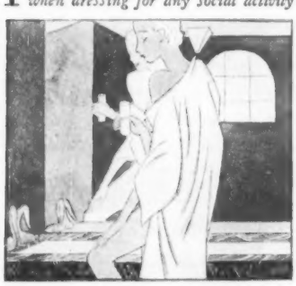
Don't forget that the grown-up members of the family like it, too. It should always be on hand in the pantry. And let us call your attention to the new top to the Beech-Nut jar. It's the *easy-to-open kind* and a feature *exclusive to Beech-Nut alone.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

They set her *down* as an Indelicate Girl

A light dusting of Amolin would have kept her exquisite

1 *Always use Amolin under the arms when dressing for any social activity*



2 *The most fastidious women use Amolin after the bath all over the body*

3 *Sprinkled in the shoes or on the feet Amolin gives soothing comfort*

THERE is one offense against society for which no woman can forgive herself—the slightest vestige of personal odor. Neither great beauty nor smart attire can atone for this indication of laxness.

To be ever certain of your wholesomeness, always after your rites with tub and towel sprinkle over your body a feathery film of Amolin.

For Amolin, to touch and to appearance a delightful toilet powder, is a delicate deodorizer as well. It actually absorbs odors as they arise. It is a sure, safe defense against the least trace of personal indelicacy.

Use Amolin freely—it does not retard the natural function of the pores to exhale impurities. For it simply counteracts odors as they are formed. And far from harming, it protects your silken underthings.

Immaculate grooming suggests many uses of Amolin. And you can use it liberally. For it is refreshing, harmless and inexpensive. Dust this delightfully smooth powder under your arms after bathing. Sprinkle it into the garments you wear near your skin, into your slippers. Amolin has a clear, cool fragrance while you are using it, yet is odorless on your body. For its purpose is not to substitute one odor for another, but to destroy every trace of personal odor.

Be as active as you wish; shop, ride, play tennis, golf. Or put in a strenuous day at the office with an easy mind. Amolin will carefully safeguard your personal daintiness all day long. *It is a luxurious and important necessity to dry the body and take away the sticky odor that comes from sea bathing.*

Norwich
MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

Amolin

In two sizes—30¢ and 60¢

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., Dept. B-89
Norwich, N. Y.
or 103 Spadina Ave., Toronto

Enclosed is 10c Please send me the generous test can of Amolin.

Name .....

Address .....

Hot Weather ENTERTAINING

DURING the summer months the hostess usually finds it trying to meet her social obligations, and so at this time more than any other McCall's Home Service Booklets will be of help. The most difficult problem in hot weather is *what refreshments to serve*. These booklets answer this question and many others.

What to Serve at Parties: Delicious menus and recipes for summer entertaining. (Price, twenty cents.)

Time Saving Cookery: Here are quick ways with delicious cold beverages and iced salads; easily prepared dishes suitable for the mid-summer table; simple menus for porch and garden parties. (Price, ten cents.)

Master Recipes: This booklet gives simple recipes for home-made ice cream and ices; bavarian cream; gelatine desserts; recipes for cookies, so good with iced drinks. (Price, ten cents.)

Some Reasons Why In Cookery: There is a chapter in this booklet on making jelly the new way; also rules for making candy, French ice creams and mayonnaise. (Price, ten cents.)

The New Hospitality is a little book on correct table service for all meals. (Price, ten cents.)

A progressive Motor Supper and many other charming parties are described, with appropriate games and stunts for each affair in *Parties For Grownups*. (Price, twenty cents.)

Unusual Entertaining: Delightful bridge parties, dances and treasure hunts. (Price, twenty cents.)

The children would love a garden party to which each child comes dressed in a fancy paper dress. Plans for this and many others are contained in *Parties For Children*. (Price, twenty cents.)

Antiques. A charming one-act play. (Price, ten cents.)

Bridal Showers. (Price, two cents.)

Parties for the Bride. Charming announcement parties and showers. (Price, two cents.)

A Stork Shower. (Price, four cents.)

How To Serve Afternoon Tea. What to serve and how at tea-time. (Price, two cents.)

The Family Budget. This booklet tells you how to plan and keep a budget so that you may get the most out of your income. (Price, twenty cents.)

Decorating Your Home. Harmonious interiors. (Price, ten cents.)

Four Lessons in Interior Decoration. A short course for the beginner. (Price, twelve cents.)

The Friendly Baby. If baby is fretful during these hot months this booklet will help you to make him more comfortable; also Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules. (Price, ten cents.)

The Friendly Mother. Here is helpful advice for the pre-natal period. (Price, ten cents.)

Book of Etiquette. This booklet will answer your questions on every-day good manners. There are also chapters on the formal and informal wedding. (Price, twenty cents.)

New Books for Children. Reading for vacation days. (Price, two cents.)

Books You Ought To Own. A list of books helpful to the hostess, or the clubwoman who is called upon to plan a bazaar, pageant, Parent-Teacher program, etc. (Price, eight cents.)

Books on Church and Family Problems. A list of books on child mind training, spiritual enlightenment, church work, etc. (Price, eight cents.)

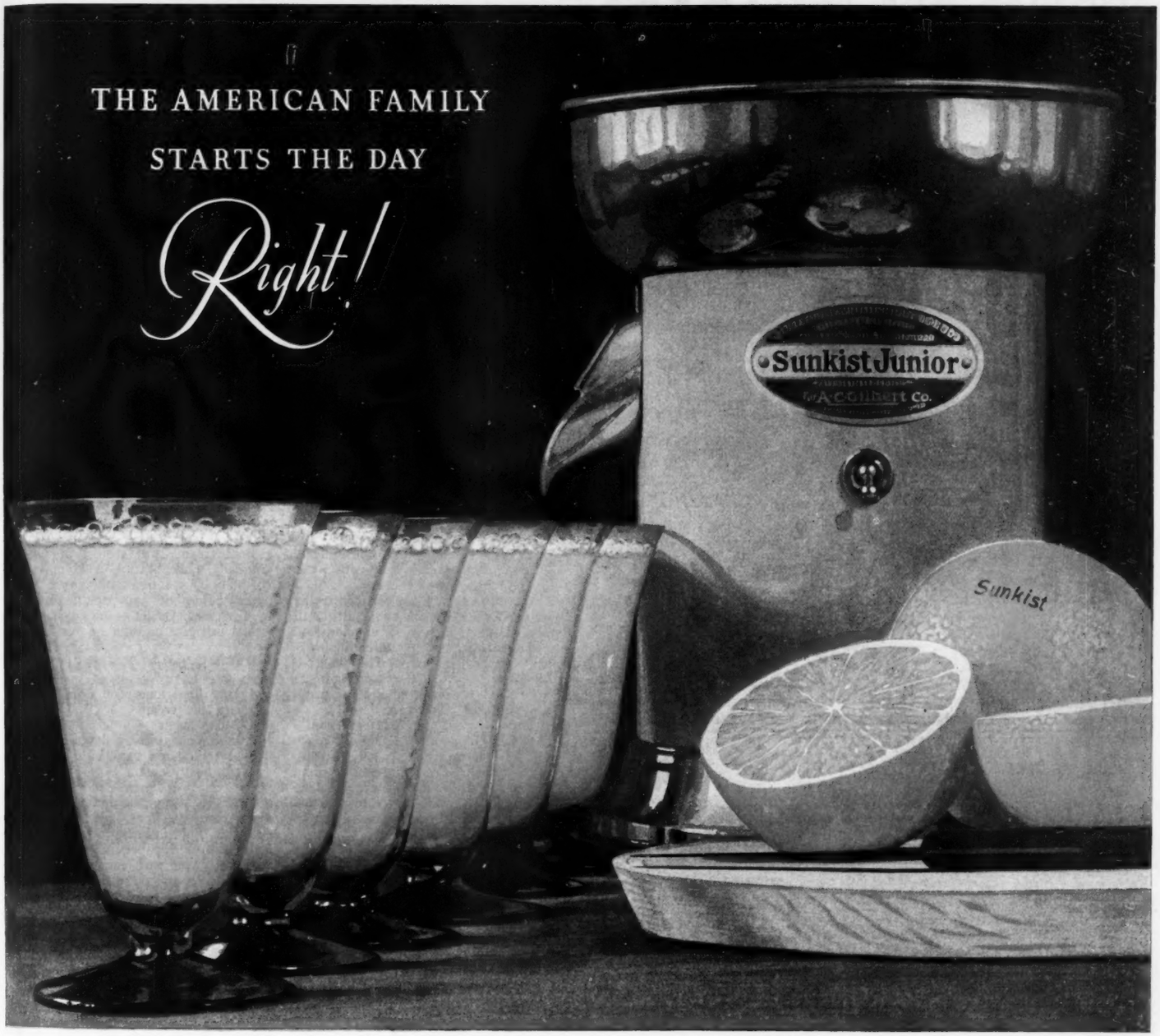
Send stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

MAKE MONEY WITH JELLY

There is always a good market for properly made preserves and jellies, and a good income can be obtained thereby if the home business is planned in the right way. McCall's Home Service has prepared a leaflet telling just how to go about preserving for profit. This leaflet tells what supplies are needed, how to label the jars, how to make the various preserves and how to market your product.

Send for *Preserving For Profit* (Price ten cents). Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

SMALL-SIZE SUNKIST ORANGES ARE ABUNDANT...AND THEY COST LESS



YOU will let nothing stand between your family and brimful glasses of California Sunkist Orange Juice at breakfast—if you fully realize its value to health, to the great morning start it gives all ages, to the better digestion, to the better work and play day it means. This advice from Medical Science holds good all the way up the family line, from babies to older folks. . . . And, it is good news that this year there is an abundant crop of small size Sunkist Oranges, as juicy, sweet and delicious as any of the larger ones you ever ate. These small Oranges are ideal for juice purposes and they cost less. Fresh in your market every day, this luscious California fruit carries the world-famous trademark "Sunkist," assuring uniform quality. There could be no happier time to test for yourself the proved merits of Sunkist Orange Juice than right now, when prices for smaller Oranges are low. Start this fine health habit—quickly—for it is health insurance!....These small Oranges are useful for many home purposes. Send for "Sunkist Recipes," a free book which suggests many new ways to serve Oranges. Mail the coupon as soon as you read this message....Every home should be aware of the dangers of Acidosis and should know that by drinking plenty of Orange Juice it may be prevented or corrected. Acidosis is due entirely to our faulty American diet of too much good and necessary, but acid-forming foods, such as fish, eggs, bread, meat and cereals, and too little Oranges and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk *which are alkaline in reaction* and help balance acid foods. Acidosis creates a sluggish, half-well condition; it is responsible for many minor maladies, forerunners of serious illness. Hence, its eradication is of first importance...."Telling Fortunes with Foods" is a helpful free book which discusses Acidosis. It also contains chapters on normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing Diets and lists alkaline and acid-reaction foods. *Mail the coupon for your free copy....* California Sunkist Oranges are in your market fresh every day in the year. The name "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper assures uniform quality.

SUNKIST
CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

Richest Juice *Finest Flavor*

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor—Illustrated above. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. Canada $19.95.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 608, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

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☐ Please mail free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired.
☐ Mail me FREE copy of "Sunkist Recipes."
☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

FROM MY MOTHER'S HOPE CHEST

— and still in use!

Three Pequot sheets—33 years old!

These "veterans" are described in the following letter from Miss Florence Fitzgibbons, Beverly, Mass.

"STILL in use in our home are three Pequot sheets which were a part of my mother's hope chest. They are thirty-three years old. Two of them are in perfect condition. The third shows slight wearing on the selvages. Of course there have been many sheets to keep these three company, but no special care has been given them.

"Pequot sheeting is an institution in our family. Two of my sisters while training at a nearby hospital have used only Pequot for bibs, aprons, cuffs, and caps.

"One of these girls who was recently married bought only Pequot sheets for her chest. You can guess which sheets I am going to choose."

* * *

Miss Fitzgibbons' experience is reflected, again and again, in the words of hundreds of experienced housekeepers. They all give overwhelming testimony that Pequot sheets wear longer!

You, too, will appreciate Pequot's longer wear, its smooth, soft feel, its whiteness, its easy washability. Pequot is today by far the most popular brand of sheets in America!

Made by the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, Salem, Massachusetts. Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco: Selling Agents.

PEQUOT REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF. SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS IN AMERICA

COLD SWEETS FOR HOT DAYS

[*Continued from page 30*]

Freeze Mousses and Parfaits in your iceless refrigerator tray

chocolate and add hot water to make smooth paste. For American Style, add to hot custard; for Philadelphia Style, heat 1 cup cream and blend with chocolate before adding to cold mixture. Use only 1 tablespoon vanilla.

Coffee (Philadelphia Style): Scald ½ cup finely ground coffee with 1 cup of the cream, strain and cool.

Caramel: Put ½ cup sugar in frying pan and cook, stirring constantly until melted and golden brown in color. Add ½ cup boiling water and cook slowly until caramel is melted. This makes a thick, rich syrup. Cool and add to either recipe for Vanilla Ice Cream, omitting 1/3 cup sugar.

Peach (or other fruit ice cream): Peel and cut up ripe peaches to make 4 cups. Add ½ to 1 cup sugar (depending on sweetness of fruit) and let stand 2 or 3 hours. Press pulp through sieve and add to vanilla ice cream mixture. Flavor with 1 teaspoon almond extract instead of vanilla.

Café Mousse

½ tablespoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
1½ cups strong coffee
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons sherry flavoring
1½ cups cream, whipped

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Cook coffee and sugar together until syrupy. Beat eggs slightly and pour hot syrup over them. Cook in double boiler about 5 minutes. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Strain and cool. Add vanilla and sherry flavoring. Fold in cream. Pour mixture into mold and pack according to directions. Or turn into tray of iceless refrigerator and let stand 4 or 5 hours, stirring occasionally.

Maple Parfait

1 cup maple syrup
4 eggs
Few grains salt
2 cups cream

Heat maple syrup and pour over slightly beaten eggs. Add salt. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool and add cream beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, cover with waxed paper, adjust lid and pack according to directions for Mousses and Parfaits. Let stand 3 or 4 hours. This mixture may also be frozen in tray of iceless refrigerator.

Apricot Mousse

1 pint heavy cream
½ cup powdered sugar
2 cups apricot pulp, sweetened

Beat cream until stiff. Add sugar gradually while beating. Fold in apricot pulp. Turn into a mold, cover with paper, adjust lid and pack according to directions. Or let stand in tray of iceless refrigerator, four or five hours.

Biscuit Tortoni

1 cup dried macaroon crumbs
1 cup thin cream
1/3 cup sugar
2 tablespoons sherry flavoring
or 1 tablespoon vanilla
1 cup heavy cream

Soak ½ cup macaroon crumbs in thin cream ½ hour, add sugar and flavoring. Fold in heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Fill paper cases with the mixture, cover with remaining macaroon crumbs and place in tray of iceless refrigerator for 3 or 4 hours.

Lemon Ice

4 cups water
2 cups sugar
2/3 cup lemon juice

Mix water and sugar together and bring to boiling point. Boil 2 minutes. Add lemon juice, cool and strain. Pour into a freezer, filling can not more than ¾ full. Freeze according to directions.

Orange Ice: Follow recipe for Lemon Ice, using only 3 tablespoons lemon juice and adding 2 cups orange juice and the grated rind of 2 oranges.

Pineapple Sherbet

1 teaspoon gelatine
4¼ cups water
1 cup sugar
Juice of 3 lemons
1 small can grated pineapple

Soak gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 10 minutes. Make a syrup of 2 cups water and sugar cooking together 5 minutes. Add dissolved gelatine, lemon juice, pineapple and remaining 2 cups water. Cool and freeze.

Recipes for "Ice Cream Sauces" will gladly be sent on request. Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine 236 West 37th Street, New York City, New York, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Now—THANKS TO POND'S

these softer, finer tissues to remove cold cream . . . this gentler, more refreshing tonic to banish oiliness

HAVE you seen what Pond's has given you? Tissues for removing cold cream—so much softer than any you've ever used before! Skin Freshener, the gentlest that ever touched your cheeks!

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, you'll find, are the safe, sure, immaculate way to remove cold cream. Marvelously absorbent, they fairly soak up the cream and dirt.

And how much more sanitary! Now the unsightly "cold cream" rag can be banished, good towels spared! And your sensitive skin spared, too—for these tissues are softer than the finest linen. Snowy-white, ample in size, low in price, they make the old methods of removing cold cream seem positively crude!

Used as handkerchiefs, in case of colds, they prevent the spread of infection. Particular housewives keep boxes of them in nursery, bathroom and kitchen in the interests of today's more hygienic living.

Pond's Skin Freshener, delicately fragrant, will also at once become a part of your daily toilette.

It's a boon to every cold cream user—for though cream has thoroughly cleansed your skin, and tissues have wiped it away, there remains an appearance and "feel" of oiliness. This, Pond's Freshener completely banishes, leaving your skin immaculate, refreshed, cool! And does it without the least irritation.

It's a bracing tonic, too, and a mild astringent—closing and reducing the pores, refining the skin, toning, clearing. It wakes up sluggish, sallow skins, coaxes a lovely color to pale cheeks.

USE THESE TWO GIFTS Pond's makes for you as follows, and your skin will have a more vivid look of life and loveliness:

Cleanse face, neck, and shoulders with cold cream, using lavishly to flush all dirt from pores to surface. Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues folded in your hand, using two together and discarding them for fresh ones as often as necessary.

Next, soak a pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener, dabbing briskly over face and neck. Leave it on for several seconds. Pat dry. Last a cream for finishing and a dainty "make up!"

You're ready for the day or evening now, "beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful"—thanks to Pond's!

SEND 10¢ *for samples of these new Pond's preparations and the famous Two Creams, Cold and Vanishing.*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. T
111-F Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, Pond's Extract Company, 1929

Fold Tissues over hand, remove cream gently . .

Soak cotton with Freshener, pat on briskly . .

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES

. . indispensable to remove cold cream after cleansing . . economical, hygienic

Ample, absorbent, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are fine enough for the most sensitive skin. They absorb oil and moisture instantly. Use and throw them away! No more insanitary cold cream "rags," no more good towels ruined. Useful as handkerchiefs in case of colds, and in a dozen other ways. 25¢, 50¢.

POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

. . essential to banish oiliness after cold cream cleansing . . tones, refines

Bracing and refreshing, Pond's Skin Freshener used after your cold cream cleansing, leaves your complexion cool and smooth, ready for finishing cream and powder. This fragrant skin tonic closes and refines the pores, tones the skin, keeps it young, firm and fine textured. Bottled with screw cap, 50¢, $1.00.

"Postum? Certainly, madam. *Hot or Iced?"*

BAKE-OVEN days that stale your appetite and set your nerves to fidgeting. Sticky-hot nights that drive sleep from your pillow... How can you find relief?

Millions of wise men and women have found one sure way. It's this:

Eliminate caffein from your diet—drink Postum with your meals instead! Drink it steaming hot in the cool of the morning—or frosty-cold in the heat of mid-day. You'll be amazed at the results!

First, your appetite will thank you. For Postum's flavor is so refreshingly different—so rich and tangy. Such a welcome change from ordinary mealtime drinks.

And then your nerves will thank you. For Postum contains no irritating stimulants of any kind. Postum is so kind to your nerves. It lets you sleep—*soundly!*

That's because Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—there's not the slightest trace of caffein in it. Served hot or iced, it's delicious! A drink with the flavor that millions prefer. And it's so easy to make!

The best way to test Postum's value is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days, in place of caffein beverages. Then judge! Then see if you will ever go back to drinks that fray your nerves, interfere with sleep, impair digestion!

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or mail the coupon—we'll send you one week's supply free. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

Two ways to make this wonderful summertime drink

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH MILK

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk. Sugar to taste, and serve with cracked ice.

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH WATER

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water. Sugar and cream to taste. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoon of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.-McC. 8-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *check which you prefer*

POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

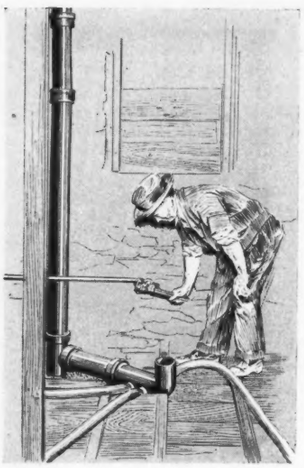
Fill in completely—Print name and address.

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., Ltd. The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Post Food Products

GOOD PLUMBING

[*Continued from page 36*]



Essential pipes for water, ventilation and waste are ready for the installation of fixtures when the floor is laid

flow needed. The installation of hot and cold supplies is usually done in one operation. The two pipes are run parallel to each other but there should be at least six inches between them. If the hot water lines form a circulating system, the pipes should be covered with insulation, but it is also wise to have the hot and cold pipes set with a stud between them making use of the stud as an insulator.

Piping may be sufficiently strong to resist the high pressure for which it was designed, yet it may not be strong enough to resist "water hammer" produced by the sudden opening or closing of valves. It is possible for the plumber to overcome this by introducing an air compartment or cushion where the supply enters the building. Proper fittings should also be used—compression faucets, for example, as they gradually cut off the flow and reduce the shock of change of pressure.

The arrangement of the fixtures in place should be as simple as possible from the standpoint of convenience and comfort. But it is not always possible to have the most desirable arrangement and at the same time secure the most economical layout of piping.

The architect always prepares a list of plumbing fixtures for the house, but it is well to see the types specified if possible in order to better visualize them in place and in use. The height of sinks and washtubs should be specified by the woman of the house.

The bathroom toilets should always be of vitreous china which is a solid impervious material. Vitreous china, because it is absolutely impervious, would be desirable for all fixtures, but because of its bulkiness and the difficulties of firing, only the smaller pieces can be made of it. Porcelain is next in quality. It is of a lighter clay coated on the outside with vitreous china enamel. It is impervious as long as there are no breaks in the surface. This material is used for lavatories, sinks and the fixtures of medium size. Bathtubs because of their great size and consequent weight have been made satisfactorily only in porcelain enamel on iron. Porcelain enamel is a very popular material for most fixtures and it is the least expensive.

The fittings for the fixtures are quite as important as the fixtures themselves. Lavatories and sinks should have combination faucets so that the water may be tempered to suit one's comfort. The threaded swivel spout is a convenience for the kitchen sink with a hose connection for rinsing. A threaded spout may also be secured for the lavatory and bathtub for a hose connection for hair washing and spray bathing. Wastes should be removable and easy to clean.

The hot water boiler for the supply system should be carefully understood and selected. It should hold an ample supply of water depending upon the number of faucets it serves. There are several methods of heating the water—by a separate heater, by a coil connected with the heating boiler if the house is steam heated, by an instantaneous heater and by a fixture combining boiler and heater.

Special circumstances and needs determine which of these is most practical. The separate water heater for coal fuel is serviceable for a large plant, but seldom practical for a small house system; the hot water supply depending upon a coil connected with the heating boiler is supposed to save fuel during the winter months, but necessitates an additional water heater for other times; the instantaneous heater is apt to run up the gas bills; the new integral fixture with the gas burner controlled by an automatic temperature regulator which maintains the water at any temperature is probably the most satisfactory where gas fuel is available. Such heaters have been perfected, they are compact, taking little space, are neatly set up and are practical.

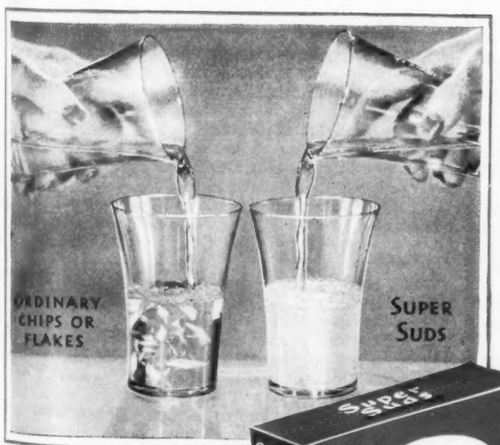
A LOVELY GARDEN

Are you pleased with your garden this summer? If you would like more flowers, if you think shrubbery or a little waterfall or pool would enhance the beauty of your grounds, McCall's garden booklet *Beautifying The Home Plot* will tell you how to accomplish your purpose. Send twenty-five cents in stamps to,

THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 236 WEST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

⅓ of America* now Speeds Housework *with* Super Suds

Nation-wide investigation* shows why one woman out of every three uses this new bead form of soap



Make this amazing test!

Instant suds . . . not only on top . . . but all through the water. No other soap but Super Suds can give you this.

Prove this to yourself by making this simple two-second test. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water, not just on top. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved on top or sink to the bottom, leaving the water in between clear and soapless.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds gets to work faster . . . cleans with such amazing swiftness.

MILLIONS of women have found a way to save from one-third to one-half their dishwashing time. A faster, easier way to wash clothes.

It's Super Suds. Soap in a wonderful new form. Not a chip. Not a powder. But tiny hollow *beads* so tissue thin that they dissolve into fast working suds the moment they touch water. Because of this amazing speed, Super Suds has become America's greatest dishwashing soap, in less than a year.

Four reasons why Super Suds is better

(As given in 212,960 answers from women*)

1. ***Instant suds in any kind of water.*** In water cool enough to keep your hands soft and white (even hard water) . . . without waiting. . . without stirring, Super Suds will give you suds in a flash. Just as the test picture at the left shows you.

2. ***Suds all through the water, not just on top.*** Super Suds gives not only instant top suds, but instant "underwater" suds as well. These suds penetrate at once to every drop of water in the pan. Giving a rich down-to-the-bottom soapiness that speeds cleaning.

3. ***Saves one rinsing for clothes.*** You don't need to rinse and rinse to get Super Suds out of your clothes when you're through washing. You don't need to inspect each garment for clinging bits of half-dissolved soap. For Super Suds *always* dissolves *completely*. You can get clothes whiter, clearer, absolutely soap-free, in actually one less rinse than you need for chips or flakes.

4. ***Makes dishwiping unnecessary.*** Because Super Suds rinses off dishes like magic, no dishwiping is necessary. A hot rinse and dishes drain dry to clear, sparkling brilliancy without the touch of a dishtowel.

Get Super Suds today. Your grocer has it. Use it for dishes, for laundry, for quick wipe-ups of sinks and linoleums. Wherever you want speedy, *safe* cleaning. 10 big cups of soap for only 10 cents.

*We made a cross section investigation of America on soaps; visited 20 cities ranging in population from 41,326 to 3,188,012; called on 21,296 women; asked them 212,960 questions. The facts in this advertisement are based on this investigation.

Super Suds 10¢

4692

Larry went straight to the girl in the green smock, gathering her up and putting her into the nearest chair.

"It's all my fault, Blessed. I shouldn't have let you go. Don't shiver like that—nothing's going to hurt you."

She whispered: "Larry, Larry, it was Sunny . . . she came back to finish the tune—to tell us—"

Gavin Dart said gravely: "I'm afraid that it wasn't Sunny, Jill. Now, Redmond, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell us what all this means?"

"The whole thing's my fault. Jill went completely to pieces after you left us out in the presses; she was out of her head with terror at the idea of being in the dark up there, and she'd got the idea that there was still blood on her hands and on her dress. She told me that unless she could get to her room and get rid of that blood, she'd go stark, staring mad . . . I knew that the knife had been found, and there didn't seem any point in keeping everyone in under surveillance, since that was so—so I let her go."

"Did you go with her?"

"No—she wouldn't let me come with her; she said that I'd be expected to go through this test and that if I didn't it might get me into trouble."

"I see. Now, Jill will you tell us why you didn't go to your room?"

"I can't tell you. It was Sunny—it was Sunny's tune—"

"But you must have started down the stairs the moment I put the light out, even before Lindy screamed—certainly before you could have heard the tune. You were in the room when I told everyone to stand still."

"Was I?" The blue eyes stared at him piteously.

"Dart, go easy with her just for a bit, can't you?" Larry kept his own voice level with an effort that tightened every muscle in his body. "Give her a chance to get hold of herself. She won't be any good to you if she goes out of her head, will she? She's in a state now where you could get her to say absolutely anything. You could probably get her to say that she did it herself. Is that what you want?"

Gavin Dart said slowly: "No, no, that's not what I want."

And the frozen voice from the chair said: "You couldn't make me say that, Gavin. Not that—not ever."

"No; I don't believe that I could. Very well, Jill—only just remember when you're ready that we'll all be grateful for any help that you can give us. Now for the errand—Tom, will you run up to the third floor and see what kind of a lock that trap door at the head of the ladder to the attic has on it? You know your way about, don't you? Thanks."

He paused on his way across the room to call after the disappearing figure: "Turn on any lights that you need up there, naturally."

Just short of the phonograph resting small and dark and inscrutable on the little stand to the left of the fireplace, he halted, and stood surveying it for a moment with compressed lips. The irrepressible Joel bounded after him, the puppy off the leash motif still apparent.

"Now how do you size that thing up?" he demanded eagerly. "Look, I'll tell you how I've doped it out." He moved forward, swinging the arm of the machine back into position and drawing a triumphant finger down the long gash across the record. "That's where Kit dragged it across when he stopped it tonight while Lindy was dancing with Doug, see? Only the gash stops about an inch or so before the record ends, and it was that inch and a half that someone started playing. That's why it ran on smoothly, without jarring over the scratch. The only question is—why did they start it?"

DART commented with a somewhat grim smile: "Well, hardly the only one, I'm afraid; still, it's undoubtedly one of them. There are two possible explanations for the thing starting off; there may be more, for all I know. It might have been started deliberately in order to create a distraction that would permit someone to accomplish a purpose that we can only guess at. On the other hand someone may have set off the release catch accidentally while they were trying to accomplish something quite different—and again it's a pure matter of speculation as to what the objective was. Which strikes you as the more plausible, Baird?"

"Either," said Kit Baird. He came toward them from the doorway with that long, light stride, measuring the distance between the door to the service quarters and the stand by the fireplace with an appraising eye. "The stand's very low—still, someone crossing over from the service quarters to the hall might have brushed against it—or someone crossing from the hall to the service quarters. What should you say could have been the object in deliberately starting it, Dart?"

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 21*]

"Oh, your guess is as good as mine. To bring us all back earlier, perhaps? To cover up some noise that it was essential to keep unheard? To spoil what someone guessed to be the object of my plan? It's all pure speculation. Well, one of the first things that we can do is to narrow it down to the people who actually had access to this room. Lindy was here already, of course—and Jill—and Tom could have reached it from the chapel. Does that cover it?"

"Well, hardly," murmured Kit, and for a moment his eyes danced. "You aren't forgetting your honorable self out in the hall."

AUGUST

By Marguerite Louise Bourdon

A sultry haze came with the dawn.
The air was moist and drowsy and so hot
All living things were still.

Tall phlox, like wax flowers,
In the breathless silence stood motionless
But surfeited the heavy air with fragrance.
The golden poppies closed, drooped languidly
And lay asleep upon the thick green turf
Along the garden's edge.
There was no sun to rouse them;
Only dull yellow haze profound
That made time stand at rest.

There was no afternoon.
Unnoticed, day became the night.

"Thanks for reminding me." A somewhat wintry smile replied from the gray eyes. "Fortunately for me, Ray had my wrist in an iron grip during our entire sojourn in the hall. You'll back that, Ray?"

"I never let go once—not once."

"There remains, of course, the possibility of practically anyone in the house coming down these stairs as Jill did, while Lindy was counting. Or someone might have found it more convenient to slip down the back stairs . . . and through that way. I hadn't counted on anything of the kind for a minute. Though I swear I'm still in the dark as to why anyone should have wished to return to this room."

MAYBE to get something that they'd left behind." suggested the indefatigable Joel. "Or else to leave something that they wanted to get rid of. Or—"

"I hardly think that they'd choose this general rendezvous of ours as a particularly attractive dumping ground for incriminating debris," commented Gavin Dart drily. "But there may be something in your first suggestion. Of course it was running a desperate risk of discovery . . . Lindy, did you hear anything out of the way in the room between the time that the light went out and the phonograph started?"

"I'm not sure, Gavin. I did hear sounds of some kind, but I thought that probably it was you and Ray in the hall. I wasn't paying much attention, you see, because I was counting. Gavin, why don't you make Hanna come over here and sit down? She looks absolutely worn out. You come, too, Ray, and Larry will push Jill's chair closer. We might as well all sit down, surely . . . "

Kit, eyes still on the phonograph, inquired pensively, "Did you hear anyone out in the hall, Gavin? Before Lindy screamed, I mean?"

"Yes. I heard someone running down the stairs; as it turns out, it was probably Jill."

"But you didn't try to stop her?"

"I was particularly anxious not to stop anyone. One of my objects in this performance—outside of the necessity of proving the fact that Sherry was lying—was to give everyone just a little more rope than they needed. I thought that the results might prove illuminating."

"A little more than we needed," repeated Kit Baird slowly. "Enough to hang us with, perhaps? We should be grateful to you, Dart." He picked up a log, and placed it skillfully on the embers, the enigmatic smile still flickering. "And you didn't hear anyone pass you in the hall?"

"No," said Gavin Dart curtly. "I heard no one. Nevertheless, someone passed me. When I told you all to stand perfectly still and asked Ray to help me make a barrier across that door, I spoke just a fraction of a second too late—someone had already brushed by me coming out of this room."

"Very, very indiscreet of the brusher, if you ask me," Kit mocked. "The poor devil probably didn't know about that rope. You haven't figured out yet who it was?"

"No. I've figured out exactly nothing—except that you were in the writing room off the library."

Kit's eyebrows went up.

"I? Dart, you aren't telling me that it's I that you've caught in this trap that you set for Sherry?"

Gavin said wearily: "I'm telling you that it's beginning to look as though every last one of us is so deep in this that it would take more than a lifetime to get us out of it."

Joel, still hovering over the phonograph, lifted an imperious voice. "Hey, Dart, how about this? Why mightn't someone have hid something near this darn thing, and come back when the lights were out to get it?"

Gavin inquired drily: "What kind of a thing?"

"I haven't worked that out yet. Something darned incriminating, anyway, that it was up to them to get hold of good and quick. This stand is too low for anyone to brush against so that you'd start it up accidentally, shouldn't you think? But you certainly might catch a cuff or a sleeve in it if you were poking around trying to get something out of this cabinet part down here. Or even if you were trying to stuff something in it . . . Hey, how about that for an idea? Suppose there's something in it right now—"

HE TUGGED ruthlessly at the doors of the little cabinet, swollen and warped by years of neglect, and abruptly they swung, revealing to eager eyes only a small cavern of darkness.

"Nothing there?" inquired the tired voice from the sofa. "I fear the gods aren't very kindly disposed to us tonight. Well, Ross, what kind of a lock is it?"

"It's a padlock," said Tom Ross, coming slowly into the room. "Rather a large padlock, on a pair of good solid iron staples."

"Rather a large padlock," repeated Gavin Dart thoughtfully. "And I suppose you had the key for it, Sheridan?"

"Oh, you know damn well I didn't have the key for it." Sherry's voice, sullen and despairing, rose from the corner by the door, where he sat huddled wretchedly at the deserted card table, his forehead resting on his linked hands.

"You're right—I know damn well that you haven't got it," agreed Gavin Dart grimly. "And if it comes to that, I know damn well that you were never anywhere near the attic. Furthermore, I strongly suspect that you were right here in this room.

Sherry, not lifting his head, said tonelessly: "All right; you win. I wasn't in the attic and I was in the room, and I am a liar. Does that make me a murderer? . . . It didn't make Hanna one."

"Nor you, Sheridan. If that were all in the balance against you, you'd still be as safe as most of us here. It was you who brushed by Chatty in the north corridor, too, wasn't it?"

"You know it was—what are you asking me for?"

"I'd like to keep the record straight if possible. And just so that everything will be perfectly clear, suppose you tell us why you've been telling us lies as fast as you could talk for the last two or three hours?"

"Because I'm a coward," said Sherry, with curious distinctness. He rose, swaying a little, and came toward the group near the fire, catching uncertainly at the backs of chairs, a sorry travesty of his erstwhile dapper self. "Because I'm a coward and a liar and a fool. Trudi'll back me up on that, too, won't you, Trudi?"

Trudi said somberly: "I'll back you up on anything, if you'll keep quiet."

"Sorry, old girl—I can't very well keep quiet until I've proved to the Grand Inquisitioner here that good-hearted, thick-headed jackasses don't go around murdering their best pals. You still rather think that I did it?"

"Rather," concurred Dart laconically.

"Gavin, you can't be such a lunatic," said Trudi dispassionately. "Entirely aside from the fact that Sherry is congenitally incapable of hurting a kitten, there's the other fact that he was mad about Doug, really mad about him. You're wasting what may be invaluable time trying to fit Sherry into this simply because he's a coward. He's told you so himself. He can't bear pain or trouble or danger. When he saw [*Turn to page 59*]

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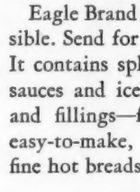

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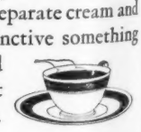

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HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 56*]

himself headed for all three of them he lost his head and lied. The attic was the farthest place away from all of them that he could think of—and so he put himself in the attic. You can't hang a man for losing his head; and the only scrap of evidence that you have against him is that he's lied to you."

"No, no, Trudi—that's where you're wrong. I have two other scraps of evidence against him." He opened his hand, and two oblongs of white paper fluttered down to the table. "These two. Would you like to see them?"

They crowded forward, silent and intent, scrutinizing the bits of paper with eyes stupefied with fatigue.

The oblong at the right was a check for fifty thousand dollars, dated October thirty-first, and signed with Neill Sheridan's sprawling, schoolboy signature. And the envelope at the left bore the same amorphous and juvenile scrawl. It read: "Doug, you may call this a loan, but you damn well know what I call it. And I swear to God that I'll make you see it my way before we're through. S."

"Well, Sheridan?"

"Well, what?"

"Have you any explanation?"

"Naturally I've got an explanation. But first you might give me one as to how you got hold of them."

"I'll be delighted to. The check was in a wallet that slipped off the sofa on to the chapel floor while we were moving it in. I found the note pinned on the pillow in King's room while Ray and I were patrolling the house. Now let's hear yours."

"All right; get it straight." He pushed the nearest oblong toward Dart with an impatient thumb. "I gave Doug that check this evening, before dinner. He was flat broke—not that any of you give a damn about that. He lost close to every nickel he had when the boom crashed in Miami and Palm Beach—had to sell out everything in the world but the shirt off his back and the links in his cuffs; and he's been up against it ever since. Well, yesterday he got wind of something that's going to recoup the whole damn thing. They've struck oil on one of the old Panama plantations, and they agreed to let him in again on the ground floor if he could raise a hundred and fifty thousand by the end of the week. I've been flourishing around a bit on the Exchange lately, and fifty thousand was the best I could manage. I wish to God I could have made it all."

"I see. What plantation was it that had struck oil?"

"He didn't say; he'd sworn not to tell a soul. If it got out, the stock would go up like a skyrocket, naturally."

"Naturally . . . So you handed him over fifty thousand, in spite of the fact that you were rather pinched yourself. Now the note, Sheridan."

WELL, I wanted Doug to take the damned fifty thousand as a present." He drew the back of his hand across the reddened eyes, and glared defiance into the grim skepticism of the face across the table. "Oh, sure, I know it sounds fishy, but it's God truth. You know a whole lot, Dart, but you don't know the only things that matter. You don't know that I owe every last penny I have in the world to Doug King, and that, thanks to him, I own enough stock in some of those plantations down there to make a dollar for every cent I've got if we ever strike oil. If Doug hadn't tipped me off ten years ago to put every nickel I could get into the Bonita and Ventura plantations, I wouldn't have been in any position to give him fifty thousand dollars tonight, or to lend them to him either. He insisted on giving me his personal note for the check, and he said he had some mortgages to turn over to me for security. I tore up the note and wrote that thing there to let him know again that I wanted the money to be a gift, free and clear—I knew he was worried sick about the whole thing, and I thought that if I couldn't get another talk with him this evening, it might buck him up to find the note on his pillow when he turned in. And that's all there is to that . . . except that he didn't turn in. Too simple for you, by a long shot, isn't it?"

"I had something even simpler," said Gavin Dart, his eyes on the white slips. "Blackmail."

"Blackmail? What in hell are you talking about?"

"You and King were mixed up in some fairly shady deals at the outset of this highly successful career of yours, weren't you, Sheridan?"

"You—"

"Easy does it, my dear fellow. I don't know much about your affairs, I confess, but I've made a point of learning all that I could about Doug King this last year . . . and I've learned quite a bit. He's been slipping from one disreputable proposition to another for a good ten years—and it's your wife who assures me that both of you were as thick as thieves. Now let's see how my theory works out. Suppose that at some past period you had been—well—indiscreet enough to have gone in with Doug in one of his less savory enterprises. Suppose that he, desperate as he was for money, decided to remind you of that fact and of the damage that publicity as to it might do to you—suppose he pointed out that for fifty thousand dollars there wouldn't be any publicity . . . Now then—this note of yours. 'Doug, you may call this a loan, but you damn well know what I call it. And I swear to God that I'll make you see it my way before we're through.' Read from my point of view it might turn from a generous reassurance to a rather ugly threat, mightn't it? Let's go a little further. Let's suppose that you overheard Jill making her rendezvous with Doug on the sofa and came down here to see whether you couldn't persuade him that you needed that fifty thousand as much as he did, and that blackmail wasn't a safe game to play with you for what might well be the rest of your life. Suppose that in groping your way into the room your hand came in contact with that table by the door—the card table that had the knife on it. Suppose that under that hand you felt the knife that—"

Sherry, his clay-colored countenance suddenly and violently congested, pounded the table before him.

"Shut up, will you? Shut up before I do something you'll be sorry for."

"I shouldn't go in for threats much just now, if I were you, Sheridan. I think that under the circumstances they make a bad impression. Suppose you tell us something about this old Panama proposition . . . It was your law firm that approved the legal aspects of the stock issues of the Bonita and Ventura plantations, wasn't it?"

SHERRY twisted in his chair, his frantic eyes seeking for someone. They came to rest just short of the shadows near the door, where Tom Ross stood, pale and shabby, his arm about Chatty, his blue eyes chilled.

"Oh, there you are! I was wondering why you weren't in on this—you're the guy I have to thank for it all, aren't you? Well, come on over here now and tell 'em all about how once upon a time you lifted up your hand and swore never to break a professional confidence. We're all due for a good long laugh about this time. Come on and give it to us, there's a good fellow."

Tom Ross removed his arm very gently from the small figure beside him and came forward toward the fire, Chatty pattering docilely at his heels, her woebegone countenance too heavily saturated in misery for this last indignity even to stir it.

"Wrong again, Sherry. I'm precisely as much of an ass today as I was ten years ago; Dart went elsewhere for his information."

Gavin Dart said smoothly:

"I'm afraid your nerves aren't at all what they ought to be, Sheridan. You're confoundly jumpy—especially jumpy when it comes to conclusions. As a matter of fact, my investigations of Doug King's career took me straight back to Panama itself, and I found out all I wanted to know right there—and a bit over for luck. I'm right about the firm of Maury, Kountz—Sheridan and Ross vouching for the legal aspects of the issue, am I not Ross?"

"Entirely right," said Tom Ross, in a voice as colorless as his face.

"You were fully aware at the time that you approved these facts of the boundary dispute that was taking place between the governments of Costa Rica and Panama?"

"Fully aware."

"And you knew that if the Costa Rican government could prove its claims, not a share of that stock was worth the paper it was printed on?"

"We knew that, too."

"Listen to me for a moment, will you?" demanded Sherry frantically. "We weren't passing on their damned title. It was up to those fellows down there to search that, and they did search it, and it was good, wasn't it? It was good as gold; better. Doug wasn't hiring a bunch of detectives; he was hiring a law firm."

"Still, if you'd gone to the trouble to investigate, you'd have found that the chances were about ten to one on Costa Rica."

"About twenty to one," corrected Ross quickly.

"Not a very pretty business, Ross?"

"Not so very pretty," agreed Tom Ross. He glanced up swiftly, met Chatty's tragic and bewildered eyes, and gave her a strange little smile, tender and consoling, at which her lips curved a tremulous and obedient reply.

Trudi leaned forward abruptly. "Wait a minute, Gavin. Tom, when did this plantation thing come up?"

"Some time in 1919, I believe."

"Just before you left the firm?"

"Why, yes, Trudi; just before I left the firm."

"I see . . . " said Trudi. "That was it, of course. Why didn't you tell Gavin why you left the firm, Tom?"

"I didn't think that it would interest him."

Sherry, shaken by an immense, an appalling bitterness: "Oh, I think it would interest him, all right. And I think you know why."

Tom asked: "Are you trying to pick a quarrel with me, old boy? I wouldn't."

GO AHEAD—tell him," commanded Sherry fiercely, far beyond the control of that quiet voice. "Trudi thinks you're keeping your mouth shut because you're a little tin god on wheels, that wouldn't let me down by telling Dart that you got out of the firm because you thought that the plantation stuff was crooked. Well, I think you aren't telling him because you don't want him to know that you had a bloody row with Doug in 1919, and that you've hated him like rat poison ever since because you believe that he ruined your career."

"I know that he ruined my career," said Tom Ross, and once more the line of sweat edged the fine, sensitive lips. "I know that he has ruined Chatty's life, and my children's lives, too. I know that I can't give my children proper medical attention when they're ill, or proper education when they're well, and that the only evening dress my wife has had since I can remember was made tonight with nail scissors out of a three-year-old street frock. I know all of these things and I think that Doug King was a little bit cheaper and rottener and viler than rat poison . . . Is that what you wanted me to tell Gavin Dart?"

"You're crazy; what did Doug have to do with your career after you cut loose from me?"

"He had this to do with it. Since the day I forced you into choosing between Doug and me, and you chose Doug, there's not been one opportunity that he's let go by to spread and intensify the rumor that I was forced out of that firm because of unprofessional and discreditable conduct on my part."

"You're out of your head. Doug never—"

"Sherry, I know that I'm a failure, but you know that I'm not a fool. These rumors have been getting back to me for a good many years now; they've reached my own firm—they've reached half a dozen other firms that were disposed to be friendly to me. In at least four cases I learned that Doug knew the fellows that were putting me on my guard as to those rumors. He knew that if I were ever in a strong position I might be able to do him some damage; and he took excellent care that I should never get in one—such excellent care that today I'm barely more than an underpaid law clerk, while you're able to give Trudi seventy pair of shoes a year."

"Trudi!" Sherry turned his livid face to the still figure in the corner of the loveseat, with a dreadful sound of laughter. "Trudi, that's good! So you haven't got anything, haven't you? You poor lucky stiff, you've got everything in the world! You've got kids instead of parrakeets and fan-tailed goldfish; you've got a home instead of a traveling circus; you've got a wife who thinks you're a genius and a hero and a martyr instead of a total loss; and if you want Trudi, you've got her, too—you've had her ever since the first day you laid eyes on her."

"Oh, Sherry, you fool!" Trudi's voice barely above a whisper, stayed the frantic torrent for a moment. She sat rigid, her eyes fixed unflinchingly on the desperate face, her hands wrung together until the knuckles gleamed white, while over the level eyes, the steady lips, wave after wave of engulfing crimson broke and ebbed.

"You're right, I'm a fool! But Tom isn't—didn't you hear him tell you so? Tom knows that all he has to do is to whistle and you'll come running. Whistle now, why don't—"

The crack of a hand against his cheek echoed through the appalled silence like a pistol [*Turn to page 60*]

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 59*]

shot, and Chatty the gentle, Chatty the soft and yielding, stood glaring down at him like a miniature of the avenging angel.

"How dare you talk about her that way? How dare you?" She flashed by him, without so much as a glance at the red bars of her fingers against the livid cheek, dropping on her knees beside the love-seat. "Trudi darling, don't listen. Trudi, don't mind . . . we know it's not true. We knew it's just that Sherry's gone mad—"

Trudi, from whose face and throat the scarlet wave had ebbed, said quietly through white lips:

"I don't mind . . . And you mustn't mind that Sherry's not really mad. He's quite sure, you see, that Tom won't whistle." She lifted the small sturdy hand, with its dimpled knuckles and reddened palm, and held it for a moment against her cheek, as though in that brief contact she found healing. "Chatty, you love me, don't you?"

"So much, Trudi."

"And I love you—so much. Let's forget everything else and remember that—that and one other thing. Remember that there's never been one day since you found each other that I haven't been glad that you had Tom and that he had you. Don't forget that, will you, Chatty?"

"No, dear."

After a moment she said slowly:

"Sherry, if I've made you or any one else think that I despise you, I deserve everything you've said—I deserve more. Don't go back on me now, old boy . . . Friends again?"

He caught convulsively at the outstretched hand, his face straining for the control that Trudi wanted.

"Trudi—my God, my God, Trudi, what made me do that? Trudi—"

"Don't take it too hard, Sherry; we're all in the same boat . . . I've been acting like a beast myself for hours. I don't think any of us seem temperamentally adapted for a murder. Well, Gavin, still think it was Sherry?"

"I've about given up thinking." He looked as weary as the weary voice. "The only valid reason that I can see for eliminating Sherry is that we've temporarily substituted someone else."

"Someone else?"

"We've substituted Tom Ross, haven't we? You were in the chapel at the time the murder was committed, Ross?"

"I don't know. I don't know when the murder was committed."

"At approximately that time, then. And you were in this room again when the phonograph started playing?"

"No. You're quite wrong there. I wasn't more than half way across the chapel when the phonograph started."

"I wasn't trying to trip you up, my dear fellow. What I meant was that theoretically you had access to this room on both occasions."

"I'm afraid that I haven't attained your Olympian detachment," replied Tom Ross pleasantly. "I thought you were after facts, not theories. The fact is that I wasn't in the room."

"And if you're linking the phonograph and murder together, you're letting Sherry out, aren't you?" inquired Trudi dispassionately. "It would be a little difficult even for you, Gavin, to evolve a theory that would bring Sherry from the ladder to this room in three or four seconds."

"Sherry might have had an accomplice."

YOU mean me?" She considered this for a moment in silence. "Yes, I see what you mean. If Jill could have slipped into the room in the dark, so could I—and out of it, too, if it comes to that. Well, that seems to let all of us in—Larry, Jill, you, Hanna, Tom, Kit—oh, the whole shooting match. And that leaves us just about where we started, doesn't it?"

"A little worse off, I should say."

"All right, then; let's start again. Let's start with those three or four questions that you wanted cleared up. You found out about Kit and Panama, but you haven't found out what Doug wanted Lindy for, or what upset Ray when she went upstairs, have you? Why not have another go at that?"

"An excellent suggestion, Trudi—and a fairly well merited rebuke, I'm afraid. Very well; here is where the clouded Master Mind abandons the blind alleys of speculation and returns to the straight and narrow path of facts. Lindy, will you tell us now why Doug King called you upstairs just before the game started?"

Lindy lifted her eyes from the twisted pearls, looked at him pensively for a moment, as though she were trying to weigh some imponderable facts, and then said, with a curious and inflexible finality: "No."

"No?" He echoed it blankly. "And why not, may I ask?"

"Because, Gavin, the thing that Doug wanted to discuss with me didn't involve simply myself. Others were seriously involved in it, and as it was an extremely personal matter, I'm sure you'll forgive me for not being willing to drag them into all of—this."

He said quietly: "I wish you could see your way to helping us, Lindy. Well, Ray, how about you?"

The small creature curled dejectedly in the corner of the loveseat turned on him a pair of round hazel eyes, tragically forlorn in the small face.

"Gavin, I don't want to talk about—about those things—not now, please. Oh, Gavin, if you knew how absolutely dead I was. I do think you'd let me alone,

just for tonight. I'm absolutely hollow I'm so tired, and everything's all mixed up in my head. I'll only get it more mixed up if I try to tell it now, truly I will."

Joel, a brown hand linked securely about the small limp paw, murmured cajolingly: "Honey, if you tell him what happened then, Gavin'll let me take you upstairs and tuck you into bed, and I'll sit right there beside you until you go sound asleep and forget the whole dreadful mess. That's straight, isn't it, Gavin?"

"Perfectly straight."

"Can I keep the light on all night?"

YOU can keep the light on for the rest of your natural life, darling. Now tell us about those ghosts of yours—"

"They weren't—ghosts." She shuddered, her fingers clutching desperately at the reassurance of Joel's. "Gavin, it all makes me seem like such an idiot. I don't know what happened to me. I've been like an imbecile all night and this just finished me. I was pretty nearly demented with that wind and my head before I started upstairs, and then when I got there it was all dark except for one light way at the end of one of the corridors and I got frightened again . . . only worse. I remembered that there was a little jog near my bedroom, and I could see one there, too—and then something banged somewhere—oh, frightfully loud, and I put my hands over my ears and started running. I couldn't have heard anything anyway, because of that hideous wind. I wanted to shut it out, and when I got to the door I was afraid to take my hands down even for a second, even for the second that it would take to turn the handle . . . And then I took them down, and turned—and the door wouldn't open. It wouldn't open at all; it was locked. I stood there hanging on to the handle, wondering how I could ever get down those corridors again, wondering why Joel hadn't told me that he'd locked the door, when I heard something move—inside. And I heard—a voice." Her own voice, edged with horror, trailed off into space, her eyes following it, dilated with some incommunicable memory.

Gavin Dart asked gently: "Whose voice, Ray?"

"I don't know. It didn't sound like a real voice at all; it sounded like—like an animal's—strangled and choked, and—gagged."

"Could you hear what it said?"

"I don't want to tell you."

"Ray, I'm afraid you'll have to."

"Hold my hand tighter, Joel; hold it tighter still. It said, 'I'll get you for this tonight—if I burn for it . . .' And then I knew—then I knew that it wasn't my room that I was outside of—then I knew that this door belonged to someone else, and that something dreadful was happening behind it . . . And I let go the handle, and I ran, I ran like mad, down those halls and down those stairs. I thought that I'd die before I got to the foot of them. And Joel was waiting there . . . and I nearly went mad begging him to take me away, and he didn't take me away——he only laughed at me. He never took me away at all. And that's all, Gavin—that's all, truly. Now can I go?"

"In one minute, Ray. Does anyone remember who was out of the room when Ray went for the aspirin?"

"I was," said Kit Baird, with commendable promptness. "And so was Doug King. I'd gone up to give him some iodine for that cut of his."

"And it was your voice that Ray heard?"

"My voice? Isn't it fairly steep to ask a fellow to split the faggots for his own funeral pyre?"

"Not so steep as to deny my question, I'm afraid."

"Still, you know, that's just exactly what I'm going to do. The voice of prudence is counseling me to enter a blanket denial of the entire episode, but prudence and I don't get on very well together. And as we're all mighty seekers after the truth, I am now going to confide in you that it wasn't my voice—it was Doug's."

"And are you going to confide in us why Ray told us that it sounded so strangled as to be unrecognizable?"

"Even that, Your Honor. It sounded strangled for the simple reason that at the time I was engaged in choking Mr. King a little—oh, not enough to really hurt him, but quite enough to upset him rather badly."

"Why?"

"Is there supposed to be no limits to my philanthropy? Very well; in one last burst of confidence I'll confess that Doug had been getting fairly well on my nerves all evening, and that I found our last little chat over the iodine just a little bit more than I could stick. He was touching up the Panama episode a bit and I was fairly fed up on Panama . . . so I stopped him."

Gavin Dart said gravely: "I wish that I felt that you could laugh yourself out of this nightmare, Kit."

The red-headed young man stopped swinging his legs. "Thanks, old boy, I wish so too."

Joel Hardy said desperately to the man at his elbow: "But look here, Dart, you don't believe that if Kit had anything in God's world to do with it that he'd be telling you all the rigamarole about choking Doug? Someone else is mixed up in this. Look here, I'll bet if we could find out who was monkeying with this phonograph, we'd find out who did Doug in. Listen . . . how about this? Suppose whoever did it had an accomplice of some kind—you know; you thought of that yourself! Suppose he had to communicate with this accomplice and didn't know how in heaven's name he could get at him—or her—as long as we were all penned up in this room. Well, he'd try a note, wouldn't he? And he'd think this phonograph would be a slick place to plant it. You could wedge it in at the back here or along the side—or . . . by golly, I've got it at last! Lord, what dumbbells we've been. All anyone who wanted the prize hiding place of the world would have to do would be to take this record and slip the note under, and there he'd be. Now watch old Dr. Hardy—one—two—three—and there you are, by crackie!"

HE LIFTED the black disk with a mighty flourish and stood transfixed, staring down at the green felt circle with eyes suddenly and appallingly enlightened. There on the circle, staring up at him malevolently, lay four aces, neatly spread out like a fan—and across the face of the ace of spades ran a little trail of red drops.

Gavin Dart said quietly: "Just a minute, please, Hardy. I'd like a look at those, if you don't mind."

He lifted them carefully, turned them over with fingers almost surgical in their deft precision, ran one swiftly over the pattern back and said curtly:

"They're marked. Here, in the middle of this arabesque. The design is pricked—you can feel it."

He turned slowly to Kit: "These are the cards we were playing with this evening, aren't they, Baird?"

Kit took them from the outstretched hand and stood staring down at them thoughtfully. After a moment he drew his finger slowly across the invisible pricks, smiled slightly. "These are indubitably the cards."

Gavin Dart asked, his voice gravely troubled: "The aces that you held in the last hand that we played?"

"The very aces."

"What should you call these stains on the ace of spades, Baird?"

"I should call them blood," replied Kit coolly. "What would you call them?"

Gavin Dart, his low-pitched voice a trifle lower, said, "I, too, should call them blood."

Joel, who had been staring at the grim little objects with stunned fascination, emerged from his stupefied contemplation into galvanized activity.

"Well, but Kit, why for the love of God don't you tell him where the stains came from?"

"You're a nice loyal young fool," said the red-headed young man, still smiling. "The blood came from Doug King—but before he was killed, not after. He cut himself at the card table, if you remember."

"Yes, I remember perfectly. I had forgotten, though, that the blood actually got on the cards. Then would you be good enough to tell us just how the marked aces from your last hand came to be concealed under this phonograph record?"

Lindy, lifting dark eyes, asked quietly in her voice of silver dreams: "Why not ask me?"

[*Concluded in* SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]

A cold cream that melts at skin temperature; and a finishing cream, exquisite, refreshing, greaseless . . .

Probably the reason why the two Woodbury Creams have had such instantaneous and overwhelming acceptance is the fact that they were perfected by the same specialists responsible for the success of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

These creams are just what you would expect them to be—exquisitely fine in texture, gentle, refreshing, with a faint, lingering fragrance . . .

You can get the two Woodbury Creams anywhere in the United States where toilet preparations are sold. In case your favorite store is out of supply temporarily, a gift box, containing the two creams and Woodbury's Facial Soap, will be sent for 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, 1529 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 1529 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*
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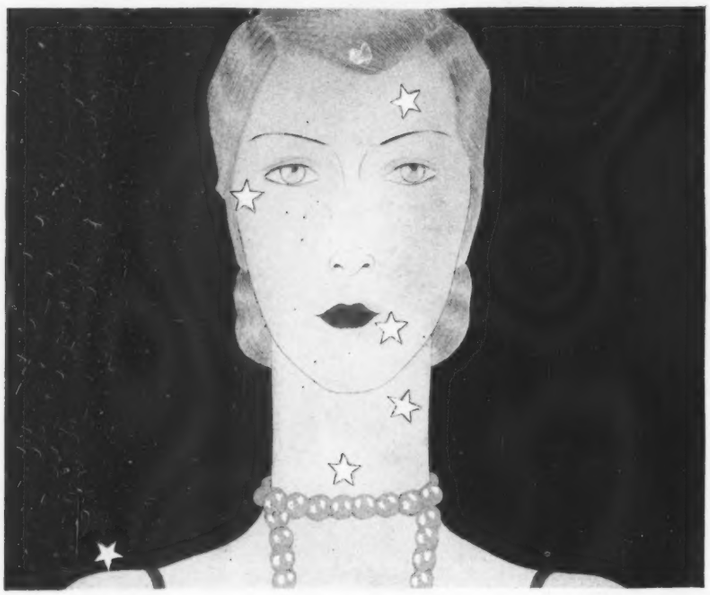
Frances Ingram

WITH HER CHART-LIKE MANNEQUIN EXPLAINS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"



OF all the rules in the primer of beauty, the most important is this —keep your skin healthy if you want it to stay young.

On my little mannequin I have starred the six spots most difficult to care for. These are the six places where imperfections come most quickly and where lines form to strike fear to every mortal woman's heart.

But treat your skin wisely—guard well its health at the six vital spots—and your complexion will tell only flattering fibs about your birthdays.

Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth—clear—altogether lovely.

I wish you would send the coupon below for my booklet on skin care. And, if you have any special beauty questions, feel perfectly free to write me for advice.

- The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.
- The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
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- The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

P. S. *Milkweed Cream is marvelous against sunburn. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely, even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.*

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WATCH YOUR BABY'S HEALTH IN SUMMER

[*Continued from page 46*]

Regardless of the formula employed all raw milk used for baby feeding particularly during the hot months should be brought to the boiling point. This applies to all raw milk, certified or otherwise except milk previously pasteurized at the dairy which does not require this heating process. Before the mother or nurse begins the preparation of the formula she must wash her hands with hot water and soap. The utensils used in the preparation of the food must have been previously cleansed and the bottles and nipples thoroughly washed and sterilized by boiling for a few minutes.

When the formula is prepared it should be divided into as many bottles as there are feedings in 24 hours; and each should be suitably stoppered with sterile absorbent cotton and placed in contact with the ice or in a compartment in which the thermometer registers 50° F. or lower. The child must be fed at regular intervals and never urged if he does not want the last ounce or two. During dentition or on hot or humid days, the baby may not have the usual keen appetite and it is best to trust to his judgment as to the amount of food consumed. Such a baby will sometimes enjoy an ounce or two of boiled water between the milk feedings.

It should be arranged to keep the child as comfortable as possible during the heated term. With the thermometer in the high 80's or 90's the infant needs little clothing other than a napkin which should consist of light material and should not be too tightly bound. A tub bath should be given once a day with a sponging with cool water occasionally. If the infant is reasonably well on a suitable formula it will be unusual for serious intestinal disturbances to occur when this suggested regime is followed. A pacifier or the sucking habit, frequent means of carrying infections to the gastro-intestinal tract, should be avoided.

The vast majority of cases of a grave nature are not serious at the commencement of the attack. The onset of summer diarrhea is signalled by vomiting and the passing of many loose green watery stools. In the majority there will be a moderate degree of fever. The diarrhea is an evidence of intestinal poisoning and nature is attempting to protect the infant. Whether the infant is breast or bottle fed the milk should be stopped at once and a teaspoonful of castor oil given. Regardless of the nature of the milk used it supplies a culture field in the intestine for a further growth of poisonous germs which with their toxins are the cause of the ailment.

The mother will never make a mistake in these cases by replacing the breast milk or milk formula with barley water until the physician arrives. He will direct the later management. In the event of a high fever, sponge the patient with cool water for ten or fifteen minutes and repeat every hour or two as may be required.

By keeping the baby well at all seasons you will do much to protect him during the hot months. Keep him cool and comfortable by proper bathing and light clothing. If bottle-fed, weaken the food on the hot days by diluting with water. When symptoms of gastro-intestinal derangement appear, though perhaps seemingly trivial, stop milk feeding, give barley or rice and send for the baby's physician; and most important to remember, the baby who has frequent digestive disturbance during the cool months is the one who is in the greatest danger during the hot months.

SANDWICHES PLAIN OR FRIVOLOUS

[*Continued from page 34*]

sandwiches close together, cover with damp cloth and keep in cold place until ready to serve. (Illustration—top row—ends).

PINWHEEL SANDWICH: (Illustration —top row). Remove crusts from sides and ends of long sandwich loaf. Spread the length of the loaf with softened butter colored with a little vegetable coloring, if color is desired. Or a very smooth paste filling may be used. Cut lengthwise in a very thin slice and roll as you would a jelly roll. Make a tight roll, pressing very firmly to start. Wrap in a damp cloth and keep in a cold place. When ready to serve, slice each roll in thin slices. Ordinary sandwich fillings cannot be used in these sandwiches, as the bread will break when rolled.

LAYERED SANDWICHES: (Illustration —bottom row). Remove crusts from a loaf of graham bread and a loaf of white bread. Cut slices of the same thickness—about ½ inch—from each loaf. Spread slice of graham bread with softened butter or any smooth paste filling, lay on it a slice of buttered white bread; spread a second slice of graham bread and lay it on white bread, buttered side down. Press firmly together, cover with damp cloth and leave in cold place. When ready to serve, cut off slices about ¼ inch thick.

This recipe makes a 3-layer sandwich with graham bread in center. For a 5-layer sandwich, cut original white and graham slices thinner and put together in alternate layers.

OPEN SANDWICHES: Remove crusts from bread and slice about ¼ inch thick. Cut in diamonds, circles or other fancy shapes with cooky cutter. Spread with softened butter, then vary "toppings" as desired. The four open sandwiches in illustration (middle row—left to right) are made as follows:

(1) Spread with devilled ham, put a border of chopped olives around edge and a slice of stuffed olive in center.

(2) Spread with well-seasoned cream cheese, cut slices of stuffed olives into halves and make border around edge with semi-circles of olives. With a pastry tube make tiny rosettes of cream cheese.

(3) Spread with cream cheese and make cream cheese border around the edge with pastry tube. Fill center with caviar.

(4) Spread with devilled ham or potted chicken and garnish with cream cheese put through pastry tube.

Spreads for other open sandwiches are:

Anchovy paste and chopped hard-cooked eggs.

Caviar and finely-chopped onions.

Snappy cheese with pimiento strips.

Jelly-spread with cream cheese border.

Chicken paste with chopped pickles.

Sardine paste and hard cooked egg yolks pressed through sieve.

A Special Summer Offer

That May Make Your Child Over During Vacation Time

3-Day Supply and Free Shaker—Note Coupon

An Utterly New-Type Food-Drink From Switzerland That Increases Weight a Pound or more a Week and Curbs Nervousness Remarkably

You have probably heard people talk about Ovaltine; but have never tried it for your children. The offer below is made to induce you to try it. New to America, 20,000 doctors are advising it.

The discovery of Swiss Science—world-leader in child health—it is credited with many remarkable results. So remarkable that its use has spread over 54 different nations.

It may make your child over this Summer—one can never tell. But, in light of its effects on other children—it deserves a trial.

What Ovaltine Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink, UTTERLY DIFFERENT from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with "Chocolate" and "Malt" drinks common in this country.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss Scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements (such as iron, lime and phosphorus), foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Foods such as oatmeals, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day supply and *free* shaker. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Delicious as a cold "shake-up" drink. Results will surprise you.

FREE:
50c Shaker
NOTE COUPON

10 Pounds Heavier in 5 Months

About Christmas our little boy was stricken with measles and the doctor suggested that we use Ovaltine in conjunction with milk. We notice his sleep is far more restful and in 5 months he has gained 10 pounds—more than normal gain for that length of time—and is now 2 pounds above normal. He has never missed a meal without his two spoonfuls of Ovaltine in his glass of milk and is the very picture of health.
(Mrs.) A. Cunningham, 7054 Calhoun Ave., Fordson, Michigan

"My Doctor Advised Ovaltine"

Following a severe cold, my little boy, 3 years old, was in a rundown condition. I took him to the doctor and asked him his opinion of Ovaltine. He advised me by all means to give it to my boy, and also to take it myself. From the very first I noticed the change in him. Sounder sleep, increased appetite and more quiet at play. He gained 3 pounds in less than a month.
Mrs. George C. Lueke, 4980 Astra Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

MAIL *for* 3-DAY SUPPLY *and* FREE SHAKER

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine, and *free* Shaker. (This offer not applicable to Canada.) *Samples only (no shakers) sent on this coupon after December 31, 1929*

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
(One package to a person)

BORAX PROTECTS
Dainty Summer Clothes

There's a charm in light, fresh, spotless summer clothes. But they do soil so easily—especially the children's. You should always use 20 Mule Team Borax in laundering these sheer garments, for it protects them—actually makes them last longer.

Borax is used with soap. It loosens dirt, cleanses, softens water, aids the soap. The wear and tear of hard rubbing is eliminated—and 20 Mule Team Borax protects all fabrics from the ravages of hard water and "caustic soap." How much better, and more economical, to rely on Borax than to use harsh washing "compounds" and "chemicals."

20 Mule Team Borax is both a deodorant and a mild antiseptic—it should certainly be used in washing all garments that touch the skin.

Buy a package of the old reliable 20 Mule Team Borax today and write for our helpful free booklet. Get the "Borax habit."

Pacific Coast Borax Co. Dept. 580
51 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send your free booklet "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____

THE PATIENCE OF GRISELDA

[*Continued from page 18*]

scene of reconciliation that was necessary, and she found Paul waiting for her in the living-room.

"Uncle Paul," said Griselda, and her voice, that she made childlike and appealing, satisfied even her own critical ears. "I want you to forgive me. I think I must have lost my head when we were on the cliff path."

Paul grinned. This was going to be easier than he had anticipated. "It is I who have to beg forgiveness, little one. My only excuse is that I was carried away by my feelings for you. I was very much to blame. I should have remembered that to you I am only the old uncle. Can you forgive an old uncle, Griselda?" He tucked his hand under her elbow and led her to a big armchair where she usually sat.

FOR the next hour the mist began to thicken. The day grew overcast and the air felt curiously dank. It was as though Nature herself held her breath, thought Griselda; as though the tension were not only in her own mind, but in the very air about her. Paul and Bertha seemed unusually cheerful, but there was to Griselda something sinister about their gaiety.

Slowly, the tedious afternoon wore on until it was time for her to meet Giles, and she slipped out of the house.

"Griselda, my blessing. My heart has been in my mouth waiting for you. If you had been a minute later I should have been knocking at the bungalow." Giles was beside her, a slight tremble in his careless voice. His hands were about her shoulders and she laughed happily.

"I'm not late and I am quite all right. You mustn't worry about me. Listen to me, Giles. I can only stop a minute. We never go to bed later than half past nine. You see we have our little meal at seven and there's nothing much to do afterward. At half past ten, I shall come down to the sitting-room. I shall get hold of the thing I want—the thing I told you about, and then you can come just as soon as you like. Only you simply mustn't turn up before I give you the signal."

"That's all very well," objected Giles. "But how shall I know if anything goes wrong? Suppose you want me sooner?"

"I shan't want you sooner, and anyway, if I do I can always give you the signal. I shall pull the curtains away from the French window so that you can see the light plainly and then I shall pull them back again. After that you may come as quickly as you like."

"I'm afraid for you, my dear. Let's simply turn them over to the police," Giles suggested.

"No, no, no," said Griselda. "She might get at the evidence and destroy it. I won't have them taken till that book's actually in my hands. It's only a few hours. I can get the book directly they're asleep. Do you think I'd risk letting them go free after what they've done? Not if I knew I were going to die for it, would I let them off one fraction of what they've got to go through." She pulled her hands away and ran up the path. He followed to the top of the cliff and a few moments later he saw her pass into the bungalow through the French window.

THE living-room was empty when Griselda entered it, and, feeling suddenly strangely weary, she sat down to rest for a few minutes in a large armchair that stood facing the hearth. It had a high back and wing sides, and as she sat in it she was hidden from anyone who might come into the room.

Somebody did come in, and for a minute Griselda, absorbed in her own thoughts, neglected to make her presence known. When she heard the sound of a key turning in a lock, and the low muttering that Paul sometimes indulged in when he was by himself, she resolved to sit quiet and if possible escape his attention altogether. Paul pulled open a drawer in his writing table that he always kept locked, and took out of it something heavy and dark and stood balancing it in his hand. It was a blackjack, ugly and sinister-looking as those strangely named weapons always are. He walked about the room chuckling a little to himself and making a few passes in the air.

Suddenly he caught sight in the mirror over the mantelpiece of Griselda seated in the arm chair, and he stopped as though transfixed, the blackjack suspended at the level of his shoulder, and his mouth open. Griselda yawned and stretched herself. "Who's that?" she said. "Is it you, Uncle Paul? I think I must have been sleeping. I am so tired I dropped into a doze."

Paul strode over toward her, balancing the blackjack on the palms of his hands, feeling curious pleasure at this displaying before her sightless eyes of the weapon to which he proposed to introduce her that evening.

THE mist thickened as the evening wore on, thickened until it became a dense white fog that swirled about the bungalow like the fumes from some unholy witch's brew. Griselda, her nerves strung almost to snapping point. sat reading one of her Braille books, *Our Mutual Friend,* in the sitting-room; her delicate fingers passing lightly as butterflies over the pricked pages; and all the time, in her mind, ticking out like the ribbon from a tape machine, went the message—"Will they kill me before Giles can prevent it . . . ?"

Just before seven o'clock a loud knocking came from the front door, echoed through the house, and sent the hearts of three inmates leaping toward their mouths. Only Keziah, who had already held a colloquy with the caller at the back door, remained calm. In a remarkably few seconds Paul himself had dropped his cards and was peering out into the swirling mist. A great coast guardsman stood there, an upstanding fellow with drops of moisture clinging on to his dark beard.

"I be Thomas Jacka," he said, "coast guardsman in these parts, and you be the foreign gentleman that my Keziah is in service with, esn't that so?"

"Why yes, Mr. Jacka," said Paul genially in his correct though slightly accented English. "Did you want to see me?"

"Jes this way, sir," said Jacka, stepping into the little hall so as to be able to shut the fog out behind him. "Keziah do have to be going home alone this evening and the fog be that thick that a man couldn't tell his own mawther six inches from his face. Will ye keep her here till nine o'clock when I can call for'm and put 'en home?"

"Certainly," said Paul in his most genial voice, after a second's hesitation. "Of course it will be a great relief to my mind. I have been anxious about Keziah getting home. In fact, my wife only said just now that she thought we ought to keep her here for the night."

Jacka saluted and withdrew, and Paul and Bertha were left standing looking at each other in the little hall.

AT THAT moment a strange sound tore through the muffling fog, and they all three lifted their heads to listen. It was the blare of the warning fog-horn from the coast guard station. Loud and plaintive it sounded, again and again, like the bellow of some giant animal in distress. The noise of it passed through the room and died away again three times before anyone spoke. Then—"The fog must be very thick, surely," said Griselda.

Bertha got up and went to the window and looked out. "Not so very bad," she said. "I can see the shape of the bushes at the edge of the cliff. Perhaps it's worse out at sea."

"How lucky," observed Paul, "that our friend Jacka is going to take Keziah home, and how lucky we are all of us to be sitting here cosily."

"I think I will go up and have a little rest before I change," said Griselda. She rolled her knitting and stuffed it into her work bag, and she ran up the stairs blowing a kiss as she went. Her door shut sharply, and Paul and Bertha looked at each other. "It's all right I think," said Paul, and Bertha answered "Yes, the night will be perfect. It might even have been sent on purpose."

Supper was over; Jacka, the coast guard called for Keziah and all was quiet in the bungalow. Paul announced that the fog was now as thick as a feather-bed, and Griselda felt her heart sink a little. Would Giles and his supporters be able to find their way? Once in the garden they would be able to see her signal, for the large oblong of the French window would be bound to show a glow even through the fog. But supposing, just supposing that they lost their way and never got so far—Griselda tried not to think of that.

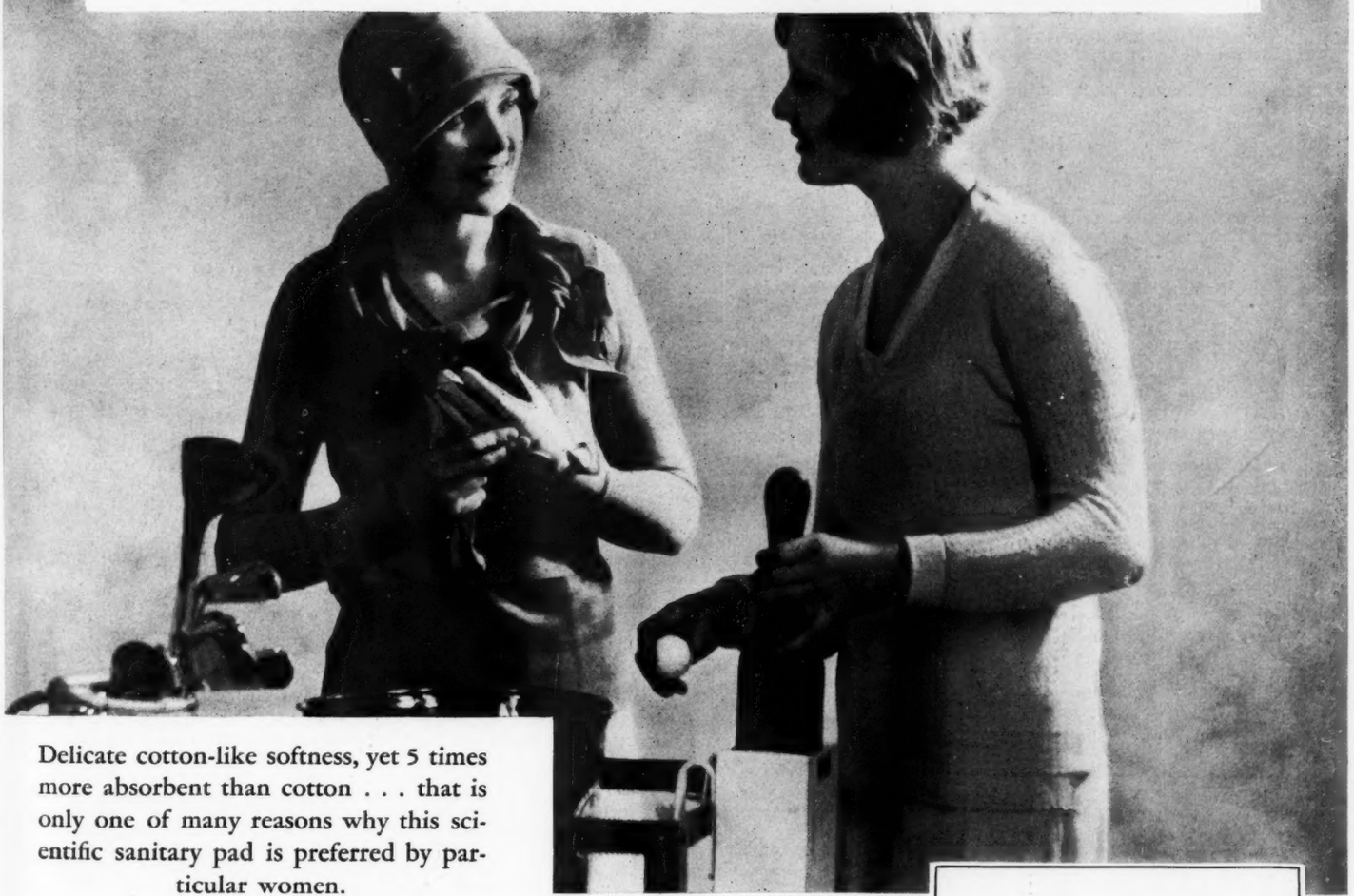
The evening wore on in the usual way. At half past nine, Paul yawned and announced that he was ready for bed. Bertha shut her book; Griselda rolled up her knitting, and in a few minutes the living-room was dark and deserted.

A QUARTER past ten. The last sounds had long ceased to come from the room shared by Paul and Bertha. Griselda crept noiselessly down the stairs to the living-room. For a few moments she listened intently, but save for the blasts of the fog-horn, a dense muffling silence enwrapped the world. She drew a deep breath. Of course it was safe. She had never known either Paul or Bertha to leave their room through the night and she could trust herself to be absolutely noiseless. Switching on the light, she crossed over to Bertha's work basket.

This was a large and important affair of wood and heavy wicker work which was always crammed to the lid with miscellaneous bits of mending, spools of thread and scraps of material.

[*Continued on page 66*]

"Such marvelous softness— a sanitary comfort every woman appreciates"



Delicate cotton-like softness, yet 5 times more absorbent than cotton . . . that is only one of many reasons why this scientific sanitary pad is preferred by particular women.

"I USE KOTEX for the same reason that I wear silk lingerie. I want to be well dressed to the minutest detail." That is the recently expressed opinion of one fastidious woman. Others are enthusiastic about "its absorbency" . . . "the feeling of complete safety and absolute comfort . . . you never are aware of any self-consciousness, any hesitancy." "Golf, tennis, all the delightful outdoor activities are possible now, at any time."

Why surgeons insist on it

Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, is used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals. They find that it has just the right protective degree of softness, just the correct degree of absorbency. And Kotex–by a patented process–deodorizes safely, thoroughly. Its corners, rounded and tapered in a special way, make for the most inconspicuous protection.

Why young women prefer Kotex

Every day, the American girl finds new ways to assure greater daintiness of person, finer grooming. Naturally, so important a thing as Kotex has become a practical necessity. Today, 9 out of every 10 younger women in the better walks of life use Kotex . . . and the tenth one will use it as soon as she discovers how important her friends regard this modern sanitary protection.

One adjusts layers of filler easily. One disposes of Kotex instantly. Cheese cloth and cotton substitutes are actually more expensive, since the price of Kotex has been so radically reduced. If you buy a box today (45c for twelve at any drug, dry goods or department store) you'll see why millions of women approve of it–call it "nothing short of wonderful." In vending cabinets of restrooms, too, through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Such Fleecy Softness

can come only with this downy filler

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons insist on it.

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

THE PATIENCE OF GRISELDA

[*Continued from page 64*]

Griselda bundled the whole collection out on to the floor and then ran her fingers over the stout, padded interior, which was upholstered in satin, just like thousands of others. There was a peculiarity about this work basket, however, and Griselda knew of it. A few adroit movements and the whole of the padding from one side had come away, and between it and the wall of wicker work there appeared a cavity lined with dark material and in the cavity there rested a small black covered book.

Griselda had lifted it out hastily, turned over a few pages and was thrusting the wadding lining of the basket back into the place, when a voice spoke to her, the voice of Paul:

"So!" said Paul, "So! I have caught you and you are a spy after all. A spy . . ." He was standing, fully dressed, on the little landing at the head of the stairs, leaning on the balustrade and staring down at her. In his hand he held a revolver. Griselda stood, the little book clasped against her, the work basket in confusion at her feet. Without turning his head, Paul called softly over his shoulder, "Bertha, Bertha," he called, "come quickly. There's something strange for you to see."

The door of Bertha's room opened without any pretense of quietness and she came out, also fully dressed.

"See, Bertha," went on Paul, still in that dangerous quiet voice. "Do you see that little liar down there? Do you realize what she's been doing?"

Bertha gave a scream and caught hold of Paul's arm. "My book!" she wailed. "That's my book she's got hold of. My book that I told you about, that I threatened you with. Well, this is the end as far as she's concerned. She won't ever show that book to anyone."

"You don't understand," answered Paul. "We have been deceived all along, you and I. We have played right into her hands. "Don't you understand? What does a blind girl need with the light?"

NOT blind!" ejaculated Bertha, staring at her. "Not blind! But then she's seen everything. She's seen me writing in my little book. She's seen me put it away."

"She's seen everything, doubtless, ever since she's been here," observed Paul, "but it matters very little. After tonight she will never see again."

"It's no good my denying it," said Griselda. "I want you to realize that if you kill me, you will get caught. I'm not working alone. Other people as well as I know."

"How do you mean *know everything?*" demanded Paul, laying a restraining hand on Bertha who was on the point of bursting into violent speech.

"I mean about Daisy and—" her voice faltered for a moment, but she went on steadily—"about Dicky Amphlett at Sidi-bou-Said."

Paul's face had taken on a sickly greenish pallor, but his voice was calm. "If you know as much as that, you shall certainly take your little walk this evening, believe me," he said. "You shall take your little walk carried between me and Bertha, and this little friend here—" he slipped his hand into his pocket and produced the blackjack—"will send you to sleep before you start."

Desperately Griselda tried to play for time. "If I swear to you," she said, "to give you two days to get away in, will you leave me here unhurt?" Bertha laughed abruptly, but Paul shook his head. "You know too much, my dear," he said. "You should not get off even if I trusted you, and there's no oath sacred enough, believe me, that you can swear."

"There's one oath," said Griselda, her voice trembling a little, for he was standing very near to her now. "There's one oath which I can take which you would see is sacred to me."

"And what's that, my little pigeon?" asked Paul with amiable incredulity.

"I would swear it by my dead brother."

"Your brother?" Paul stared at her.

"Yes, Dicky Amphlett."

He stopped still and his mouth hung a little open for a moment before he recovered himself. "Your brother?" he said softly; "your brother? That explains everything. Will you swear by your dead brother to let us go entirely and never to give us away?"

In the sick fear of death that had closed upon her, Griselda felt the temptation with an appalling keenness, but not so easily was the concentrated purpose of the past year thrown aside. She took firm hold of her nerves, and as she did so, it seemed to her a rush of fresh strength filled her mind and limbs. "No, I will not," she answered. "Nothing would make me promise such a thing, and even if I did, I shouldn't keep my word. You are going to hang for Dicky even if I'm dead too!"

She half expected Paul to rush at her then and there, but he moistened his lips and continued to balance his ugly little weapon, and spoke to Bertha, though he never took his eyes from Griselda's face. "Look out of the window, Bertha," he said, "and see what the fog is like. Has it lifted enough for Mademoiselle to take her last little walk?"

Bertha went to the French window and pulling the curtains violently asunder, peered out. "It's finer than it was," she said. "We shall be able to manage all right."

Griselda's heart was beating to suffocation, the palms of her hands were wet. She hardly dared breathe as she watched to see whether Bertha would complete the signal by pulling the curtains back across the window again.

"Right!" said Paul. "Then we will get to work. Close the curtain again, Bertha." And Bertha pulled the curtains together at his bidding.

"Wait a moment," said Griselda speaking hurriedly. "Wait one moment. It can't hurt you to do that. I have a story I want to tell you. A very important story. A lot may depend on it, for you, I mean, not for me. I know I am done for. I don't expect you to let me off, but this is really important." She was babbling on, hardly knowing what she said, her ears strained for any noise from the garden.

"What can it be, this story?" demanded Paul. "You are trying to make time. You are thinking to soften my heart. It's nonsense, I tell you, all nonsense." With his free hand he seized the chair that was between them and flung it out of the way. Griselda leapt back and gave a piercing scream, and at that moment a crash came on the window. Paul stood stricken to silence, the blackjack raised above his head, and his left arm still stretched out toward Griselda.

"Open in the name of the law!" came a man's voice. The window handle was seized and rattled and the next moment the whole frame and the glass had been burst inward. Giles, with three men, one of whom was Jacka, the coast guard, burst into the room.

IN THE garden of Giles' old manor house a few roses still bloomed bravely, although the salt-laden winter winds had blown through the land. The faint murmur from the sea came to Giles and Griselda as they sat together on the lawn bright with pale winter sunshine.

"It's no good telling me to forget, Giles," she said. "It's all too fresh still for that to be possible, and in a way I should appreciate all this less if I could forget. You, sitting there so deliciously safe and sweet and silly as always, I simply can't get used to it all yet; you see I haven't been able to be safe for so long."

"The sillier you are now," answered Giles, "the better I shall be pleased, because otherwise I am rather alarmed at such a tremendously capable woman."

Griselda put her hand firmly over his mouth. "Oh, Giles, if you only realized how I hated myself all those months when I was being strong-minded and clever."

Giles kissed the hand against his lips, took it away and held it firmly against his knee. "You mustn't feel like that about it, Griselda. You were wonderful all the time. Why shouldn't you want to remember how wonderful you were?"

"Because it's hateful to be as wonderful as that. I've tried to talk to you about it before, Giles, but you've never let me, and you were right. I was too upset still over the whole thing, I suppose, for it to have been good for me to think about it, but now it's all over and we are married, I think I had sooner lay the ghost, my dear."

"Which ghost?" asked Giles. "Poor Dicky's? Surely you realize that he's happily at rest long since? The ghosts of Paul and Bertha? She's in a lunatic asylum for the few years that remain to her, and the guillotine has left remarkably little of him to worry anyone. Surely you are not worrying because you were the means of bringing him to that?"

Griselda spoke with something of the precision that had been hers in the days when she had had so carefully to guard her speech lest a casual word betray her. "No, Giles, it's nothing like that that's worrying me. I may be very wicked but if I could have had him, yes and her too, killed ten times over, it wouldn't have worried me. It's myself; the *me* that I had to call into existence, whose ghost I want to lay. You see, darling, all those months, however good my motive was, the fact remains I was leading a double life; pretending to be what I wasn't, and that can't be good for anyone. I wonder if it's possible to do that and not suffer for it."

"I'm not going to reassure you, darling," said Giles, "I'd sooner you got it out of your system."

Griselda bent for a moment and left a swift kiss on the brown hand that held her own. "You always understand," she said, "and I do want you to get this just right. Can you imagine at all what it means to keep up that pretense of blindness all those months? I had to pretend to myself even when I was alone that I was blind. It had to become a part of my consciousness, or it wouldn't have been safe. It was the only way to prevent myself doing some quite stupid little thing, like putting out my hand and helping myself to butter; that would have given the whole thing away."

"I see what you mean," said Giles. "I wouldn't be any help to you if I pretended I didn't; but after all, darling, it didn't have to go on long enough to become part of you. You wouldn't be worrying now if it had. You have got to cut the whole thing out here and now."

"I am trying to; oh, Giles, what a rest it is to live with you. You can't think how I wanted you all those weeks before you turned up at the bungalow . . . . Once I had found that note-book and knew it was no good getting hold of it until I had you to give it to, and the whole arrest was planned, the time simply seemed to drag, and then—" She shivered and it seemed to Giles that the healthy sunburn of her cheek paled a little—"and then after I had parted from you that day on the cliffs, when I thought I had got the whole thing arranged so nicely; then when I looked into the mirror over the mantelpiece and saw Paul taking out that blackjack . . . . . that was the worst moment of all. I realized that he hadn't forgiven me for what had happened that day, and that he was going to kill me quite soon, and the fog grew thicker and I thought you wouldn't get there in time."

GILES smiled at her. "Now, Griselda, my sweet, you have got to put all those things behind you. Justice has been done and you are alive and safe and what you did can't possibly have hurt your precious silly little character one inch and you've got to take that from me. But it's not altogether that, is it, Griselda?"

"I suppose it is that there's something else worrying me just a little at the back of my mind the whole time."

"Out with it, child," advised Giles, lifting her chin in his free hand and making her eyes meet his.

"Well, Giles, I know I am stupid and very ungrateful, but it's this. Would you have ever asked me to marry you if you had still thought that I was blind?" She brought the words out with an immense effort and her face crimsoned from brow to chin.

Giles gave a shout of laughter. "You muffin-headed little idiot! Do you mean to say that has been eating you all this time? Well, I will tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me! I *didn't* like it when I found myself getting too interested in you at St. Fructueux. But when I saw you that first time in the bungalow and when I was waiting outside the confounded place in the fog the next evening, I realized that even though you were blind, it didn't matter a button. You see there was that darned fog, so thick round me I couldn't see an inch and somehow as I stood in it, just feeling the rough wall of the bungalow with my fingers, I realized what it was to be blind; what it must be like to be you, and I thought more clearly than I ever had before. There was I, all intense and strung-up, at the moment as blind as a bed-post, but I felt just as much *me*, if you know what I mean; just as alive, and a thousand times fonder of you than ever, and so," concluded Giles, "I realized that blindess didn't matter, that nothing mattered but you."

"Truly?" demanded Griselda.

"Cross my heart and say die."

"Then everything is all right!"

"Everything in the garden is lovely," said Giles enthusiastically.

[THE END]

GARDENS

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

IN ALL gardens man has made
With his rake and hoe and spade,
Lacy with leaf-light and shade,
God moves down each moist brown row
To watch the tender green things grow.

Every little kitchen plot,
Every small, bright tended spot
On the humblest back-street lot,
Pleases God, and there He stays
Through the growing summer days.

Often after warm sweet rain,
Through the crimson petal stain
There His footsteps show quite plain.
Who can doubt it when we know
That He loves all gardens so?

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

It's the *new way* to buy Pineapple

—Look for DOLE *stamped in the top*
—Choose by number the grade you wish

THOUSANDS of women have been wondering: "How can I get DOLE pineapple?" Thousands have asked their grocers: "Is this brand of pineapple packed by Dole?"

Here is the answer:

Look for the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can—and beneath—the grade you wish.

Dole 1 . . . Dole 2 . . . Dole 3

This is the new, easy way to buy Hawaiian Pineapple—the way to be sure of getting the best fruit—DOLE grown—DOLE canned.

That one word—DOLE—stamped in the top of the can, just as you see it above, tells you the tempting fruit *inside* was packed by the world's largest growers and canners of Hawaiian Pineapple—tells you that fruit, positively *fresh* and *ripe*, went into that can—assures you of maximum *flavor* and *taste* due to the most modern process of canning.

And the number—1, 2 or 3—stamped beneath the word DOLE, tells you exactly what grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you are getting—guides you to the best possible quality for the price you pay.

What about the label around the Dole stamped can?

Significant? Yes. It means that the experienced distributor of canned fruits—whose own label you find around the can—has given his unqualified approval of DOLE pineapple. He has the Hawaiian Pineapple Company pack the pineapple he sells under his label. He knows there is none finer.

* * *

One of your favorite labels and DOLE—*double-assurance for you*

AS you shop you will find *different brands* of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple with either DOLE 1, DOLE 2 or DOLE 3 stamped in the top of the can. That is because we supply many distributors—each having his own label or brand—with one or more grades. Your favorite brand of Hawaiian Pineapple may be packed by DOLE, now. But, to be certain of getting the pick of Hawaii's finest fruit, look for "DOLE" stamped in the top of the can. A treat awaits you. Hawaiian Pineapple—at its very best.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can choose the grade you wish.

Now—you can choose by number the grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you wish— DOLE 1 . . . DOLE 2 . . . DOLE 3

SELECTING the grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you wish is now as simple as 1-2-3. Simply look under the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can for the number indicating the grade you wish.

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect, less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken Slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good wholesome quality.

SOMETHING new in booklets—new in pineapple recipes! Here's a brand new edition of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," with its thrilling story—its 39 new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes created exclusively for this booklet by four leading food editors. A copy waits for you—and the coupon will bring it.

Mail to HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
Dept. M-69, 215 Market St., San Francisco

You may send me free, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," containing the 39 new Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes.

Name.....

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Honolulu HAWAII • HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY • *Sales Offices* 215 Market Street San Francisco

RASPBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

1 package Raspberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup raspberry juice and cold water
4 tablespoons sugar
1 cup fresh raspberries, crushed and drained, or 1 cup canned raspberries, drained
1 cup cream, whipped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add raspberry juice and cold water and sugar. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until stiff enough to hold its shape. Fold in berries and cream. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. May be garnished with whipped cream and whole berries. Strawberries or blackberries may be substituted for raspberries. Serves 12.

★

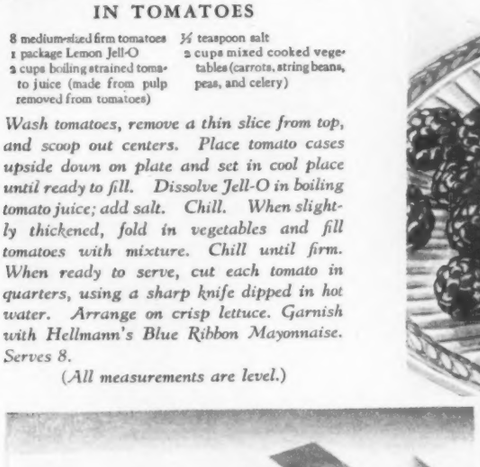
JELLIED VEGETABLE MACÉDOINE IN TOMATOES

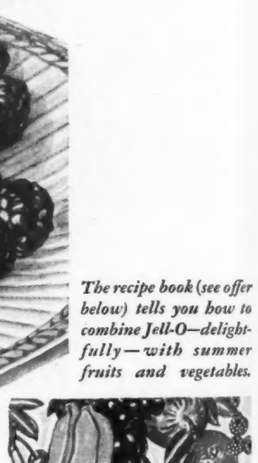
8 medium-sized firm tomatoes
1 package Lemon Jell-O
2 cups boiling strained tomato juice (made from pulp removed from tomatoes)
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups mixed cooked vegetables (carrots, string beans, peas, and celery)

Wash tomatoes, remove a thin slice from top, and scoop out centers. Place tomato cases upside down on plate and set in cool place until ready to fill. Dissolve Jell-O in boiling tomato juice; add salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in vegetables and fill tomatoes with mixture. Chill until firm. When ready to serve, cut each tomato in quarters, using a sharp knife dipped in hot water. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 8.

(All measurements are level.)

The recipe book (see offer below) tells you how to combine Jell-O—delightfully—with summer fruits and vegetables.





JELL-O

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

has a new trick for *every* day of summer!

SALADS . . . NEW AND DIFFERENT . . . . . DESSERTS, FIT FOR THE GODS! . . . . . .

There isn't a summer fruit or vegetable that won't yield an extra nip of flavor, with Jell-O to "point it up" . . . with Jell-O to bring out every little whisper of pungent taste!

The berry Bavarian Cream that's pictured here . . . If only you could dip your spoon right now, into its creamy lusciousness, you'd know . . . berries at their best! Try it, and see.

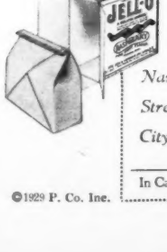
And the salad! It's new. Be the first to serve it.

In the new Jell-O booklet are over a dozen other such salads—over two dozen wonderful desserts! Surprises enough—literally—to make your menu just *sing*, all summer long.

Send now, for this key to good things. It's free. And try one of the recipes on this page, today.

Avoid imitations—be sure to use *genuine* Jell-O. None other. Is economical. It's easy to prepare. It's *sure* to turn out right. Jell-O comes in five pure-fruit flavors, sealed tight to keep that fruity freshness *fresh*. Buy six packages at a time, to have a supply of various flavors always on hand. And mail the coupon now. Back will come a booklet, to make meal-planning *fun*.

FREE — *a cook-book brimful of surprises!*



The Jell-O Company, Inc. J.—McC. 8-29
Le Roy, New York

Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "Today . . . what salad . . . what dessert?"

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address the Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd., The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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PROSPERITY CAN BE BOUGHT

[*Continued from page 19*]

had me. But she hadn't. For we have had little to do with all this. Our national prosperity at this date must be credited almost entirely to man. This is the first time I have given men credit for much in these articles and I am going to do it thoroughly. Our hundred billion national income is the result of man's inventive genius and his organizing ability. I yield him the palm so far: Our feminine glory as controllers of industry lies in the future. For as buyers we have but stumbled along, taking what we wanted of the commodities man offered to us and letting the rest go, without protest, or inquiry, or any feeling of responsibility for the waste and disaster that must follow.

We women have formed clubs and organizations to tackle many general problems affecting national welfare. Have we ever considered the guidance of production for our best interests?

Are you content with your income, your expenditures, your circumstances? Of course you are not. As a nation we are doing well, but we are far from our best. Our best will produce much cheaper goods, will make our income stretch farther, will give us a far greater degree of satisfaction.

The power to do this is directly in your hands and mine. If we could all get to work today, we could save by the end of a year, at least *eight billion dollars!* That sum is being wasted every year because, having made our goods efficiently and cheaply, the manufacturers send them to us in ways that are extravagant beyond all reason.

When Herbert Hoover came to the Department of Commerce he turned it from just a government bureau to a vital force entering into commercial industry. Before long he hit upon a sad truth, that with all our ability to make things, we do not know how to get them cheaply and quickly to the people who want them. Under his direction the Department began seeking ways to reduce the terrible waste in distribution. Many of the ways led directly to your door and to mine, as buyers for our families.

On a side road, thirty-five miles from New York City a truck driver cautiously felt his way between bumps and deep rain puddles.

"Ought to be near here, Bill," he said to his helper.

"House on the right here," replied the other. "Corner, too, Jim, this it?"

The truck stopped. He dismounted, felt his way through the dusk to the delivery door. A trim maid opened.

"The dining-room suite from M—'s."

"She says she don't want it. She's changed her mind," the girl said.

"B-b-but," sputtered the man. "See here, don't close that door yet. Be certain. This is a dining-room suite for Mrs. B—, corner Thompson Road and End Lane, bought at M—'s and ordered delivered urgent today."

"Mrs. B— told me this morning when the suite came to say she had changed her mind."

HOW many of the things you bought this year did you return or exchange? Think for a moment—clothing, furniture, Christmas gifts, jewelry, everything. Yes, some of this was unavoidable. But how much?

The indictment against us is almost unbelievable. It comes in cold hard figures from a number of department stores in Baltimore, Maryland.

Women's coats that were returned this year	45.39% of those sold
Dresses	30%
Expensive dresses	37%
Neckwear	25%
Millinery	25%
Domestic rugs	34%
Lamps and shades	31%
Oriental rugs	47 to 57%
(In December and January)	91%
Stockings were the prize sellers, only 9.7% were returned	

I can hardly believe those figures. But there they stand and we must believe them. Nor is there any use in feeling that we did not return one-third of the dresses we bought, or one-half the coats, one-third of the domestic-made rugs and more than half the imported ones. If we control industry, we have to take the responsibilities of that control.

Let us make it unfashionable to return goods. Even if the salesgirl urges purchase on the ground that if not satisfied you can return the article, just reply: "It is bad business to return things. I would rather be sure."

I have tried this speech, since working on these articles, and the salesgirls like it. They know that returns are bad business even as they use that argument.

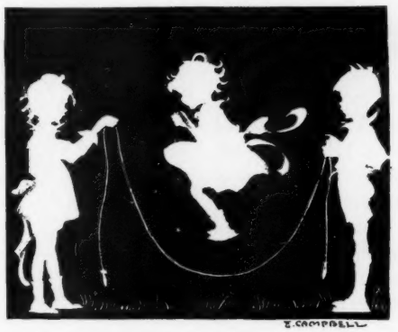
A number of these returns are bound up with charges and installment selling. There isn't a thing the matter with charges provided you spend so that you can pay your bill within thirty days. If all this country were run on a thirty-day basis, and all bills paid in that time—well, prosperity would come shouting round the corner. But look at this nice little circle.

You have a charge. *You* buy and return—*20 per cent of all goods bought on charges are returned.* This means:

Loss No. 1. 20 per cent more stock must be carried to cover the time you have the articles you return out of stock. Thus a larger investment of capital in stock and more people to care for stock.

Loss No. 2. You cannot pack like a professional. Your returned goods are mussed—"shopworn" they are called, but customer worn would be truer. They must be sold for less. They go into end of the season sales.

INSTALLMENT selling was developed with the idea of speeding up selling. At once it seemed that we had discovered a method of cashing in on our earnings as we earned. The quicker we do cash in on our earnings, or the quicker we put our money to work by spending or investing, the better for all of us. Gold in stockings



is worth little when compared with gold in action. But installment selling unfortunately developed past the point when it could speed selling; it ran wild. It made it so easy to buy that some people mortgaged their incomes in advance until they were insolvent with no chance of ever paying out. That is good business for nobody. So serious is this situation that our Department of Commerce is now hard at work finding out how many of us have mortgaged our earning power so far in advance that we are hopelessly involved. It can tell us right now what was also told me by the head of a great department: *"If you have money; if you can borrow at the bank, it is a question whether you can afford to buy on installments."*

"Installment selling," he said, "is sound economically only when the thing sold does not deteriorate in value and so can be returned. Land was sold in this fashion first, then houses, which deteriorate slowly, then jewelry, which stays near its original value. Nearly everything else, except antiques, loses value rapidly on the first day of its use. To make up for this loss, interest is added to the selling price, plus a carrying charge which covers bookkeeping, collections, bad debts and so forth. To make a sale profitable this additional charge *often has to be 10 to 20 per cent of the cash price."*

THAT is a heavy charge. But not one of us would consider for a moment discarding the practice of buying installments. Why should we? As long as we keep solvent we have every right to cash in as we earn and we expedite business by so doing. If we are investing, in a business, in a car, in home furnishings, we have every right to mortgage our earnings if we have enough common sense to mortgage only a safe portion of them, and for a limited time ahead. But let us look at the matter of installment selling and buying with eyes open. Don't fool yourself. Face the extra charge of from ten to twenty per cent, and figure it out. Budget your income. Figure on paying your installments in one year, never on over two years unless it is essential to run a business, when greater indebtedness may be justified. When you have cash buy for cash and count your savings.

Dr. Julius Klein, assistant director of our Department of Commerce, says: "The careless administration of retail credits through over-extension, delayed payments, crude installment selling, piles up an annual loss which has been reliably estimated at not less than a billion dollars a year—over two and a half millions a single day. And since we have conceded to the ladies the undisputed control of our shopping, theirs, I fear, must also be at least a part of the responsibility of ofttimes setting in motion, perhaps in unconscious collaboration with a careless retailer, a practice of insufficient credit management which may lead the latter to disaster. I would therefore suggest as most worthy of the consideration of associations of women, a careful scrutiny of their local credit associations and a vigorous collaboration with them—there are over a thousand local credit associations in the country—You may think your responsibility ceases when you 'charge it', that it is the storekeeper's business to look after his credit operations. But in the last analysis his business is yours. You support it and it is nothing short of costly extravagance for any neighborhood or community to tolerate a failure or near failure or a wasteful incompetent in its midst."

Dr. Klein puts it nicely, but it is all up to us. Here is a job for every woman in the land, in clubs and out, to get after our credit, through our local associations, and so keep those of us who cannot figure it all out, or who will not, from overbuying and ruining tradesmen and themselves, sending prices higher and higher.

Undoubtedly another billion of our waste comes through failure in business. It is a part of our new understanding of business that we now know that we share the expense of every commercial failure, of every bankruptcy. Towns where people are most alert have formed committees to advise people intending to go into retail business and so reduce the numbers of failures which the town might carry. And you may be the customer who is causing some retailer to fail.

I CAN hear a gasp of indignation. You buy for cash. You pay your bills promptly; how can you cause a man to fail? Dr. Klein puts it this way:

"More than three-fourths of the business in almost any line of selling commodities is done on less than one-fourth the varieties from which that line is offered. The remaining three-fourths of the items represent unprofitable goods which are being stocked. This means a drag on business, excessive investment, slow turnover and diminished profits."

If our tradesman is caught with this three-fourths and cannot sell enough of the one-fourth to compensate, he fails. Too much show window material. If we demand goods and goods and goods to look at, we help cause his failure. If your retailer does not send for your especial wish, do not insist upon his sending. Go elsewhere. Some other store may find you a paying customer for that very item.

Often the variety we are shown in a single item is meaningless. A few years ago there were 78 sizes in bed blankets. Now undobutedly there are more than 78 sizes in human beings, but it is not necessary that every human have a blanket made to fit his length and breadth and weight. The Department of Commerce under Herbert Hoover succeeded in getting the manufacturers to reduce that number of sizes to twelve. Probably you never noticed the reduction in variety of sizes. But you have noticed that blankets have been cheaper during the past two years. This is one of the reasons, though of course there are others.

AS I went about getting material for these articles heads of industries everywhere joined in one cry: "Tell women to help us to higher standards. Tell them to be more discriminating in spending what they have to the last penny."

"Teach me," I begged. "How can I be more discriminating?"

"Make a working plan for your shopping for household goods and know within a few dollars what you intend to spend. Be exact. If you want furniture, carry a plan of your rooms with a list of what you want for them eventually and just where each piece is to be placed. Mark the measurments plainly on the diagram. Then you won't buy davenports and sideboards that are too large and as a result stumble about what might be a home but is a warehouse. Choose your furniture dealer as you do your friends, for his worth. He will earnestly dissuade you from buying what he knows will eventually not satisfy you. Show him your plans. Listen to him. He wants to sell you not only now but again through all years to come.

"Always carry with you samples of the colors of wall paper, rugs and draperies when you are buying upholstered pieces, lamps and shades, rugs and draperies. Never buy a piece to fit in a room without samples of the colors in that room and the size you wish to fill.

"Your dealer not only wants to handle fine furniture, he wants it to build fine homes. He can have no idealism in his business unless the women who furnish those homes let him help to make them what they should be."

Queer talk for business men? We are going to hear a lot more of that kind of talk. [*Turn to page 70*]

THE QUESTION
every mother asks herself

Answered by 221 baby specialists in NEW YORK—
CHICAGO—SAN FRANCISCO—TORONTO

IN their offices . . . in hospitals . . . we interviewed them for you. We wanted the opinion of the country's leading baby specialists about one fundamental thing—*what to feed the baby.*

In New York we put the question, and in Toronto and San Francisco and Chicago. And two hundred and twenty-one physicians—members of leading Medical Societies, men recognized as in the front ranks of their profession—gave an answer that varied only in phrasing.

They *all* approve the food that springs into your mind whenever infants' solid feeding is mentioned—the standby, Cream of Wheat.

Why this cereal is standard

Physicians through whose skilled hands hundreds of babies pass are the ones who know what food gives a baby the best start in life. And knowing, they have for thirty-two years chosen Cream of Wheat.

This cereal has that ideal combination—carbohydrate content so high that Cream of Wheat is amazingly rich in energy substance, and a simple granular form that the most delicate little stomach can digest without trouble. Every bit of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain has been removed.

Cream of Wheat is an all year 'round cereal—non-heating in the summer months and perfectly protected in its triple-wrapped-and-sealed carton.

Here is certainty—not guessing

When you choose Cream of Wheat for your baby's first adventure into solid feeding . . . when you make a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat an habitual part of the growing child's breakfast . . . you are being guided by your own physician's approval reinforced by the word of these great eminent specialists.

Order Cream of Wheat from your grocer or send coupon below for generous free sample.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg, Canada.

FREE—sample box of Cream of Wheat and the authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," giving correct diets for children from infancy through school. Mail coupon to: CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY, DEPT. G-32, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here . . . . © 1929, C. of W. Co.

PROSPERITY CAN BE BOUGHT

[*Continued from page 69*]

Don't scornfully dismiss this with the idea that women generally do know sizes and carry samples. Hear the testimony of the manager of a great department store:

"It would help tremendously if women who buy for their households knew definitely the size of the room or the space they wish to cover. *Fifty per cent* of those who come here to buy do not have that information. As a result we have many exchanges and a force of men who do nothing but go out and take measurements, at considerable expense."

IN OHIO the School of Commerce of the University of that state undertook to find out why goods were returned in twelve of the leading cities. Twenty-seven per cent of the goods were reported "wrong sizes." That included goods wrongly marked, perhaps one per cent. But twenty-six per cent were bought by women who were mistaken.

Out of every dollar we spend, 12.9 cents are paid as salaries to employees. There isn't any doubt about this. It comes from 90,000 stores of all kinds selling from $500 to $10,000,000 a year. If we spend fifty billions this year, as we in all likelihood will, we will pay six billion, four hundred and fifty million for store service. We have to have service. Yes, but how much?

From these stores comes also the statement that salespeople are idle one-third of the time. Why? Because women shop mainly from 11:30 A. M. to 4:00 P. M. "If we could serve people evenly between 9:30 and 5:30 we could reduce costs considerably," said one of the great department store heads. "But we serve in peaks and valleys. Every woman who buys between 9:30 and 11:30 saves money for herself and for us."

Is it better for housekeepers to shop as we can get free from our household tasks, or schedule our tasks and shopping to our great commercial advantage? Is the convenience of shopping at any time worth over a billion a year to us and our country?

From every retailer come complaints as to the cost of delivery. The voice of the grocers is by far the most piercing:

"Stock, housewife, stock your pantry shelves, or we perish! Keep at least two days ahead. The saving on rush deliveries, for salad for lunch and bread for dinner and the yeast cake at night, will run into millions of dollars.

"When you buy, buy in as large quantities as you can. Figure it out yourself. The handling of two small cans—their packing and storage from canner to you, must be greater than one large one. You will get better fruit and vegetables in the larger cans, and more for your money. Always buy the biggest can possible."

And the next item charged to us is that we waste twenty-one million dollars a year on milk bottles that we break, or keep.

Twenty-one million, think what we could do with it! We could reduce the price of milk to the under-nourished children of the nation. Here is a letter from Ernest Kelly, in charge of Market Milk Investigations for our Department of Agriculture:

"A glass milk bottle makes an average of twenty trips and the total cost of replacing broken bottles is approximately $28,000,000 a year. Some of the breakage occurs in delivery wagons and milk plants, but our figure indicate that 75 per cent of the total loss occurs while the bottles are out of the hands of the milk dealer."

From department store, chain store, independent retail dealer and laundries comes the demand: "Help us to raise the standards of textile production."

Why cannot we women, using our power as buyers for our families, see to it that all yard goods shall be preshrunk before they are put on the market, and all ready-made goods preshrunk before making?

These are our immediate and urgent problems, as buyers with control of industry. To tackle the returned goods evil and make *buying-to-keep* fashionable; to make paying of all bills in thirty days a public duty; to examine into the credit of our home towns and so put charges and installment selling on a profitable and sound basis; to remember to carry colors and sizes when shopping; to consider the shopping from 9 to 11:30 case; to stock our pantry shelves and to buy as big packages of goods as we thriftily can; to cherish the milk bottle and to prolong its life and return it to its owner; and finally to consider this acute problem of our shrinking garments.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 8*]

Many a less interesting and less coherent story has been the basis of an operatic success. But *Fra Gherardo* does not get over. It fails, first of all, because Pizzetti, who is his own librettist, has been so interested in the tale he has to tell that he neglects to tell it in sufficiently direct and theatrical terms. Despite moments of dramatic—even melodramatic—action, the story is told largely in words. We are not allowed to see what the characters feel nearly so much as we are forced to hear about it. They talk themselves out of the opera house into the library. *Fra Gherardo* would, I am sure, make a remarkable novel; but it is not a good drama.

Nor does the music save it. For Pizzetti, alas, has a theory; and artists, like politicians, work best by instinct. His theory is that operatic singing should follow as faithfully as possible the rhythms and inflections of actual speech. This is a sound theory and a practicable one, as the works of Wagner, Debussy and Strauss will testify; but Pizzetti's application of it is most unfortunate. Having voluntarily sacrificed the melodic interest of his vocal parts for the realism's sake, he makes his orchestra defer to the singers to such an extent that it, too, offers little with which to charm the ear.

THE Metropolitan's production of *Fra Gherardo* was exceptionally fine. Mr. Serafin, conducting, wrung the last possible drop of eloquence and color from the score; the chorus, trained to the minute, acquitted itself magnificently. The rôles of Gherardo and Mariola are the only ones of major importance, and both were superbly sung and acted by Edward Johnson and Maria Mueller. Joseph Urban contributed settings that were noteworthy for good color and solid verisimilitude. Indeed, his last scene, the square before the Baptistry in Parma, was so startlingly realistic that one instinctively reached for a Baedeker.

EARLY TO RISE

[*Continued from page 15*]

you." He laid both hands on her shoulders. "I'm going to be married."

All the light was struck from her face. "Married—?"

"Yes. I know, it hasn't been long since I lost your mother. And you've been my darling daughter— But a man needs more than that."

"Who—is it?"

"Alice."

"Daddy, have you asked her?"

"Yes."

"So it's all settled?"

"Yes."

Then Barty, watching, saw a thing which stirred his heart. The girl lifted her head and looked straight at her father. "I'm glad for you, Daddy. I'm glad if you'll be happy."

He bent and kissed her. "That's my brave girl." For a moment he held her tight. Then he let her go.

Oh, the lovely child! To see it all in that big way! Not many women could have done it.

In the month that followed Barty thought more than once of the drama which had been played out in the old barn. He wondered if the country doctor was married and what had happened to the lovely child.

The August days were hot and humid, the nights breathless. To the young physician going back and forth from Edwards' office to the operating room, the sight of so much suffering seemed more than he could stand. And toward the end of the month came a note from Dorinda:

Ducky, are you sulking, or what? Not a line or a letter. Why be so stingy? There's to be a beach supper on Labor Day. And you'd love it, after all the heat and everything. Barty, be a darling, and come.

THE note was in his mail the morning after that dreadful night when one of the women in the wards had died of cancer of the throat—a sweet and saintly little thing who could not be saved from suffering at the last. Barty had been with her and his soul had been shaken. He was glad Edwards was due tomorrow—he couldn't bear much more of this. With Dorinda's note in his hand he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He saw a cool stretch of sea—the breeze-swept porch of the Beach Club, Dorinda with her pink corals dripping.

His telephone rang—Edwards!

"I'm home again, old chap—a bit ahead of time. I'll be in my office at nine."

An hour later, Barty was giving the older man a history of the things which had happened. "That little woman died—Grace Johnson."

"I knew it was coming."

"Edwards, I don't see how you stand it."

"Stand what?" sharply.

"Seeing them suffer."

Edwards flashed a keen glance at him. "That doesn't sound like you."

"I know, but that good little woman—! One more like that and I'd get out of the whole thing."

Edwards' voice was stern. "What do you mean by 'get out'?"

"Oh, live on my money and let somebody else do it."

Edwards jumped to his feet and went to the window, looking down with unseeing eyes at the people who passed. Suddenly he turned and faced Barty. "If you feel that way, you'd better get out."

Barty, too, was on his feet. "What do you mean?"

"The profession needs men who—carry on—"

A long silence, out of which Barty said, huskily: "Don't be too hard on me. I'm going away for a few days. I'll talk differently, I fancy, when I come back."

"I hope so." And that was all. The talk which followed was purely professional and Edwards had a word of praise at the end: "I couldn't have done things better myself."

THAT night Barty took the train for Portland and the next morning got the bus which carried him to a cross-road where Dorinda met him with her little car. She was standing beside it as he descended from the bus and waved a welcome.

As he went toward her, he was aware of the wonder of this world to which he had come. The air was silver-clear and as stimulating as chilled wine. Dorinda wore a knitted frock of Chinese red with a thin line of black fur at throat and wrists. Back of her the sea rose up, a wall of hard, dark blue. It was all like something in enamel, without light or shade, yet beautiful in its effect of flat crude color.

They drove directly to the beach and were greeted with shouts of joy. A long crude table set on the sands had benches on each side of it.

Barty was next to Dorinda, and Duke Stanhope opposite. Across the table Duke said, "I thought Dorinda was going to let me have a look-in, but here you are back again."

"Honey-child," Dorinda told him, "you do very well as an understudy. It's only when you try to take the center of the stage . . ."

The sun was setting and the waves washed toward them in sheets of gold. "Barty," Dorinda said suddenly, "take me out in a boat."

"My dear child, not on this tide."

She turned and looked at him. "Are you afraid?"

He laughed indulgently. "You know I'm not; but it isn't safe. There are whirlpools over the hidden rocks."

"But I want you to take me, Barty."

"I'm sorry."

"You won't?"

"No. It's dangerous on this tide, I tell you. You ask the old skippers."

He was treating it lightly, utterly unaware of the tension of the moment. Her next words warned him: "If you won't take me, I'll ask someone who isn't—afraid."

He blazed back at her then: "Anyone who isn't afraid under the circumstances, is a fool."

"I want to risk it," she was standing now and Barty had risen. Her eyes swept the table. "Who will go with me?"

It was Duke Stanhope who accepted the challenge. He, too, was on his feet. "May I take—the center of the stage, 'Rinda?" He laughed, his big laugh. He was like a young Viking, with his blond head and his bold blue eyes.

Dorinda stepped over the bench and ran around to him. "Good old sport," she said, "you shall be the star performer."

Hand in hand they went flying across the sands to the pier where the boats were drawn up. When they reached it, they launched their slender craft and pushed off, waving triumphant hands to the crowd about the table.

Like a man in a dream Barty watched them. He hardly knew yet what had happened. He had come

[*Continued on page 72*]

"Nothing short of a miracle!"

Read how little Jack Clark's life was saved

HE WAS a normal, healthy baby when he was born. But Nature's food, as sometimes happens, didn't agree with him. He didn't gain. So the search for a suitable feeding formula began.

One after another, different foods were tried. One after another, they disagreed. Poor little Jack simply couldn't digest them. Some babies are like that, you know.

At last a fortunate suggestion was made to the worried mother and father: "Why don't you try Eagle Brand Condensed Milk?" They tried it. Jack was then three months old and weighed nine pounds. Let his mother tell the rest.

Mrs. Clark's story

"No one knows how much I had cried over my baby! Oh, it was a wonderful sight to see the way he took the first bottle of Eagle Brand! We will never forget it. Never did it fail to satisfy. His improvement was nothing short of a miracle.

"He was four months old when his first tooth came through the gums, and at the age of thirteen months he had them all—and no trouble with any. He was walking strong at fourteen months, and weighed thirty pounds at eighteen months. He is as straight as a plumb-bob and well developed.

"You may broadcast this wonderful news to the world! That is just the way we feel about the wonderful blessing that Eagle Brand bestowed upon our baby!"

(Signed) MRS. V. E. CLARK,
1220-12th Ave., Moore, Pa.

• • •

A WORD TO OTHER MOTHERS

If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Mail the coupon below for "Baby's Welfare"—a free booklet containing practical feeding directions and suggestions for supplementary foods.

THE BORDEN COMPANY I—McC—8-29
Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby". My baby is_____ months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address plainly

Tune in on the Lehn & Fink Serenade—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time; 6 P. M. Central Standard Time.

Not only cleans the teeth · · · *but cools, refreshes the mouth*

You expect a tooth paste to *clean* your teeth. Pebeco does more than that.

Its sharp, cool flavor invigorates your entire mouth, keeps it moist and fresh—wholesome-tasting—all day long.

Here's the reason. Pebeco contains a special ingredient which helps maintain a normal, healthy flow of alkaline mouth fluids.

For hours after you brush your teeth, these natural fluids keep on flowing.

Harmful acids, the chief cause of tooth decay, are neutralized—washed away. Enamel is constantly bathed and brightened—breath keeps sweet and clean.

Get a tube of Pebeco and use it twice a day. You'll be amazed at the quick results.

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EARLY TO RISE

[*Continued from page 71*]

back at Dorinda's call to find that she could hold him up to scorn, could laugh in his face and go off with his rival. She had wanted him merely to show her power; and when her will was crossed she had flouted him as she would always flout him!

Well, it served him right for being a—quitter. God help him, he'd go back to Edwards in the morning, on his knees!

The sun went down, suddenly, swallowed up, as it were, by the sea. The sky showed for a moment clear green with a silver star, then darkened. Dorinda and Duke seemed very far away, shadowy figures against the curtain of the night.

The old skippers, too, were looking out. "Durned fools," they murmured to each other.

Then that happened for which Barty knew he had been waiting. Breaking into the stillness came a scream and a shout; and one of the skippers cried out sharply, "The boat's over."

Silent amid the crash of voices, Barty was pulling off his sweater and getting rid of his shoes. He crossed the intervening sands at a bound and was in the icy water, his strong arms thrashing through it. Afraid? He had never been afraid of anything. He had only been wise and Dorinda had made him suffer for it.

As he neared the capsized boat, he could hear Duke calling hoarsely, "Dorinda, Dorinda," as he swam madly.

It was Barty who caught her as she came up. She was unconscious and there was a dreadful cut on her head. He and Duke held her until the two old skippers arrived in their dory. Duke collapsed as they pulled him over the side. "It was all right until she hit a rock," he explained breathlessly.

Barty, who carried Dorinda up the beach, told the anxious crowd: "Her heart's all right . . . get me a bandage, somebody."

BUT the wound was a bad one and needed more than a bandage. There was no doctor at the Beach Club and the nearest town was miles away. Barty, at his wits' end, remembered all at once the man he had seen in the barn—a country doctor, but their only chance.

He explained to the others: "I'll take her there—it's not far—some of you had better come along—"

He began to run with Dorinda in his arms. The moon had risen so the world seemed a hollow silver space.

And out of that world of spectral shadows and pallid unreality he came finally to the lighted farmhouse.

The door was flung open by the girl he had seen in the barn. Barty demanded, "Is the doctor in?"

"No . ." Then as she saw the burden in his arms: "Is somebody hurt?"

"Yes. A bad cut on the head. I'm a doctor. May I use your instruments?"

"Of course. I'll take you into Daddy's office."

She led the way at once. There was an operating table and Barty laid Dorinda on it. For a long half hour they worked over her, the girl helping, and giving finally instructions in a low voice to the old woman, Judy. "You'd better get a bed ready. We'll want to put her in it."

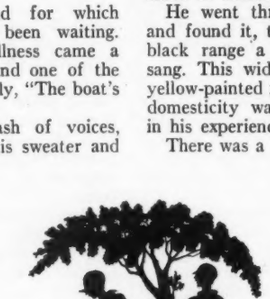
A little later, Dorinda, conscious and fairly comfortable on her pillows, fluttered her lashes at Barty as he stood above her. "What a fool I was, Ducky," she murmured, and held out her hand to him.

He left her with old Judy and went downstairs to find the doctor's daughter waiting. "There's a hot bath ready for you. I have laid out some of Daddy's things, and I'm going to make coffee."

WHEN at last he reappeared, wrapped in a shabby dressing gown, he found the room empty. A little table was set in front of the fire and from somewhere beyond came the good smell of coffee boiling.

He went through into the kitchen and found it, too, empty. On a great black range a coffee-pot rocked and sang. This wide warm room with its yellow-painted floor, its sense of serene domesticity was outside of anything in his experience.

There was a wild wind blowing; and Barty, having waited for a moment in the empty kitchen went to the window and looked out. Long trailing feathers of cloud sailed across the moon, but the world was still lighted, and in that light Barty saw his small hostess hanging things on a line stretched across the ridge of the hill between two bare black trees.



Catching sight of him at the lighted window, the girl came running down and he opened the door for her. She spoke at once, breathlessly: "'The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes.' But it was worth it!"

"Worth it?" he smiled at her as she went to the stove and held her hands above its heat.

"Such beau-u-tiful things! I've never seen anything like them."

When, presently, she sat opposite him at the little table, Barty weighed her in the balance of his worldly experience. He knew women, and the quality of this one was apparent. She was simple, sincere, well-bred.

He said to her, smiling, "I've seen you before."

"When?"

"I followed—Susan."

He told her the truth about it. "I felt like a cad, listening."

"You couldn't help it." Then, suddenly, her hands went up to her face.

He leaned across the table, "Oh, look here, I'm sorry. I've made you cry."

"No. It's just that I miss Daddy. They were married yesterday."

Haltingly then she spoke of the honeymoon. They were to be gone two weeks. When they came back she would go to Boston, to be a nurse.

"Don't."

"Why not?"

"It's a dog's life."

She stared at him. "What makes you say that?"

"Oh, I haven't any illusions. And you won't have when you get through with your training."

"What do you mean by—illusions?"

"Oh, that it's a grand and glorious profession. It's just hideous hard work.

[*Continued on page 73*]

EARLY TO RISE

[*Continued from page 72*]

This summer at the hospital was hades."

"For you?"

"Yes. I hated it."

She made no comment. She reached for his cup and poured more coffee. He felt that he had fallen in her estimation.

There was no time for further talk, for Judy came down to say that her patient was asking for the doctor. Barty went up to find Dorinda feverish and fretful. "I don't want that old woman to take care of me."

He soothed her. The doctor's daughter would look after her.

"Oh, well, she's not bad," Dorinda admitted. "And, Barty, I want my things. Look what they've put on me."

DORINDA'S ruling passion—clothes! Yet this night she might have died!

She was holding out her hand to him. "Do you hate me, Ducky?"

"Why should I?"

"You might— Barty, promise me you won't let it make any difference."

"What difference could it make?"

"Promise." The hand in his was hot.

He smiled down at her. "Of course." He bent and kissed her on the cheek. It was the best he could do.

He did not go to bed again. Dorinda was worse. When, the next morning, Bob Honeywell drove his wife over with Dorinda's bags, Barty told them: "I'm having a specialist down from Portland, and two nurses. I don't care to take all of the responsibility."

Duke Stanhope who had come with the Honeywells, said, "My God, if anything happens, I shall feel as if I had killed her."

"Nothing will happen," Barty's voice was cold. Duke was no longer a blue-eyed Viking. He was white-faced, apprehensive. Yesterday he had not been afraid of death. Today, he was afraid, for Dorinda.

When Barty had sent them away, his small hostess, coming in, unpacked Dorinda's bags in the sitting-room. "It will disturb her less if I do it here."

The furniture overflowed presently with Dorinda's elegancies—frail things in chiffon and crêpe, with ribbons flowing and laces falling with gold rosettes and fluffs of feathers—rose and jade, azure and amethyst! And Peggy in her white towel and straight white frock, an island of snow in a sea of color!

It was delightful, Barty thought, to watch her. She seemed entirely absorbed and unconscious of his presence until she turned and held up for him to see, a negligee in faint blue with silver streamers and edged with ostrich. "It's too beautiful to be true," she told him.

He smiled at her. "Put it on."

"Me?"

"Yes."

As she hesitated, he caught it up and wrapped her in it. "Stand still," he commanded, and unpinned the towel from about her head. Then he turned her so that she faced a mirror. "Do you know you are a raging beauty?"

She drew back a little. "It's just the clothes."

"It's more than that, but the clothes help. A woman like you should never wear a nurse's uniform."

"A woman like myself shouldn't wear such clothes as these."

"Why not?"

She turned and faced him. "Beauty isn't the big thing."

"What is the big thing?"

"If you don't know, why try to tell you?" With a sudden gesture she stripped off the azure robe and stood once more in her straight white frock. "Please pin up my head," she said, and handed Barty the towel.

He did it deftly, then asked with a touch of amusement, "Feel better?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure I can make you understand."

"Sit down here and try." He patted the seat beside him.

She chose a low stool instead, and sat looking into the fire. The flame had gone out of her cheeks and she hesitated a little to find the right words. "Well, you see, I've always thought Daddy was the most wonderful man in the world because he gave up things like this—" her hand swept out toward Dorinda's gorgeous trappings. "He gave up everything—to be what he is—and he not only gave them up for himself but for me. Of course the world calls him a country doctor, but he's a thousand times more than that, he's a great man. Yet you should see his overcoat—and the wedding suit he had to wear—" her voice broke, "but I wouldn't have him different—and his world is my world. You see? If I had been his son, I should have been a doctor, and I should have tried to be—worthy of him."

Barty's voice had a touch of bitterness. "I'm not like your father. I want the fleshpots."

Her blue eyes met his squarely. "I don't believe it."

"What makes you say that?"

"Oh, seeing you work over your patient—your hands are—marvelous."

He looked down at his hands—he knew they were marvelous—Edwards had told him that, and others.

He found himself confessing, "I've got a darned sensitive streak in me. I suffer when people have to be hurt. There was a little woman at the hospital who died of cancer—just before I came up here . . . That's why I hated it."

"There were men in the war who were afraid they would be cowards, but they weren't."

For a moment they were silent, then she said with a touch of shyness, "I hope you don't think I'm preaching."

He loved her shyness and her strength. "My dear," he said, unsteadily, and laid a big hand over both of hers, "you're a little Rock of Gibraltar, and worth a thousand soft-fibered flappers." He tried to laugh it off, and found that he could not. And Peggy did not laugh. "My dear," he said, again, and silence fell between them.

THE specialist arrived and departed, consulting with Barty daily by telephone. The nurses were installed and two Japs came over intermittently from the Beach Club to help old Judy. Dorinda could not be moved—the old farmhouse overflowed with flowers and baskets of fruit, and books that she could not read. Her room shone like a casket of jewels in shabby surroundings. Barty, coming and going, would find her in jade or rose or turquoise, a ribbon to match about her head, lace pillows behind her, a taffeta coverlet on the wide old bed.

And one day when he came, she held his hand and talked to him. And in the midest of it all, he heard her saying, "Barty, when we are married . . . ."

He did not hear the rest of it. When we are married . . . .! Was that what she had meant when she had made him promise?

[*Continued on page 74*]

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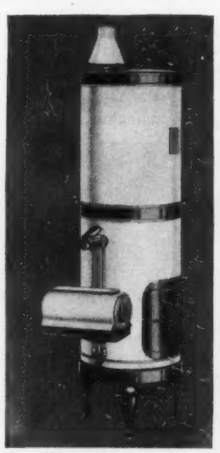

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EARLY TO RISE

[*Continued from page 73*]

He got away as soon as possible and went downstairs. It was a wild night, but he found his way to the beach. The moon sailed high through ragged clouds. The sea was torn and twisted.

When we are married . . . . Why he was never going to marry her! He had known from the moment she had gone with Duke on the night of the accident. When she had left him high and dry, the laughing stock of the others, it had seemed to him that all love had been drained from his heart.

He wondered if he had ever really loved her. The pursuit had been stimulating, the capture exciting—but Dorinda as a wife? He had rarely thought of her as that—in his home, waiting when he came in tired at night; at the other end of the table, smiling through a mist of candlelight; in his arms by the fireside when he needed her tenderness.

He could not remember the moment when he had first thought of Peggy Bradford as his wife. He only knew that he had begun quite unconsciously to build up a future about her. He had for her a sense of profound protectiveness which gave to passion a sacred significance. He wanted to achieve that she might be proud of him. He was willing to endure any hardness that she might approve.

HE WALKED for miles in the wind and at last it seemed to him that it no longer screamed; it played, rather a mighty accompaniment to the surging ecstacies of hs soul!

When he got back to the house it was very late. He found Peggy in front of the fire. She had been crying and held in her hand a wet rag of handkerchief.

He stood looking down at her. "What's the matter?"

"Daddy's coming tomorrow; I had a telegram."

"Tears for that?"

"I know it's silly. But I can't help it. Everything will be—different—"

"I know." He swept her suddenly into his arms. "Darling child, won't it be enough if I love you?"

She clung to him. "Is it just because you're—sorry for me?"

"Dear heart, do you think it is?"

It was a new heaven and a new earth! In the days that followed nothing else mattered. Not the beaming bride, nor her doting husband, nor Dorinda getting better and sitting up, and asking when she could go home.

At last she arrived, unexpectedly, in the sitting-room, after supper. "I thought I'd surprise you."

Barty and Peggy were alone. The new bride had driven off with her husband for a late call. Judy was in the kitchen. There was a bright fire on the hearth; and the Susan-cat and her kittens, having been brought in from the barn when the cold days began, slept in a basket. The scene was serene, domestic, and Dorinda in a lounging suit of black and orange was out of place.

Barty, drawing the couch closer to the fire said, "You shouldn't have ventured out of your room, Dorinda."

"I hated it upstairs," she said, with a touch of violence, "in this storm."

The wind was blowing great guns, the rain washed against the windows. "I hated it," Dorinda repeated. "Peggy, how do you stand living in a place like this?"

"I love the wind," Peggy was placing cushions at Dorinda's back. In the short time that they had been together, the two girls had become friends if that can be called friendship which consists of condescension on the one hand and calm acceptance of it on the other. Dorinda looked down on Peggy. But Peggy's soul was free. Her family tree more than matched Dorinda's, and she was not impressed by the fact of great possessions. It is doubtful if she knew that Barty's fortune matched Dorinda's, and if she did it made no difference.

Dorinda took, at once, the center of the stage, talking to Barty. Peggy sat on the fire-stool and listened. There was about her a soft radiance. Since the night Barty had told her he loved her, she had seemed to shine with happiness. It was like a halo about her head or a lamp in her hands.

Then all at once the lamp went out! What was Dorinda saying?

"When Barty and I are married, Peggy, you must come and let us give you a good time."

Peggy did not move. To all outward appearances she was the same Peggy who had sat there a moment before. Only Barty saw the flame in her flicker and die. Oh, what a fool he had been!

He wanted to shout now, "I'm not going to marry Dorinda." But the nurse who had come down with her patient sat reading in a corner, and anyhow [illegible] couldn't, as it were, jilt a woma[illegible] an assembled multitude, even [illegible]e deserved it.

Dorinda's laughter was light, "Barty a[illegible]re going to play around for th[illegible] rest of our lives."

"Oh, look here, Dorinda."

"You promised, Barty, to give up your practice—"

PEGGY had gone! She had murmured an excuse and had left Barty with the orange and black lady who was to share his life. The wind still howled, the nurse still sat in the corner.

If the nurse had not been there, Barty would have said at once what he had to say. As it was he ordered Dorinda to bed. "You've been up too long," he declared.

"But I can't sleep."

He told the nurse. "Give her a tablet."

He did not go up with her. He waited until she had climbed the stairs, then went to find Peggy.

The kitchen was empty, there was no light under Peggy's door. He hunted everywhere and at last looked out into the night.

The rain had stopped and the moon sailing furiously through the clouds lighted the world and in that light he saw Peggy running.

He ran after her, his swift steps making no sound in the soft sand.

[*Continued on page 75*]

EARLY TO RISE

[*Continued from page 74*]

Coming on her thus, unawares, his arms went round her.

She turned swiftly and he was stunned by the strength and fury with which she flung him off. "Oh," she cried, "don't touch me."

"Peggy, let me explain."

"There's nothing to explain."

He insisted, "At least give me a chance."

He told her the truth as he saw it. But he knew she did not see. She saw only that he had been engaged to two women at the same time. Her very lack of worldly knowledge made it seem worse than it was. Yet it was bad enough. What a rotter he had been not to make a clean breast of it in the beginning!

He ceased to protest. His head went up and the wind blew back his bright hair. Peggy was never to forget him standing there in the moonlight, waiting for her verdict.

She gave it: "I couldn't trust you again, ever."

"I'm sorry—" That was all. For a moment their eyes held, then she turned and left him. He did not try to follow her. If he married her, he would wreck her dreams. Women like that set impossible standards—no man could live up to them.

The next day he had it out with Dorinda. "You'd really rather marry Duke, 'Rinda. You never would have taken me on if it hadn't been for your hurt head."

"Are you trying to make it easy for me, Barty?"

"You know I'm not. I'm not the man for you and we might as well face the fact. I've got to dig and you'd hate it."

She leaned forward, and he heard the low note of laughter which had called him to her in the old days. "Why dig, darling, when we could play together?"

He shook his head. "Sorry, old girl. And when it comes to a pie Duke can put it all over me."

So she let him go and that afternoon he went back to Edwards. When he said goodbye, Peggy stood with her father and his new wife. She had the Susan-cat in her arms and did not give her hand to Barty. But as he rode away he was aware of the whiteness of her face above the cat's gray fur.

WINTER came and spring, and in May Dorinda and Duke were married. Barty was one of the groomsmen, and Marcia Honeywell, going up the aisle on his arm, whispered, mischievously, "Congratulations!"

Barty flashed a smile at her. He saw Dorinda married without the loss of a heartbeat. He was glad she was Duke's. Heavens, what an escape! Women like that were not made to be the wives of men who had battles to fight.

But the battle was a thrilling one. He began to see that as the days went on. There were things which stirred his soul—matters of life and of death in which his skill was the bridge which brought his patients to safety. He went to his operations secure in his sense of mastery. And Edwards, watching him, said one morning, "You've got a sort of heaven-born instinct. It is like genius in an artist. It can't be learned. I'd give my ears for it."

And that from old Edwards!

In all this time there had come no news of Peggy. The days he had spent with her seemed like a dream. There were times, however, when the wind blew—"Darling child, won't it be enough if I love you?" Yet she had required more of him than love, and he had failed her!

The summer passed and it was at the end of August that he came late one night to the hospital—so late that it was really on the edge of morning, to see an old woman on whom he had operated. It had been a grave operation, and he had feared the outcome. Yet there she was, conscious, and murmuring as he bent above her, "It's a miracle, doctor, to be like this."

When he left his patient, he stood for a moment by the window in the hall. The sky was swept by a ghostly light. The stars were blotted out. Some chord of memory was touched, and faintly there seemed to come to him the sound of young voices, singing: "Early to bed, early to rise; who would be healthy, who would be wise—" Were they dancing somewhere this morning, that gay, inconsequential crowd?

AS HE turned from the window, he saw coming down the dim hall toward him a student nurse. She was a little thing and she wore against the chill of the morning a blue cape with a red lining. A white cap was set like a coronet above her thick fair hair. She carried a small tray on which lay a glass and spoon. Halfway up the hall she opened the door of a room and went in. Barty walked to the door and waited. When the little nurse came out, he spoke to her: "Darling child!"

She stood looking up at him, the color drained from her cheeks. "Am I still—your darling child?"

"Don't you know it?"

"I thought you had—forgotten—"

"Did you want me to forget?"

"Oh, no—" it was just a whisper.

"Yet you sent me away?"

"I didn't understand. Since I have been here I have heard what everyone is saying."

"What do they say?"

"That you are—wonderful!"

He wanted to take her in his arms, but dared not. "Peggy, give me an hour this afternoon. We'll drive down to the sea."

In the distance a bell whirred. She said, hurriedly, "I must go to my patient."

His words held her for a moment. "You'll come?"

"Yes." A flame in her cheeks, her eyes shining.

He watched her as she went down the hall and entered a room at the end. Then he turned and faced the window. Light was flooding the world. A new day was born! Again there came to him, faintly, the echo of young voices: "We'll dance until morning . . . and see the sun rise . . . !" But he had seen the sun rise with Peggy!

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Poor man—?
Beggar man—?
Thief—?

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GREEN TIMBER

beginning in the September McCall's?

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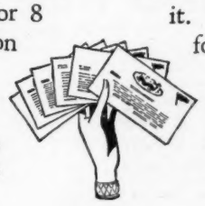

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THE GUARDED HALO

[*Continued from page 25*]

least violently prejudiced in the way he discussed it. Besides, I've seen the letter Kenwyn wrote."

"One sin doesn't make a scoundrel any more than one swallow makes a summer. Don't you think you're looking on the very blackest side of things? I don't really see why Shirley shouldn't marry Neil and live happily after all."

"She doesn't want to marry him."

"Perhaps not, just now. She's had a shock. But when she gets over the shock, Neil will still be Neil, you know—the man she's in love with," said Kit.

SHIRLEY was careful not to reopen the matter with Lady Beth. Indeed, the old custom of silence concerning the very name of Neil had resumed its sway at the Friary. But at length the strain of inward brooding was telling upon Shirley. And Simon, who had a curious faculty for discerning when people were nearing the end of their tether, broke quietly through the silence in which she had enwrapped herself.

It was on a day in late September, when she had been to tea at East Wyck and he was seeing her home afterward across the fields. He had carefully steered a course which would not take them by way of Old Wyck Farm, but in the distance the house itself, closed and shuttered, was plainly visible. He watched Shirley glance toward it and then look away again quickly.

"Isn't it getting any easier, child?" he asked, without any preamble.

She met his question with a simple frankness.

"No," she said. "I don't think it ever will."

"You feel quite sure Neil didn't—play the game?"

She stared at him.

"Why, of course, there can be no doubt. He owned to everything in that letter."

"That's true. Well, even if he didn't—"

"Even if he didn't? Tell me, Simon, would you have sent him away—you, yourself, I mean, in the same circumstances?"

"I didn't send him away. I asked him to stay."

"You asked him to stay, knowing what he'd done?"

Simon stopped and looked down compassionately at the thin, weary young face upturned to his.

"Oh, my dear," he said quietly. "Life is so terribly short that when a sin has been committed and bitterly repented, do you think it's worth while throwing away all the present—friendship, and love—onto the ash-heap of the past?"

Shirley made no answer. Together they walked on in silence, and presently, when he spoke again, it was upon some totally different subject. He left her at the gate of Corner Cottage and returned to find yet another tangle of human making awaiting him.

"Bob Wilson's been here," Kit informed him abruptly. "He only looked in for a few minutes on his way home from somewhere." Then, after a pause, she added rather helplessly: "I do think men are fools."

"Probably," agreed her brother. "But what particular form of foolishness is Bob exhibiting just now?"

She flushed, hesitated a second, then plunged. "Well, if you want it flat out—Bob is never going to ask me to marry him, simply because he's not well-off—and I am."

"And if he got over that fence—I grant it's a stiff one—would you marry him?"

"I suppose I would. I seem to be very fond of him," she replied, with a quaint note of bewilderment in her voice. "I can't imagine why. I've had my matrimonial lesson once, haven't I?"

"Don't look back. Look forward," he counseled.

"You know what I once hoped for you, Simon," she said wistfully. "Do you still care for Shirley?"

He smiled.

"Shirley and I are perfectly good friends," he answered non-committally.

"Really only friends now?" she persisted.

"Really friends."

It was quite convincingly done and Kit, believing her brother, heaved a small sigh of relief.

The other side of the story of famous aviators and their flights is told by their wives in a thrilling tale—

PIONEER WIVES

In the September McCall's.

It had taken place so suddenly that it was difficult to realize. Such a trifling accident—one which might occur a dozen times and have no ill result—a false step and the missing of a single stair. Then a helpless pitching forward . . . and death.

Shirley still sometimes felt as if it were all impossible, could never have taken place. Yet that was how Sir John had died. It had happened on a sunshiny day toward the end of October—the kind of bright, brisk autumnal morning when no thought of impending tragedy would enter anyone's mind; and now it was nearly two months since he had been laid to rest in the little churchyard at the top of the village street. It had been Lady Beth's own wish that he should be buried there.

Shortly after the death of Sir John, it had been arranged that Shirley should leave the Cottage and make her home at the Friary with Lady Beth. It didn't appear to her to matter very much, now, where she lived, except for the fact that Bob might be lonely without her. And then, while she was still hesitating, undecided as to where her real duty lay, Kit Harford and Bob suddenly announced that they were engaged to be married. For Bob had trampled his pride underfoot in consenting to marry a woman who was so much wealthier than he could ever hope to be, and Kit, the one time mocking cynic, had found her faith renewed by her love.

NICOLETTE and Miguel came down from London for the wedding, prepared to stay for a day or two with Lady Beth. When they arrived together it appeared to be the occasion of one of their rare intervals of mutual peace.

Shirley was very quiet as she came out of church when the wedding was over, so quiet that Miguel rallied her about it. With an effort she forced her own heartbreak into the background of her mind. This was Kit's day, and it must not be spoiled by the shadow of someone else's trouble. So she joined in the little flurry of fun and laughter which attends even the quietest of weddings and when finally

[*Continued on page 77*]

THE GUARDED HALO

[*Continued from page 76*]

Kit and Bob had driven away to the station, blissfully ignorant of the old shoe which Miguel had tied to the back of the car, she insisted that Lady Beth, who was looking very white and tired, should go upstairs and rest.

Accordingly she escorted her to her room, tucked her up comfortably on a sofa, and descended to the hall again with the intention of rejoining the rest of the party. Apparently some discussion was in progress. As she approached, the quick give and take of voices came to her from the room where they had all been lunching. And then, following a brief silence, she heard Nicolette speaking, a curious new note of gravity in her usually careless tones.

"I wonder whether we make life or are we all letting it make us? Drifting about like straws on a stream? Is that what's the matter with us nowadays?"

Shirley paused outside the room, listening with unconscious eagerness for the answer. It came in Simon's voice.

"Chiefly, I think, we want to have our cake and eat it. We're not ready to give up anything for anybody. And most of us want something, if not everything, for nothing."

The words swept through Shirley's mind. And all at once she knew that she was ready to give up anything, everything, if only she might be with Neil. Nothing that he had done, nothing that other people thought, nothing in the whole world mattered except their love for each other. Only she had found it out too late.

"Well, so everything's over, Shirley. I think I feel rather as though there'd been a shipwreck and you and I were the sole survivors cast up on a desert island." Simon spoke with a whimsical sadness as she entered the room.

"One always feels rather flat after a wedding," she answered. "And of course you're bound to miss Kit terribly. You and I are both left alone, aren't we?"

A curious expression crossed his face, then vanished, and Shirley, gazing absently into the heart of the fire, missed that self-revealing flash.

"IT'S funny," she said later, when they had been left together, "how we never recognize our chances when they come—our chances of happiness, I mean. It's only afterward when we look back and see how we've missed them through cowardice, or selfishness."

Drake's eyes held hers with odd intentness.

"Is that what you're feeling?" he asked.

"Yes," she said simply. "I think if Neil and I could only see each other again our whole lives might be different. But of course it's too late. He's probably somewhere in the wilds of Australia or Africa—back in his wilderness."

A silence followed. To judge by his expression Simon seemed to be weighing some question that occasioned inward conflict. At last he spoke. "Neil is still in England," he said.

Shirley caught her breath.

"In England? Where in England?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Not very far away. He's in North Cornwall, on a remote little farm called Moor's End which he has taken. He lives there under the name of John Lee, as much cut off from the world, as alone, as he could be in Africa or anywhere else."

She hesitated a moment. Then, looking him squarely in the face, she said: "I want you to take me to that farm in Cornwall. It is the only thing in the world that ever could make me happy," she added.

"Then I'll take you," he answered.

On Lady Beth's account, since she could not be left entirely alone, the putting of the project into execution had to be deferred until Bob and his wife were back from their honeymoon and established at Corner Cottage. And then, in order to cover the real object of the expedition into Cornwall, Simon had talked vaguely about inspecting some land he was considering buying there and had asked if Shirley cared to accompany him. And when Drake assured her that by making an early start, taking a train part of the way and motoring the remainder, he could bring Shirley back to the Friary the self-same evening, she had been quite delighted at the arrangement.

AND now Simon and Shirley were approaching the end of their journey. Moor's End was a matter of at least twenty miles from the little wayside station at which they had descended and the car that had met them there was speeding along what appeared to be an interminable dusty white road. And then, without warning, the chauffeur suddenly swung the car round a corner which had been hidden from sight by the trees and pointed to a house which came abruptly into view.

"That's Moor's End, sir," he said laconically.

Shirley felt as though she were in a dream. She watched Simon raise the iron knocker on the door, but the sound of its rapping was drowned for her by the violent thudding of her heart. Then the door opened, almost grudgingly, and Kenwyn's figure appeared on the threshold. For an instant a look of utter incredulity sprang into his eyes. Then his glance leapt past Drake and rested upon Shirley. Simon gave the slight figure at his side a gentle push, helping her, as it were, through the doorway.

"I've brought her back to you," was all he said. Turning away, he pulled the door to behind him and walked quickly down the road in the direction of the car.

As the door shut upon them, Shirley felt herself swept up into Neil's arms, strained close against him, while their lips met and clung in a kiss that held all the love and longing of the empty months that were gone.

At length he put her from him.

"Why have you come?" he asked unsteadily. "You must go back where you came from."

She resisted. "No," she said firmly. "I won't go. I've come back to you, Neil. Can't you understand? I've come back, if you'll have me."

"Dear, I'm down on my knees to you because you're willing—it's incredible, your sweetness and pluck. But you've got to be saved, even from yourself. And that's my job."

"Oh, Neil—must it be like this? Must it?"

His silence answered her and she turned stumblingly toward the door. Before she reached it she felt his arms go round her and for one brief moment he held her while she clung to him in a desperate agony of realization that this was the end.

Then they were outside in the cold bleak air that swept across the plain. The car still waiting where she had left it. Vaguely she saw Drake get out of it and come toward them and in a

[*Continued on page 78*]

Despite teeth of flashing whiteness NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

As the penalty for neglect, 4 out of 5 are Pyorrhea's victims

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are sound and white. But too often appearances are deceiving. Remember, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And there is a dread disease that ignores teeth and attacks the gums. It is Pyorrhea. It is insidious. It is ruthless. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay its price. Their health is ravaged. Beauty and youth are sacrificed.

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FOR THE GUMS

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WITHOUT *leaving a dirty ring*

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THE GUARDED HALO

[*Continued from page 77*]

moment they were all three standing together in the roadway. Neil spoke to him rapidly, in low urgent tones.

"Take care of her, Simon," he said brokenly.

And Simon, who would so willingly have taken care of her to the end of life, knew that there was nothing he could do except compel the lover in him to stand aside that Shirley might always find the comrade which from him was all she needed.

NICOLETTE walked slowly down Harley Street. The April sunlight brightened the solemn street where in orderly offices daily verdicts of life or death were given, wrapped in the tactful phraseology of medical specialists. And Nicolette had received her own sentence this morning. She recalled the first time that queer breathlessness had overtaken her, when from a terrifying feeling of suffocation she had passed into a dead faint. It had happened on the night she had gone to Old Wyck Farm and asked Neil to take her away with him.

She had seen him once since then—a chance encounter in Bond Street early in February, and had been stricken to the heart by his appearance—gaunt and haggard and seeming years older. She had persuaded him to come and have tea with her and as they had talked together she realized that just as he was the only man in the world to her, so Shirley would always be the only woman for him. It hurt abominably, but by some feminine artifice she contrived to conceal this fact from him.

"I knew you'd get over it, Niki," he had said, smiling. "It was only just a flash in the pan out of those bad old days when you and I and Ronny had such lots of fun together."

"Yes, I've got over it," she had lied valiantly. "And they weren't such bad old days altogether, Neil. They were rather good, some of them."

"Yes, until everything crashed."

She was thinking of this meeting as she made her solitary way back from Harley Street to her flat. She wondered if she summoned Neil now, when she was so down on her luck, so crushed by the doctor's verdict would there by any chance that he might be willing to try and make what remained of her life a little easier?

As soon as she entered the flat, without even waiting to remove her hat and coat, she flew to the old mahogany bureau at which she always wrote her letters. It was a beautiful piece of antique furniture which had originally belonged to Ronny, and now she pulled down the flap and dragged out some note paper from one of the innumerable pigeon-holes.

She wrote swiftly, her pen flying over the paper, telling Neil of the doctor's verdict and how miserable she felt and begging him to come up and see her. Then, with an envelope in readiness, she reached out mechanically toward a drawer into which, for safety, she had slipped Kenwyn's written address the day she had had tea with him. She pulled and tugged but without result. Finally, with a jerk, it yielded a bare half inch. Something inside was acting as a wedge, and she pulled the handle in vain. Picking up a paper-knife she inserted the thin, pliant blade into the half-inch aperture and prodded about with it. Then so suddenly that she fell back, startled, there shot toward her not only the drawer, but also another shallower drawer which appeared just above it. She remembered then that Ronny had once said there was a secret compartment in the bureau, but had teasingly refrained from ever telling her where it was.

There appeared to be very little in it, only a letter written in a bold handwriting and beginning, "Dear old Ronny." Nicolette drew it out and as she unfolded the doubled sheet of note paper, the fragments of a torn check slipped from between its pages and fluttered on to the desk. She picked up the pieces and fitted them together, and found it to be a check made payable to "Self" and bearing the signature of John Somerville.

She turned to the letter which began, "Dear old Ronny." It was a brief note inviting him to dine and play bridge somewhere, and left plenty of room for what actually covered the pages which the sender had left blank—the written repetition of a single name, sometimes in its entirety, sometimes only in part—the name of John Somerville. The imitations of the old

man's writing varied. Some were amazingly good.

Nicolette laid the sheet of note-paper covered with those tell-tale scribblings, in front of her and stared at it. In a sudden revealing flash the whole meaning of her discovery became clear. It was Ronny who must have forged his father's name! Ronny, not Neil, although somehow the latter had contrived to shoulder the blame.

NICOLETTE went down into the depths then, into that spiritual world where men and women fight with their own secret temptations. Whether it was an hour or a whole life time later before she made her decisions, Nicolette could hardly have told. She passed her hand wearily across her forehead and drew it away wet. She felt curiously exhausted. Then quietly and collectedly, she drew a couple of blank telegraph forms toward her and began writing rapidly.

"I think those should bring them both," she said half-aloud.

Nicolette received, in answer to her two messages, the affirmative replies she had anticipated. Neil and Shirley were both people who could be depended upon, and the latter duly arrived the following day.

"I felt I couldn't stick being alone just now," Nicolette explained, when she had confided the doctor's verdict to her. "Did you mind coming up all in a hurry?"

"Of course not," Shirley assured her. "I'm very glad you sent for me. It must have been an awful blow to you to be told that you must give up dancing." She felt her sympathy run out warmly toward this beautiful girl.

The following morning Shirley was glad to see that Nicolette appeared to have recovered in a great measure from the depression of the previous day.

Suddenly she spoke of Neil. "I suppose you must have loved him—in your own way," she said. "But you loved yourself more. You wanted your man all surrounded with a nice, tidy halo of respectability—a kind of sinless hero. I don't. I just want him"—her voice thrilled warmly—"good or bad, I want him."

Presently the front door bell trilled through the flat and if Shirley had been looking at her at the moment she would have seen the dancer's supple figure suddenly grow rigid for an instant. Almost immediately afterward the door was quietly opened and Martha's voice announced: "A gentleman to see you, miss."

Nicolette jumped up from her chair. "You won't mind my leaving you for a few minutes?" she asked. "You can amuse yourself with the papers."

And upon Shirley's nodding assent, she left the room. Slowly she crossed the hall and, reaching the sitting-room, paused. Then with a quick, decisive gesture she turned the handle of the door and went in.

KENWYN, who was standing at the window, swung around as she entered.

"Well, here I am, you see," he said, as they shook hands. "I came up by the night train."

"I knew you would come," she answered.

"And now what's the trouble?"

"It isn't exactly a trouble, I think," she said with an odd expression in her eyes. "It's the setting right of an old mistake. Only I couldn't do it without your help, Neil."

"You know you can count on that."

"I have counted on it." She moved across to the bureau and opening it, drew from the secret compartment the torn check and the letter on which the trial signatures had been written.

"Will you look at these?" she said, handing them to him.

He took them from her mechanically and when he examined them, a profound silence come over the room. It seemed to Nicolette as though he would never speak, never break that quivering, waiting stillness. At last: "Where did you find these?" he asked.

"In the secret drawer of this bureau—Ronny's bureau. They clear you completely, Neil; they prove you innocent."

He laid the papers down on the table by which they were standing.

"Yes. They clear me." He paused a moment. "I'm glad in a way. It's good to know that a proof exists. Though it doesn't make any real difference."

"No difference?" Nicolette stared at him. "Why, it makes all the difference in the world."

Kenwyn looked across at her. "You don't suppose I'm going to use these, do you?" he said.

"They're mine. If you don't use them, I shall," she asserted.

"And undo all I've done? Smash up the whole purpose for which I've stuck it out all these years?"

She regarded him curiously.

"Ever since I found this letter and check I've wondered how and why you managed to take the blame. Will you tell me, Neil?"

He thought a moment.

"Yes," he said at length. "You know so much, you may as well know the rest. Do you remember when you had

[*Continued on page 79*]

THE GUARDED HALO

[*Continued from page 78*]

to ask Ronny for some money for a special purpose?"

She flushed. "Yes. I remember. I've realized that actually it was I who caused the whole trouble."

"You couldn't know," he rejoined quickly. "You couldn't have guessed that it would lead to what it did. I swore to Ronny I'd set things right for him with his father and I wrote that letter—the letter you all know of now. It was done on impulse, to shield Ronny until I could see his father."

"Then how was it things went wrong? Wouldn't Sir John believe you when you explained that it was Ronny and not you, who had forged his name?"

"He never had any explanation. Ronny was killed the same night, the evening before my letter reached his father. After that my lips were sealed as to what had really happened."

"I don't see why."

"Don't you? Remember, I'd written to Sir John, foolishly, perhaps, but still I'd done so on the impulse of the moment—written to him that I was responsible for the check. I couldn't, the very next day, put the blame on a dead man and that man his son."

Nicolette drew a sharp breath. She recognized now how completely Neil had been caught in the web of fate.

"And afterward? Later on?" she asked tonelessly. "Couldn't you have done anything when—when the shock of Ronny's death was over?"

"No," he answered quietly. "You know how Lady Beth idolized him. I think it would pretty well have killed her if she had known the truth. The only way I could repay them for their infinite goodness to me ever since I was a boy was to leave them an unstained memory of their son."

"But have you thought of Shirley, how she will want you cleared?"

"Shirley is young and able to wait until I can be openly cleared. Lady Beth is old, and the old have so little that we can't take away from them the little which they have. Promise, Nicolette." His voice compelled her.

"Very well," she agreed reluctantly. "I promise, if you will keep nothing secret from Shirley."

Thrusting the letter and torn check into his hand, she led the way to the sun-room and opening the door, almost pushed him in.

"It is someone to see you, Shirley," she said. And Nicolette went away, leaving them alone together.

NO, YOU'RE giving me credit which I don't deserve," Neil said with quiet sincerity. He had told the whole story, made everything clear to a wide-eyed girl who suddenly saw the shadows lifting from both their lives. "I never intended in the first instance, to take the actual blame of having forged that check. That was forced on me afterward."

But Shirley hardly listened to these last few words. She only knew that Neil was cleared. "Neil! Neil!" she cried. "How could I ever have been fool enough to imagine you guilty? Oh, my dear, will you ever be able to forgive me?"

She was in his arms, now, and she heard him laugh softly.

"Forgive you for being willing to marry me when you thought what you did think of me, what you couldn't help thinking? Darling, I find it very easy to forgive a woman for loving so splendidly as that."

"How soon do you think we can be married—now?" she asked.

The light died suddenly in his face.

"Sweetheart, have you realized that even now I'm not cleared in the eyes of the world? No one but you and Nicolette must ever know the truth."

"No one but Nicolette and me?" she stammered. "Why not?"

"Because, don't you see, if they did, all that I've fought for would be undone. I've lived as I have solely to keep for Lady Beth the one thing in life she values—her memory of Ronny. And as long as she is alive my lips are sealed exactly as they have been ever since his death." The halo which Lady Beth's loving hands had placed about her son's head, the halo which Kenwyn had guarded so valiantly, must be protected to the end.

"Neil," Shirley lifted her face to his and in her eyes there was no fear or flinching, only a great and understanding love, "when will you marry me? Then we shall be able to keep her dreams—and our own."

[THE END]

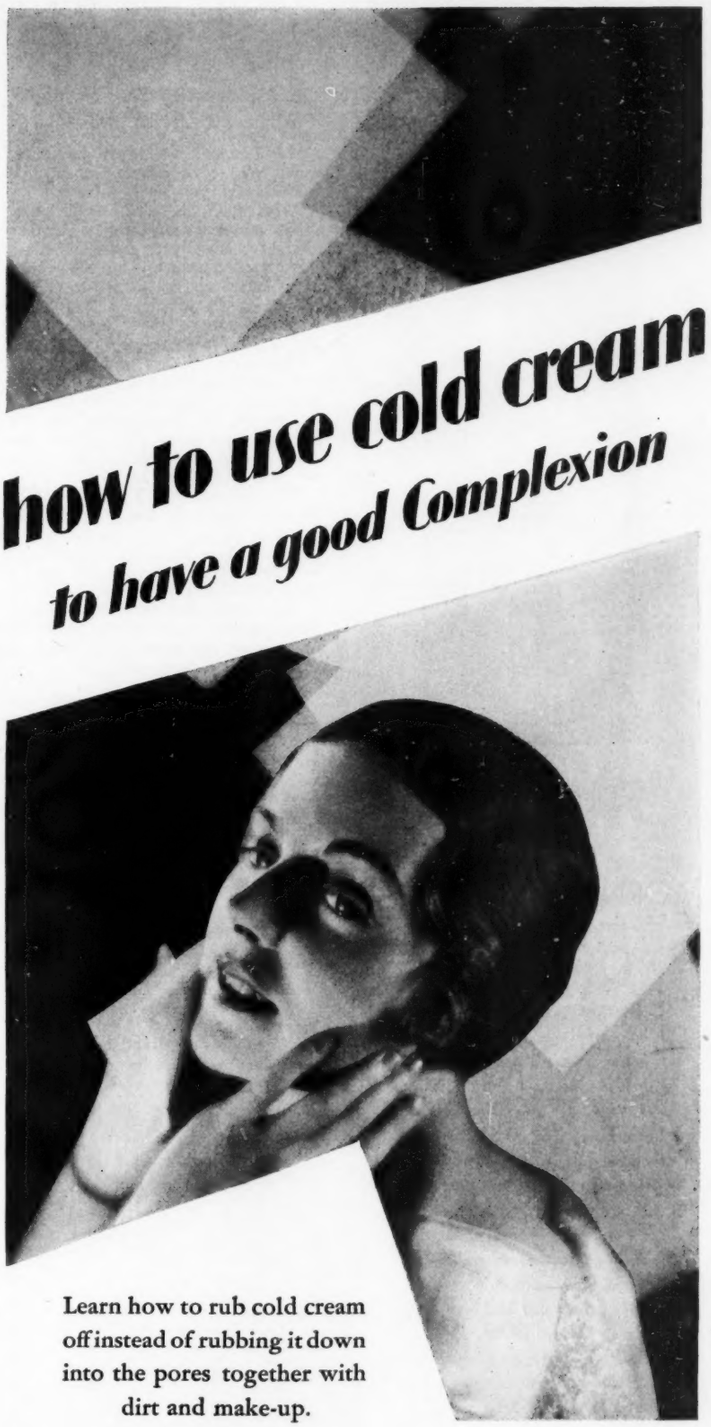
SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 7*]

sorts of self-deceiving. What, however, one finds is just the eager-minded young men and women of today often make the mistake of supposing freedom of thought to be a matter of negations, whereas it ought to mean something very different. It ought to indicate not what a man thinks, but how he thinks. My challenge, then, is that they shall extend to all fields of knowledge the same love and practice of freedom of thought that many of them thus far have exercised only in the sphere of theology. I challenge them to be as skeptical of the alleged authority of science, as they are with what is taught them in the name of the Church. Religion is not the only field in which men fall into superstition. At present there is as much uncritical credulity among people called 'advanced' as there is among the most belated, and for some of us the new superstition is as unfounded as the old."

In short, Dr. Bridges knows that many of the doctrines now claiming the authority of science are merely baseless dogmas, for which science gives no warrant. A man has a right to be a materialist, and to expound and defend his philosophy, but he has no right to teach it in the name of science, much less by its authority. It is taking the name of science in vain. Nor must we allow ourselves to be hectored into accepting old and worn-out philosophies by the mere audacious pretense that they are the findings of science. For science itself is not materialistic.

To be specific, Dr. Bridges holds that the dogma now in vogue that nature, by some freak or fluke, has in man created or developed a being finer than herself, with needs for which she has no satisfaction, and ideals to which there is no corresponding reality, is sheer superstition; as much so as alchemy or old magic. Nor must we fail to detect it as such because it is taught with a smart and jaunty cynicism, describing man as a mere robot, a kind of animated machine, as the behavioristic psychology would have us think. It is a flank attack by which the old materialism is trying to come back by clinging to the coat-tails of science; but it cannot be.



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(F-13)

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[*Continued from page 12*]

"Oh, it's something that's happened," he said. "You've lost someone you love. Not—not—"

She nodded, her eyes brimming anew. "Yes, my mother. How did you guess? Have you lost yours?"

"Ages ago," he said. "Never mind about mine! I can't remember her even. Tell me about yours!"

She made a desperate effort to choke back the tears. "I've no one to talk to about her," she whispered. "They won't let me. Not that I want to—to them. But oh, I miss her so—I miss her so!"

"Don't cry!" Rory said again.

It was all he could say, for no other words of comfort occurred to him; but he put his arms around her and held her very close. And after a few more moments of weeping she lifted her face and kissed his neck.

"I'm all right now. I like sitting like this. Do you think I'm a baby?"

NO, I like you," he said. "Look here! What do they call you? I don't even know your name yet."

"Oh, don't you?" she said. "I know yours. You're Rory—Rory Daredevil, aren't you? My name," she added, "is Charlotte Maynard Audley."

"Great Scott!" cried Rory.

She started a little. "Why do you say that?"

"You're the old Colonel's daughter, are you?" he exclaimed. "And—and—your mother! Oh, yes, I remember."

"What do you remember?" she said.

He hesitated. "Well, I don't know much," he said. "I saw her a year ago, riding to hounds, just before—"

"Just before she was killed," she whispered brokenly. "She rode splendidly, didn't she? That day—the day she went over the cliff, they say she was magnificent."

"Yes," Rory said. "Yes." His recollection was more vivid than he would own. He tried to turn the subject. "Do you ever hunt?"

She suppressed a shudder. "Not now, no! They say I'm a coward not to want to. But it's a sort of horror. My father got angry one day and put me up on his biggest hunter. I didn't like it."

"What a brute your father must be!" observed Rory.

"Yes, he is rather," she admitted. "He didn't like Mother at all, nor did Griselda or Sylvia. And they don't like me because I'm like her."

"Fancy anyone not liking you!" said Rory. "What do they call you—Charlotte?"

She nodded sadly. "Yes, they do. But it isn't what Mother and all nice people call me."

"What is that?" asked Rory.

"They call me Charmaine," she said. "It was Mother who did it first. It's a mixture of the two names. Charlotte was my father's choice and Maynard was her name before she married."

"I shall call you Charmaine," said Rory with decision. "Why don't they use it—Griselda and the other one?"

"Because it was her name for me, I think," said Charmaine. "And they couldn't bear her. They turned my father against her too. He never speaks of her now. But everyone else loved her. I heard Mrs. Dicker say once that she was 'a deal too popular with some folks,' and she didn't say it to please me. In fact, she was rather upset when she knew I'd heard."

"Who is Mrs. Dicker?" asked Rory.

"She is our housekeeper at Malahide. Father keeps her because she doesn't cost much. She is very kind to me."

"I see," said Rory. He was frowning a little as his quick brain leaped from point to point of the situation. "Your father lives at Malahide because he's poor, and your sisters, too—"

"My half-sisters," she corrected gently. "They are much older than I. Griselda is thirty-four, older than my mother even."

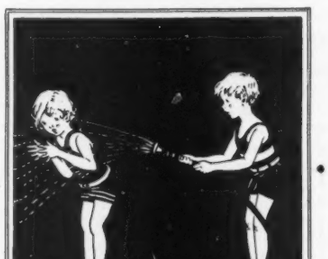
"Oh!" said Rory. "Like that, was it? You poor kid! But they needn't take it out on you. She's a beastly jealous old hag."

"Oh, but she isn't as old as that!" protested Charmaine. "She's hardly middle-aged. But she's dreadfully strong, like a man. She couldn't possibly be jealous of me. Why should she be?"

"Why?" said Rory. "Because you're lovely and soft and young. It's a horrible shame and I'll tell her so, if I get the chance!"

"Oh, you mustn't!" said Charmaine. "You really mustn't!" She got up with the words and stood before him with clasped hands.

"I'll never do anything you don't like," he promised, and with the words suddenly, self-consciously, he pushed



forward and kissed her on the cheek. "There, that settles it," he said. "Now we're chums. And I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll meet tomorrow down on the shore by Malahide Breakwater. It'll be high tide at eleven. It's ripping there at high tide."

Charmaine's eyes shone with soft light. "Oh, I shall love that," she said.

"You be there then!" he commanded imperiously. "And look here! You're not to cry any more tonight. I shall know if you do."

WELL, young Rory! And how may you be feeling on the morning after the night before?"

"I'm all right," said Rory, pausing at the sideboard to peer under several covers before making a selection. "What a mob there was last night, Pat! I think Aunt Eileen ought to raise the age limit, or else engage an army of nursemaids to look after 'em."

"Why should she," said Pat, with a laugh, "when she's got you? I saw you were dancing all the last part of the time with the prettiest little colleen in the room."

"She's English," he said. "Old Audley's youngest daughter from Malahide. You know them, I suppose?"

"Yes, I know em'," said Pat. "She's a lovely child, that—the very image of her mother, unluckily for her."

"Why do you say that?" said Rory.

Pat took up his paper. "I don't know. She was a bit on the rapid side, the mother. She galloped over the cliff, you know, a year ago, up Ballybeg way. There were a good many who thought it wasn't quite such an accident as it looked, for she was a superb rider and knew every inch of the ground."

"Great Scott!" said Rory.

"Shouldn't mention that to the child if I were you," recommended Pat. "Not that you're very likely to see her again. She's kept like a dog on a chain."

"It's a rotten shame!" declared Rory with heat. "What's she done to be treated like that?"

"She? Nothing, except get born when nobody wanted her," said Pat, "and have the effrontery to be pretty into the bargain. Old Audley's as poor as a church mouse, and to be saddled with a woman like Griselda for a daughter must be a bit of a handicap. There's some chance for the second one—Sylvia. She's quite passable and may marry yet, if she's quick about it. But Griselda—ye gods!"

YOU'RE very late," said Rory.

"I nearly didn't come," said Charmaine.

She stood before him on the windy shore, her golden hair streaming out from under a very shabby, black velvet huntsman's-cap. Her eyes looked up at him from under the peak with a wistful questioning.

"Why?" demanded Rory briefly.

She explained in her direct, childish way. "I felt you would have forgotten for one thing and it was very difficult to get away for another." She caught back a sigh. "Griselda thinks I'm staying in bed. I hope she won't find out."

"Well, you're here anyway," he said cheerily. "That's something. I hope Mrs. Dicker won't give you away."

"Oh no, she won't," Charmaine began to brighten. "So long as I'm back in bed by tea-time, it's quite safe."

Charmaine uttered a faint chuckle. "I'm very glad I came," she said. "Isn't it lovely? And what a wind!"

She turned toward the great breakers that were tumbling in with a deep roaring around the rocks and remained motionless, spell-bound. Rory stood beside her, watching her. The small, sweetly modeled face held an attraction for him which he did not attempt to analyse. Even in those undeveloped days Charmaine was a creature of strange and arresting allurement.

"When's your birthday?" he asked abruptly.

Her smile deepened. "The fifth of November, so I really ought to have been a boy, oughtn't I? When's yours?"

"Twenty-first of October—Trafalgar Day," said Rory. "I'm going into the Navy, you know."

"How lovely!" she said, with glistening eyes. "I wish I was."

"You'd hate it," said Rory. "Fancy you roughing it! How you would hate it!"

"Oh no, I shouldn't," declared Charmaine. "You think I'm very soft, but really I don't cry easily. That's one of the things that makes Griselda so angry when she punishes me. She says I'm hardened."

"What a rotten life you must lead!" said Rory.

"Yes," she said, with a sigh. "But I'm used to it—almost. I suppose you've always been happy."

"Oh, more or less. I've had my ups and downs like everyone else. It doesn't do to take things too much to heart, you know," said Rory, his eyes on an immense wave riding in from the open sea.

Her look followed his. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said in an awed voice. "And to think that if one slipped into that, it would carry one right away!"

Rory gave her a quick glance. "It would carry you away all right," he

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THE ALTAR OF HONOR

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said. "But it would pound you to a pulp first." And then swiftly, in a different tone, "Good heavens! It's got us!"

There came to her a frightful sensation as of being sucked downward into annihilation. And then, just as she was slipping over the verge, something stopped her. She hung as it were in space, poised on the very edge of eternity, until the power that held her back managed to assert itself. She found herself finally, desperately gasping for breath but safe, crouched in a tiny cleft of the rock with Rory almost lying upon her, his outstretched arms spread protectingly over her trembling body. The great wave dropped back, spent, defeated; and they were left in their crevice unharmed.

She raised herself, drenched from head to foot, her wet hair massed upon her shoulders. "How—how did you do it?" she asked wonderingly.

He answered with a certain grimness, "I just hung on. I say, let's get out of this! It's safer higher up."

They climbed together to a higher vantage point, Rory laughing in a kind of triumphant defiance, Charmaine still trembling, though she fought with all her might to conceal it.

"I say, you're wet!" he said. "Does it matter?"

She looked at him with eyes that shone like dark sapphires out of her pale face. "You are wet too," she said.

"Oh, rats!" said Rory. "Some day," he added, "we'll go for a voyage together—that is, if you won't be afraid."

"Afraid!" she echoed, her hands clasped in eager anticipation. "With you!"

It was more than an hour before the tide had receded far enough to permit them to descend to the shore; but the sky had begun to clear, and a fitful sun shone upon them, turning the gray of the sea into green and purple and the rocks into shining castles of mystery. Charmaine turned swifty and scanned the sky with almost a stricken look.

"What time is it?" she asked. "What ever can the time be?"

"Well, it must be close on four," he said. "Why, it doesn't matter, does it?"

"Oh yes, it does matter! It does matter!" she said. "I shall be caught unless I'm very quick. Goodbye! I can't stay any longer. I daren't. I promised I'd be back. Goodbye!"

SHE was gone with the words, flying from him over the sand and rocks, now running, now leaping, light and fleet as a chamois, toward the cliff that frowned, fortress-like, over the Malahide Breakwater.

Rory stood, gazing after her, not attempting to follow, feeling as if something vital had been suddenly torn from him. It was absurd, of course. He had only known her for so short a time; but her going seemed to plunge the world in darkness. Suddenly he became aware of a movement behind him and swiftly turned. She was there again, as though she had come to him on wings.

Her arms were extended. She threw them impulsively around him. "I was going away without thanking you," she panted. "I don't know how I could. And you have been so good to me. And you saved my life too. I do thank you. I do—I do! Please kiss me and say goodbye!"

He hugged her instantly and kissed her hard and emphatically upon her sweet young lips.

"But must you go, I say?" he protested. "It's beastly, your going like this."

"I know, I know," she said, her voice trembling. "But I can't help it. It's no use. Don't keep me! I've got to go. Goodbye, dear, darling Rory!"

"We'll meet again," he said, detaining her. "We must meet again. See, I'll wait for you down here tomorrow!"

She was drawing herself from him; she suddenly clung to him again with a passionate closeness. "We may not meet again for a long time. I don't know. But anyhow we'll always be friends after this, won't we? Always—always—friends! You don't forget your friends?"

"I'll never forget you anyway," said Rory.

"Nor I you," said Charmaine, with a sob. "Goodbye! Goodbye!"

MRS. DICKER got up to make up the fire and cast an anxious eye at the clock. It was growing rapidly dark and the rain was beating on the window-panes. The kettle was boiling cheerily and a dainty meal stood all ready on a tray.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Dicker. "Dear, dear!"

At the sound of the opening door, she turned stoutly round. "Oh, my dearie," she said, "where ever have you been?"—then uttered a sort of choke and continued in another key—"Ah, it's you, Miss Griselda! And what a night to be sure! I was just saying to myself I wouldn't like to be out in it."

The woman who entered the housekeeper's room was tall and gaunt. She moved with the gait of a man. Her face had the weather-beaten look of a sailor's, but the harsh features were rugged and forbidding, wholly lacking in kindliness. Her hair was turning gray.

"Well?" said Griselda, still motionless and judicial on the hearth rug.

Mrs. Dicker stood trembling with her back to the door. "The pore lamb wanted a breath of air," she urged breathlessly, "and I thought as it couldn't do any harm, so I let her go out for a little. You'll not be vexed with her, Miss Griselda. It was but natural and I couldn't see any harm in it."

"And you evidently do not see any harm in deceiving me either, or in encouraging the child to do the same. No, I don't want any excuses," as Mrs. Dicker found her voice again in a gasping flood of entreaty. "When Miss Charlotte returns, you will send her straight to bed and let me know."

"Oh, yes, Miss Griselda, yes!" gasped Mrs. Dicker, tearfully. "But you won't—you won't—"

Griselda swung open the door and passed out with her firm unbending carriage, leaving Mrs. Dicker almost in a state of collapse.

Five minutes later the unlatched door was softly pushed open and Charmaine's face, flushed and wet with rain, peeped in.

"I'm afraid I'm late," she said. "But it's all right, I didn't meet anyone. Oh, Mrs. Dicker, what's the matter?"

"Oh, my dearie! Oh, my dearie!" sobbed Mrs. Dicker. "It's all up! She knows!"

Charmaine turned very white. "Who? Griselda? Oh, never mind, Mrs. Dicker! It—doesn't matter."

Up in her room she submitted to Mrs. Dicker's ministrations, sometimes shivering in a sort of ague of suspense. And as she slipped between the sheets she shuddered again. She lay quaking

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THE ALTAR OF HONOR

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in icy terror, and listening—listening for that firm, relentless step.

When it came at last, all power seemed to leave her. She could only lie and pant. Griselda entered, and turning, locked herself in.

"Charlotte," she said, "get up!"

Charmaine made a convulsive effort and raised herself. What she saw made her heart faint within her.

"Oh, Griselda, not that! Not that!" she whispered.

Griselda came to the bedside. "What have you been doing today?" she asked.

Charmaine shrank away from her. "I've been down on the shore."

"Alone?" said Griselda.

"No," murmured Charmaine.

"And whom were you with?" said Griselda.

Charmaine shrank still further back in the narrow bed. "I was with—with a boy called Rory," she faltered.

"Who is he?" pursed Griselda.

"A nephew of Mrs. Deloraine's." Charmaine was shaking now, shaking from head to foot, so that the bed appeared to shake with her.

Griselda seemed to grow taller at the sound of that name. Her massive form filled Charmaine's vision, looming gigantic in the shadowy room.

"I see," said Griselda. "Well, you have had your fun and now you will take your punishment." She bent abruptly and stripped the bedclothes away from the little shrinking figure. "Get up!"

"Oh no!" Charmaine gasped. "No! Griselda, please—please! Not this time! I'll never do it again, I promise."

The appeal was in vain. Griselda already grasped her with pitiless intention. "Yes," she said very grimly. "You will mind what I say after tonight. I am going to give you a lesson which will make you mind, once and for all."

She had a man's strength and there was no resisting her. The thin, supple switch she carried had no weight, but it had a scorpion's sting, and she knew exactly how to wield it with most effect. When she stayed her hand at length she had wreaked upon Charmaine's quivering body the full force of her wrath; and her end was accomplished. Charmaine was like a shattered thing.

"For the future," she said, "you will never go outside the gates without my permission, and as to this boy whom you have been meeting in secret I forbid you most emphatically ever to see or hold any communication with him again. I am absolutely shocked by your behavior in this respect and I can only put it down to the taint of heredity."

Charmaine was left lying on the floor in complete darkness, and there during many hours she lay, bound in an icy stupor which succeeded agonized tears . . .

When Mrs. Dicker unlocked the door at last on the following morning, having obtained the key by dint of the most earnest entreaty from Griselda whom she found in no yielding mood, she discovered Charmaine sitting up in bed with flushed cheeks and eyes that burned with fever between lids cruelly swollen with crying.

"Oh, Mrs. Dicker," she said between short hard gasps. "I've had—such a wonderful dream. I thought I fell into the sea. And it was high tide and Rory was there, too—and it carried us both right away. Why wasn't it true, Mrs. Dicker? Why, oh, why are all the nice things always dreams?" Then, with a little cry she put her hand to her side. "Oh, there's something hurting me—where I breathe!" she cried. "Do you think I'm going to die soon? I hope—I hope I am!"

IT'S the devil!" cried old Colonel Audley, pulling irritably at his moustache. "I can't keep pace with things! Something's got to be cut out. The question is what."

"I thought you said when Sylvia got married last year that it would make all the difference," observed Griselda, with just a hint of tartness.

Colonel Audley got up with a movement of exasperation. "Well, there's no time to be lost, I assure you. My pension dies with me, remember, and the little I shall manage to leave behind won't come to much when it's divided by two."

Griselda's eyes met his, and there was something in their regard that quelled even his bluster. "I think," she said in the same even tones, "that I proved to you a good many years ago that Charlotte was not entitled to be treated as one of the family."

"No, you never proved that," he said. "It is still an open question, always will be."

"There was no question as to her mother being fast and loose," said Griselda with deadly quietness.

Colonel Audley drew back a little, for there was something terrible in the suppressed violence of her speech. "If girls can't support themselves, they ought to marry," he said, making the statement aggressively since it seemed unlikely to be disputed.

"It's what Sylvia did, and very sensible too. Well, how old is Charlotte?"

"Seventeen last November," said Griselda.

"Just the right age!" declared Colonel Audley. "Break 'em in young, and the chances are they'll never bolt."

"Oh, she's broken in all right," said Griselda grimly. "I saw to that long ago. She hasn't the spirit of a mouse now, and never will have again."

"I'm tired, Mrs. Dicker," said Charmaine.

She sat bent in her chair, frowning over a long darn

in a tablecloth while Mrs. Dicker ironed at the kitchen table. Her beautiful hair hung over her shoulder in one long shining plait of vivid gold which contrasted strongly with the flower-like whiteness of her skin. There was no color whatever about Charmaine save in her hair and the pansy-purple of her eyes which were now fixed upon her work.

Mrs. Dicker made a sympathetic sound. The sight of the slender bowed figure vexed her motherly soul, but she knew there was no remedy.

The sudden ringing of a bell made Charmaine start violently.

"All right," said Mrs. Dicker, setting down her iron. "It's the drawing-room. I'll go."

Charmaine said nothing, but she watched the comfortable figure bustle out with startled eyes, and listened intently thereafter until Mrs. Dicker's returning footsteps were audible.

Mrs. Dicker nodded at her as she entered. "Yes, she wants you, my dearie. Run along quickly now."

CHARMAINE was on her feet in a moment, the strained look turning almost to panic on her face. "Oh, is she angry? What is it?"

"No, no, child! She's the same as usual. Don't get so scared!" said Mrs. Dicker. "You've done nothing to be ashamed of."

"Don't come in like a whirlwind!" said Griselda coldly from her chair before her bureau. "Close the door quietly and come here!"

Charmaine was shaking all over. Great tears welled up in her eyes and overflowed. She shrank from Griselda in open distress.

"I think you ought to see a brain specialist," Griselda said, surveying her critically. "I really can't endure hysteria. It's too futile. What I sent for you to say was that Sylvia has been good enough to offer to have you for a season in town. I'm sure I don't know what sort of mess you'll make of it, but there it is. You'll have to do the best you can—get married if possible; for I honestly don't feel that I can do much longer with your unwholesome moods and fancies here. If you'd been a hardy, open-air girl it would have been different. But I can't stand the sort that cries for nothing. It's such a temptation," she smiled sardonically, "to give it something to cry for. Well? What are you looking like that for?"

Charmaine's tears were gone. She was standing wide-eyed, with arrested breath, a great flood of color sweeping over her delicate face.

"Oh, Griselda!" she gasped. "You—you—do you mean it?"

"Oh, don't gibber!" said Griselda irritably. "And don't ask idiotic questions! I always mean what I say. And that brings me to one thing more—the most important of all. We have decided to give you this chance because you never have fitted into this household and the sooner you can find yourself another niche the better. But if you ever do anything to bring shame upon our family name, you had better never let me see your face again; for if you do, you will get such punishment as will make you wish for the rest of your life that you had never been born."

The color had all gone again from Charmaine's face. She answered very faintly, "Oh, indeed—indeed I won't do anything to disgrace you!"

Back in the kitchen and panting with haste and excitement, she imparted the amazing news to her darling Mrs. Dicker.

Mrs. Dicker, indeed, was delighted on her behalf. "Well, that is a surprise!" she declared. "I never thought Miss Griselda would have done anything so nice. But you aren't pleased as you ought to be," said Mrs. Dicker, regarding her with fond solicitude. "What else did she say to you?"

"Not much," said Charmaine. "Only that I was ugly, and that people would laugh at me if I didn't behave more sensibly."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Dicker roundly. "You ugly! What next I wonder? You're as pretty as a rose, my dearie, and always have been. Nobody's going to laugh at you. They'll love you. Why, I shouldn't wonder but what you might go and pick up some nice young gentleman and you'll fall in love with each other and get married before you know where you are."

Charmaine had returned to her darning, but her hands were shaking almost too much to ply the needle. "That's what Griselda is hoping for," she said in a muffled voice. "But no one could ever possibly want to marry me, and I would never dare to get married either, unless it was to someone like dear Rory Daredevil who was so kind to me five years ago."

"How do you remember him!" commented Mrs. Dicker. "After all these years. For you've never seen him since. We moved over here directly you got better and we've never heard of him from that day to this."

"I know," said Charmaine sadly. "I don't suppose I ever shall see him again, Mrs. Dicker. But I shall go on dreaming about him always."

YOU'LL have to amuse yourself to a certain extent my dear," was Sylvia Merrion's good-natured warning to Charmaine on the evening of her arrival at the luxurious flat in Mayfair.

It was such a relief to be with someone who did not care how she spent her time, and Sylvia was as easy-going as Griselda was strict. Sylvia never inconvenienced herself for anyone, though she detailed her French maid to keep an eye on her charge until she had begun to find her way about.

Charmaine, entering her sister's drawing-room on a certain bright spring Sunday afternoon, attired in one of the simplest frocks of Marie's contriving, was greeted by an amazed stare from Sylvia who at the moment was surrounded by guests. For Charmaine was exquisite—a fairy creature of unconscious allurement, perfect as a miniature in every detail yet so completely natural as to shine like a woodland flower in a garden of exotics.

"Good heavens!" cried old Lady Cravenstowe, lifting her glasses. "Who in the world is this?"

"Don't run away, Charmaine!" her sister said. "Come over here and be presented to Lady Cravenstowe!"

The use of the Christian name she loved, now so rarely heard, gave Charmaine courage. She came forward, blushing, smiling.

"My dear, what a dream!" said Lady Cravenstowe. "I've never seen anyone more like an angel in my life!"

"My little sister!" said Sylvia, drawing her forward. "She is just up from the country for a glimpse of London. She'll be with us for a few months."

Lady Cravenstowe dropped her glasses and peered at Charmaine, finally taking her by the hand and patting her cheek. "Lucky London!" she remarked, "What is it they call you—Charmaine? A very suitable name. Why have they kept you hidden down in the country all this time? What do you do there?"

"She isn't eighteen yet," said Sylvia, coming to her aid. "She hasn't had time to do very much."

"What! Just left school?" questioned Lady Cravenstowe. "What a glorious age, to be sure! And what do you think of London, young lady? Is it as amusing as the country?"

A man, standing beside Lady Cravenstowe, laughed. "Don't you find London very wicked?" he said.

"Be quiet, Robert!" commanded Lady Cravenstowe. "She doesn't know what wickedness means, and you're not to tell her. This is Sir Robert Blakely, my dear. I may as well make you acquainted with him at once, as he is sure to achieve it somehow."

Charmaine found herself shaking hands with a cheery little man whose black eyes smiled quizzically upon her from behind his eyeglass.

"We're not all as wicked as Lady Cravenstowe would have you believe," he reassured her.

A tall girl, very beautifully dressed, standing by laughed scoffingly.

"Robert!" Here broke in Lady Cravenstowe authoritatively. "You are not behaving properly. Linda, I wish you'd look after him and keep him in order."

"I?" said the tall girl contemptuously. "Oh, I'd rather be excused, if you don't mind."

Charmaine, noting the metallic hardness of her voice, wondered what Sir Robert had done to annoy her.

But Lady Cravenstowe had decided apparently to take her under her own ample protection, and drew her down on to a settee beside her. [*Turn to page 83*]

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[*Continued from page 82*]

"Now listen, my dear!" she said. "I want you to come and have luncheon with me tomorrow, quite informally. Of course, I shall ask your aunt too, but if she has an engagement, will you be very brave and come alone?"

"Oh, yes," said Charmaine, "I should simply love it."

When everyone was gone, Sylvia called her little sister to her for the first time since her arrival.

"Well, Charmaine," she said, "I congratulate you. You have made a great impression on old Lady Cravenstowe. She'll probably end by wanting to present you."

"Oh, Sylvia!" said Charmaine, quivering at the thought. "You don't think that really?"

Sylvia laughed. "I can't say. More wonderful things have happened. She is a lady of considerable influence, and you are very lucky to have attracted her attention. But you will have to go carefully with her, for she is very capricious. Ah, here is Bentleigh! I have been congratulating Charlotte on the success of her first appearance."

She addressed her husband who entered the room with a pompous air.

Sir Bentleigh beamed at the news. "Hullo! That looks like business! Everyone knows that she is on the lookout for a suitable partner for that aristocratic nephew of hers, young Conister. What are you frowning at, Sylvia? Girls are not such humbugs nowadays as to pretend to be shocked at the idea of marriage."

"No, but it's a pity to count one's chickens before they're hatched," said Sylvia. "And I can't believe that Charlotte would ever have any attraction for men who are in a position to choose stylish girls like Linda Kennedy."

"Oh, that girl is too sophisticated!" declared her husband. "Besides, she's always about with that Baba Blacksheep as they call him, so who's likely to run after her?"

Charmaine left with hot cheeks, but with feet that scampered in tune to the amazing and unexpected leaping of her heart. For the first time the dark dread of an enforced return to Griselda, which had always hitherto overhung her, was lifted and she saw golden vistas of possibilities such as she had never envisaged before.

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IN MINIATURE

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naughty, she merely sent him to bed, a punishment which drew wails from the sociable Bud. So inevitable was this punishment that she could always tell when Bud had been bad—he would begin to take off his shoes! The result is that Bud at sixteen adores his mother, for he knows that she more than loves him, she understands him.

Another secret of Mrs. Guest's success as a mother, and the reason that her home is the lodestone for all the young people of the neighborhood is that she is modern to her finger tips. She believes that you can't govern a 1929 boy with 1906 rules. She recalls that when she was young she had had her own bicycle, although she shocked her grandmother by such wanton display of her legs. So why, she argued, should she repeat the horror of the older generation for youth's recklessness when Bud demanded a car of his own? Automobiles are as natural a means of locomotion for this generation as bicycles were for the last, so Mrs. Guest arranged for her son to get his own car last Christmas.

A sense of humor which never deserts her is another of Mrs. Guest's outstanding characteristics—a priceless possession for the wife of a man who is as much in the public eye as Michigan's poet. She chuckles over an incident which happened at a reception recently given in honor of her and her husband. A sentimental old lady was among the crowd who surged up to greet them. She gazed long and soulfully at the poet she adored, and then turned critical eyes on his wife.

"Do you think, my dear, that you will ever be worthy of him?" the old lady inquired doubtfully.

There is no doubt in Mr. Guest's mind about his wife's worthiness. He calls her his "balance wheel" and insists upon her going along with him wherever possible. He is so dependent upon her that in twenty-three years of married life, the only time that Nellie Guest went away on a trip without her husband was last year when she went to New York with her sister. She accompanies him even on many of his speaking trips. Although she does not always go to the lecture hall, but waits in the hotel, it is enough for her husband that Nellie is there.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to fade away, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

DESERT BLOOM

[*Continued from page 17*]

Tourist, probably, going through.

He saw it presently, weaving between the cacti, and its aspect matched its voice—an ancient mariner of a car piled to high heaven with duffel.

In the tonneau a man reclined among the impedimenta, and a woman drove.

They rattled up to Old Bill's porch and stopped. The woman reached for her brake, her head in its tied-down hat bending far forward.

Then she looked up.

Her face, dark and strongly cut, was grave. Her eyes were wide and deep and very dark, with a line between them. The hair curled at her sweated temples.

Old Man Bill was never to forget that face, not for a day or an hour of his after life—nor the twilight, nor the rich smell of the yuccas.

HE STOOD in silence looking at her, and the woman removed her hat.

"I want to stay here for a little while," she told him. "I need to."

Bill looked at the man lying like a corpse on the folded quilts. "Manuel," he called hastily, "an' you, Charlie, come here. Send a kid down to Gramma Sykes' an' tell her to fix th' floor tent. Pronto. Come fur, ma'am?"

The woman nodded wearily.

"A long way."

With unutterable tenderness she went round and put her hand on the white, thin cheek of the man.

"Lover," she whispered, "I think we've found a place to rest at last—and just smell the wonderful air! It's full of healing, like balm in Gilead!"

The strangers settled down in Grandma Sykes' big yard, and the woman came to the store for her supplies.

Bill attended her as she chose this and that, carefully yet surely, as if, though she had money to pay for what she bought, she must use it wisely. And she bought toward one end—the building of the human body.

"How's he makin' it, ma'am?" Bill asked, and the woman turned her big, dark eyes upon him with a smile.

There was grace in everything she did—the dip of her hand among the beans, the lift of her head, the length and power of her carrying stride.

The waxen man upon Grandma Sykes' cot lay for uncounted hours gazing out across the wide blue levels where sometimes dust devils danced grotesquely; and in his eyes glowed the fire of faith.

"Seems strange that we never hear from home," he would whisper sometimes. "I thought Deacon Peters would write, at least, and surely the Merlets."

"Perhaps they have," she would comfort him, bending to touch a quilt or do some little things about the tent. "You know how we have gone from one place to another, and letters are so easily lost in these outlying towns."

But to herself she thought: "Deacon Peters—hard old Deacon Peters, custodian of the tabernacle. A Mede and a Persian—I want no letter from him."

The summer grew apace upon the desert, still, breathless, shimmering with its thousand deceptions. At dusk the little soft wind crept out of the south, traveling on soundless feet, kissing with sweet lips the tired face of the world.

July came with all the summer heat of the desert. Blue and purple veils of haze draped the illimitable levels in majesty when the sun went down in the west. The pale man walked out of the dry garden, trying his new strength. A little later he made it to the store and sat upon the porch, panting but tremulous with happiness.

"It's a—wonderful thing, Mr. Preston," he whispered, "just to—live. I thought—I was ready to go if God called me, but—I find I'm glad to stay—longer. Especially—when one has such friends as you—have proved yourself to be. It's a privilege to—know you, sir."

He held out his hand and Bill waddled over and shook it with embarrassment. "Nothin'," he said confusedly; "little things any man would do."

"No, sir. Not—little things. Milk of—human kindness. Cup of water—Christ's name—done unto Him, you know. Even church members—are not so—kind—sometimes. I must write to Deacon Peters. I was a minister of the Gospel—before I had to give up—back in New Jersey."

He carried that thought to the woman, who was aghast.

"In view, Mary," he said thoughtfully, "of the seeming coldness of those who should have fed the servants of the Lord in their extremity, it may be well to tell them of the stranger's kindness—there is a printed sermon there."

And so he wrote the letter and took it himself a few days later for Old Man Bill to mail.

That letter was a mile-post—no, a monument in Bill Preston's life. For the first time in years he left a missive of import unopened. He stamped it and put it ready for the morning train and wondered at himself.

But that evening the woman came, walking swiftly, her hands clenched, her eyes dilated, asking for it back.

"It—is a letter that I do not want to go, Mr. Preston," she said breathlessly, "I cannot tell you why, but you will understand. Please give it to me—and do not mention this."

He would have given her the post-office, or the store, or anything on earth without question, so it was a small matter to give her her husband's letter. She burned it in the sheet-iron stove and drew a deep, long breath.

THE summer wore on. It was dry beyond belief. Even Piñon Mesa had no more yucca.

At the beginning of September when the great world of the desert began to simmer in the beauty of Indian summer, a letter came for the sheriff. Even before he noticed its post-mark, a small New Jersey town, Old Man Bill laid it away in his private drawer.

That night he steamed it open, and brought upon himself and his dream the black night of cataclysmic horror.

He sat in his chair till dawn, a grotesque figure of blind agony.

"How's he makin' it?" he asked the next morning as usual, and the woman looked at him with the light in her eyes that transfigured the world since time began.

"I'm afraid to say," she said, "but I believe he's getting—well."

She actually glanced over her shoulder as if to make sure that no relentless Fate was listening. Then she laughed, a sweet ripple of music like her singing voice.

"Ma'am," he said to her a little later, "where you aimin' to go from here?"

She flashed him a startled glance.

"'Go?' Why, I thought we would stay here a while."

"'Taint healthy," the man said clumsily, "not to stay too long, it ain't. Climate seems to wear out for 'em. They need change. Keep a-goin' higher up. In Shadow Cañon an' beyond Piñon Mesa, now, it's amazin' fine this time of year."

The woman laid down her packages.

"Mr. Preston," she said in a low voice, "just what do you mean? You can tell me."

OLD Man Bill's fat chin was quivering to the whimper in his throat. "My God!" he rasped. "That there Deacon Peters is a-comin' here."

She did not cry out. Only her face turned white and she swayed against the counter. Bill put out his hand and held it a moment against her arm. Then she straightened and he pulled back, embarrassed.

"The mesa," she said, "where—and when?"

Old Bill's life had been action, most of it. With something concrete to do, he was ninety per cent efficient. He flung up his head, straightened his sagging shoulders.

"Up in the mountains, north," he said. "Right soon. Can you go tomorrow?"

She nodded, reaching for her purchases.

"I'll send Charlie up today—you'll need pack-horses—an' more blankets——I'll run th' flivver down th' arroyo—" His wits were working.

The woman had come to the store again. She was silent and very gray about the lips; and her eyes were fiery with inner things—anxiety and fear and a certain hard defiance.

"You know," she said lowly to Bill standing back in the long room among the jumbled goods, "why I did—what I did? You understand? I know that I need not justify myself to you for you have that rare and priceless thing—human understanding, human love. It was church money that I took—to buy him his chance of life. There was no one who could have known excepting Deacon Peters; I took that chance—but he—he'll run us down if possible—alone, too," she finished bitterly, "so that he can shine heroically—the faithful steward—"

"S-s-s-h!" said Old Man Bill.

With one sweep of his arm that laid her for a second against his breast, he pushed her behind a stack of barrels.

Cat-like, still and swift, he reached the forepart of the store as two men came in to where Cochise Charlie idled by the cracker box.

One was the sheriff, hard eyes flashing over everything; the other tall and grim, clad in churchly black, was a stranger.

Bill Preston flung a hand behind the cracker box—

He shot the deacon before he could open his tell-tale mouth, bored him, hat and all, square through the forehead. The sheriff was another matter; and the two of them finished on their feet. The twilight faded for the sheriff first; and Old Man Bill hung for a second along the counter, his gay shirt riddled, scarlet above his slowing heart.

Cohina and the county shrugged.

The sheriff must have had something on Old Man Bill—and he should have known better than to walk in on him like that. Anyone who knew Bill should have known that much. It was too bad, though, that the sheriff let a stranger come in with him—bad for the stranger. And the "lunger's" wife—what a scare she must have got, since Cochise Charlie found her behind some barrels in a dead faint.

She came off well, however, for when the new sheriff looked into Bill's affairs he found a paper among some new silk shirts which said that if anything happened to him, the store and all his possessions should belong to her because she was poor and courageous, and because her husband was a "lunger."

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 8*]

delightful and profitable to read." These are not easy orders to fill. For you will agree, I think, that novels which captivate the imagination must have the illusion of reality, no matter how glamorous or strange the setting.

We have Rebecca West to thank for our first discovery, since it was her introduction to Kathleen Coyle's novel *Liv* which led me into this delightful book which for me has a complete illusion of reality despite the fact that the author is an Englishwoman writing about a Norwegian girl. Liv, whose name itself means Life, is a creature of hidden passions underneath the snows of her nature, not unlike the mountains and the fjords of her country. And, like the Vikings, she is driven by a nameless desire—an urge to explore a larger world. Once in Paris she is plunged into a world of idlers, of expatriates who play at life, who "take the fine things of life and enamel them in bright hard colors to disguise them." She for her part cannot play at life, for she is one who must give all or nothing.

Another book which will beckon your imagination far afield is Lorna Moone's *Dark Star*, a first novel that is being much talked of.

For a day when your fancy has turned back from strange countries to an interest in the lights and shades of human nature, I would have you read *Six Mrs. Greenes*, by Lorna Rea, my second thrilling discovery of the month. The Greenes, one infers, are a family as solid and real as Galsworthy's Forsytes, but the author focuses her attention only upon the six ladies who are Greenes by marriage. The book as a whole is an unforgettable portrait gallery of women, some of whom you will like and some of whom you won't, but all of whom will remind you of people you know.

Still another realistic study of a woman is to be found in Booth Tarkington's *Young Mrs. Greeley*. Stella Greeley and her friend Aurelia are of the drone type who have no children, who live in apartments and feed their husbands on canned food, and yet who consider themselves an important adjunct to their husbands' business success. The story is of the shocking extremes to which vanity and idleness will drive women of little character.

Should you crave a mixture of romance and realism you might turn to Arthur Train's novel which he calls quite simply *Illusion*. It is the story of a handsome and clever young man who finds himself accepted in New York society almost before he knows it, despite his dubious background as an actor. Another novel laid in New York, Samuel Hopkins Adams' *The Flagrant Years*, will give you an amusing picture of life in the beauty shops and of the young women who ply "the external finishing trade." The heroine is a success with her men as well as with her women clients, for she has that "come-and-be-good-to-me-look."

A few of these novels, it seems to me, have a stronger illusion of reality about them than the others. That is for you to judge, however. But before I wave you off on your vacation trip, let me urge you to provide yourself with poetry as well as fiction. Summer has always seemed to me the ideal season for reading poetry, for then and then only, have we time to let our thoughts and our dreams take shape. So I would suggest that you pack in your trunk that treasure-house of verse, *An Anthology of World Poetry*, edited by Mark Van Doren. But I must warn you that when you have cast yourself under the spell of poetry, you may forget all about fiction, for illusion will then have become reality.

Noted Berlin beauty specialist

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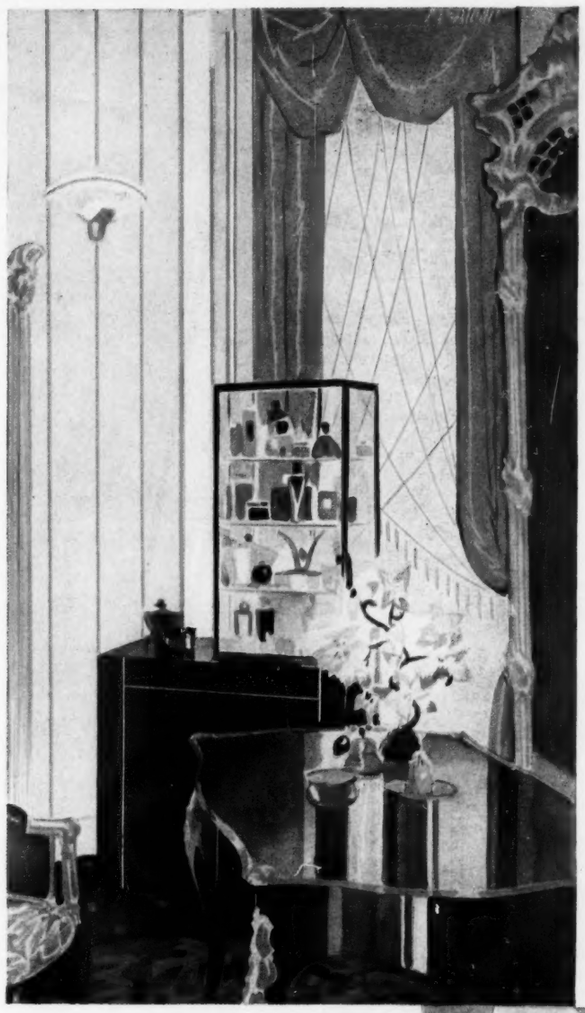

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These are the reasons why Madame Bock stresses the importance of "foundation cleansing." Powder and rouge gradually work their way into the pores. Only a part remains on the surface. The rest combines with dust, dirt and oil. And soon, tiny, stubbornly hard masses form. Unless one washes the face this special way morning and evening—blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes appear!

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This is the 2-minute home beauty treatment Elise Bock herself would give you in her select studio de beauté: make a fine, creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, massage it gently into the pores for about two minutes, so that the olive oil suds work their way into the pores. Then rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, gradually letting it get colder.

What Elise Bock tells her Mid-European patrons, Paris long has known, for today, in France—home of cosmetics, leader in soaps and elegant toiletries—Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps . . . it is first in the United States and 48 other countries!

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Simple Frocks are Smartly Seamed

THE most attractive new frocks for daytime are either very intricate and give a final effect of simplicity, or they are actually simple but give the effect of being detailed and intricate. The three frocks on this page, each with a distinct style feature, show how French designers transform the simplest frock into one that looks intricate by cutting it into pieces and putting it together again with decorative seamings.

5786

5787

5791

No. 5791. Seamings in a scalloped line accent the side bodice closing and a group of pleats in the front of a simple frock. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 35-inch material or 2⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 5787. A short jacket effect is suggested by seamings in the front of a straight line frock slightly bloused by a belt. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch; vest, ¼ yard 32- or 39-inch.

No. 5786. The skirt yoke is cut in deep points to accent inverted pleats at the front and back of an afternoon frock. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch material or 3⅞ yards 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

Hemlines Widen in Every Direction

THE new Paris collections give an impression of longer skirts and wider hemlines. But having taken this for a general rule, each couturier uses his own judgment as to how the skirt shall be lengthened and where the fulness that widens the hemline shall be placed. Some models show a front flare, others a side flare in a skirt otherwise straight and narrow, and still others have flares or pleats in the front and back.

5781

5784

5789

Blanch Rothschild

No. 5781. A circular section gives a graceful side flare to the skirt of a simple frock. The neckline is slightly draped by a soft bow. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch; tie, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5784. Inverted tucks in the front of the sash lend a draped waistline effect. A circular panel supplies fulness in the front. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 32-inch or 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 5789. Pointed seamings accent inverted pleats at the front and back of a straight line frock. A narrow belt marks the waistline. Size 36, 4⅝ yards 32-inch or 3¾ yards 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5790

No. 5790. A flattering cape collar, a flaring peplum and a wide circular skirt give graceful lines to an afternoon frock. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 35-inch material or 4 yards 39-inch with skirt cut crosswise.

5795

No. 5795. Diagonal lines are a feature of a new tailored frock which has a soft jabot on the bodice and a shaped inset at the waist. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 35-inch material or 2⅜ yards 54-inch.

5782

No. 5782. A simple frock with a circular skirt has a novel peplum which wraps over at the side and falls in a circular drapery. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch material or 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

5793

No. 5793. The skirt of a formal frock has clever seaming that begins in back forming a flounce, and mounts in front to a side drapery. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 35-inch or 3⅝ yards 39-inch; ribbon, 1⅝ yards.

The Three-Quarter Coat and the Jacket

by Therese Clemenceau

AS WOMEN have decided to adopt certain masculine fashions or rather those that are mannish in finish, I must try to advise them so that none of their feminine loveliness is lost thereby.

Of first interest is the three-quarter coat that has found a ready acceptance by the haute couture. A man's frock coat seems to be the inspiration for many of them! Double-breasted with two rows of buttons down the front and the collar finished with velvet there is some foundation for supposing that the creators had the classic frock coat in mind. The closely fitted bust and nipped in waist, the gracefully flared lower part of the coat and the tight sleeves are surely a new silhouette and a very flattering one.

Broadcloth, novelty woolens and tweeds of several weights and color combinations are utilized as mediums for developing the ensemble for Autumn and Winter. Fur is employed too for collars and cuffs and the fur usually matches the predominating color note of the fabric rather than affording a contrast. Stitched bands that extend from the shoulders downward repeating the effect in the back are new trimming mediums. Most of the coats are quite straight but slightly longer in the back than in the front.

Frequently the top coat that is slightly princess in effect has a matching skirt or frock of a lighter weight fabric. A cashmere frock will accompany a llama coat of the exact beige shade, there will be not a shade variation between the blues or the brick reds of the two weaves. When we match our coats and frocks this season we do it very carefully.

However, we have a new mode too that is interesting in its great variety attained through contrasted fabrics and sharp contrasts in color. Fabric companionate arrangements give us a jacquard material for the jacket and an odd tweed for the skirt. Perhaps the colors match but the weaves are entirely alien. Again a black frock will choose a bright red jacket or the same black frock a white scarf and a bright blue jacket. Such combinations may seem odd but they are withal very smart if properly assembled. Then too there is an unlimited opportunity for individual taste that is so important in this age of machine made garments.

The short jacket being more feminine in its naive informality affords more opportunity for unusual adaptations and it finds itself not only in the daytime mode, but for dinner wear it quite transforms a formal evening gown to a wearable restaurant frock. Whether it is of velvet, flat crepe, crepe satins or of lace it is soft, unlined and without pockets except for the more tailored ones designed for street. Flowered crepe de Chine, printed moire, printed velvet and printed chiffon fashion jackets of infinite loveliness. There is no end to what the jacket mode may reach in its great variety.

The jacket may button at the side, in the front or not at all. It is not necessary to trim it in any way as it is quite decorative itself. The color is always important for it makes or mars its distinction. They are dark, bright or very intense and black has its influence where the frock is very gay. The flowered gown will have a plain jacket or just the reverse. There are no belts whatever on the jacket for the gown is permitted to find the normal waistline without assistance!

The sleeveless dress always has its jacket. Perhaps it is crepe de Chine, but the jacket may be a heavier silk or even wool Jersey. The multitudinous combinations of fabric may achieve a wardrobe of surpassing chic.

But of all the coats, no matter what length or for what purpose the intriguing loveliness of the evening wraps must be described to you. The cape is surely a favorite whether of velvet lined with itself or of rare metal cloths. The velvets are of soft panne and the satin surface harmonizes divinely with the ermine that outlines the several shoulder capes that surmount the voluminous circular one. Huge ermine collars frame the face and one clever designer has found a becoming cap for evening that not only protects the coiffure but keeps the head warm in the most severe weather. It is usually fashioned of the same fabric that makes the wrap.

The metal cloths are shimmering dreams of beauty. The supple metal surface breaks in fascinating designs that have their fashioning in pale pink threads, combinations of metal with velvet, floral patternings that are printed on satin in blended colors and the plain metallic weaves, all created for those formal wraps that must clothe the wearers with luxurious elegance for the gay moments of life.

No. 5799. The princess silhouette has a very becoming version in a coat cut to flare at the hem, and finished with a narrow collar. Size 36, 3 yards 54-inch; collar, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5802. A new ensemble from Paris has a surplice blouse, three-quarter length coat and wrap-around skirt pleated at the side. Size 36, blouse, 2¾ yards 39-inch; coat, skirt, 4⅝ yards 39-inch.

L'Echo de Paris

Sleeves Decide the Type of Summer Sports Frocks

SLEEVELESS fashions offer a choice of different types in the new sports frocks. If one plays a great deal of tennis or wears little jackets to complete the sports ensemble, or if one's arms are very attractive with no sleeves whatever, the armholes of the sports frock are cut wide and emphasized by trimming bands. If one wants a frock for wear without a coat for every day and shopping as well as sports, one is smart in a sports frock with kimono sleeves.

No. 5666. Inverted pleats at each side supply fulness in a straight line frock with a sun-tan neck and short kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch material; collar, ½ yard 35-inch; one material, 3 yards 39-inch.

No. 5688. Narrow bands trim the neckline, the armholes and the waistline of a tennis frock. The skirt is pleated at each side. Size 36 requires 4 yards 27- or 32-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard 32-inch; one material, 3½ yards 35-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 100.

L'Echo de Paris

No. 5800. A curved band that outlines the neck in front and ties in back perfects the fit of a sun-tan neckline. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 27-inch material, 3⅞ yards 32-inch material or 3¼ yards 35- or 39-inch material.

No. 5662. A summer sports frock has no sleeves and a sun-tan neckline finished with a handkerchief scarf knotted in back. Size 36, 3½ yards 35-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 35-inch; one material 3⅞ yards 35-inch or 3¾ yards 39-inch.

Sun-Tan Fashions Create Becoming New Necklines

SUN-TAN necklines have developed from a simple V or U cut low in back to necklines that are smartly decorative. In one attractive new version, narrow straps are tied in a bow above the deep U to add a trimming touch and to hold the frock in place however violently the wearer exercises. In another version a deep V is finished with soft scarf ends that may be knotted either high or low, according to whether one wants very much sunburn or very little sunburn.

L'Echo de Paris

Circular Fulness Lends Graceful Lines

THE wide circular skirts that give graceful lines to all types of new formal frocks are particularly attractive when they appear in very simply cut daytime dresses. These frocks are designed on the lines of practical every day clothes, but the soft circular skirt fulness makes them not strictly practical or completely formal, but a little of both, as suitable for an afternoon bridge party as well as for morning shopping.

No. 5627. The skirt of an afternoon frock is cut in circular sections and joined to a pointed yoke with ends that tie at the side. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch material or 4¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 5783. Seamings on the skirt accent the circular front of a simple frock with a smart crossed vestee. A narrow belt marks the waist. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch material or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 5778. The diagonal neckline is finished with a contrasting collar. A circular section is joined to the skirt in a diagonal line. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch material; collar, bow and cuffs, ⅞ yard 35-inch.

No. 5788. A slender frock slightly bloused by a narrow belt has a skirt cut to flare at the front and sides and flat in the back. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 35-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard 35-inch.

No. 5740. Godets are inserted in the seams of the skirt to give a becoming low-placed flare. Inverted tucks trim the front of the belt. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard 35-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 100.

L'Echo de Paris

The Smart Tailleur is Softly Pleated

PARIS has made the tailleur popular this season even with those women who seldom wear anything but the most feminine type of clothes. This is because the new tailored frocks have none of the severity formerly associated with tailored costumes. The trimming details—what there are of them—are soft and flattering and the pleats that nine times out of ten supply the skirt fulness are not too crisply pressed.

No. 5734. An inverted pleat in the back and pleats at the sides supply fulness to the skirt of a simple frock. A pleated frill trims the collar. Size 36, 4⅞ yards 35-inch material or 4⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 5714. Pleats at the front, the sides and the back are combined with seamings in a smart tailored frock. The narrow collar is a style feature. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 35-inch material or 2¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5780. The vest is trimmed with buttons in double-breasted effect. A pleated section gives fulness to the front of the skirt. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 35-inch material, 3½ yards 39-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch.

No. 5785. A pleated inset in the front is featured in a simple sports frock that closes with buttons to top of pleats. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch material; collar and cuffs, ⅜ yard 35-inch.

No. 5721. Contrasting trimming bands and a contrasting collar give a decorative air to a simple frock cut on straight lines. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material; collar, bands and bows, ¾ yard 39-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 109.

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(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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L'Echo de Paris

No. 5777. A circular skirt and a deep bertha collar are smart features of a small party frock. Size 8, 2⅜ yards 35-inch material or 1⅞ yards 39-inch; ribbon, 2½ yards 1-inch.

No. 5792. A young girl's frock has seamings to suggest a bolero and full skirt shirred at the waistline. Size 16, 4 yards 32-inch; contrasting, ⅞ yard 35-inch.

No. 5712. Shirrings below the contrasting yoke and at the waist trim a frock made without sleeves. Size 8, 1½ yards 35-inch or 1⅜ yards 39-inch; yoke, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5794. Flat tiers scalloped at the edge trim a simple frock. A narrow belt marks the waistline. Size 12, 3 yards 32-inch or 2½ yards 39-inch; collar, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

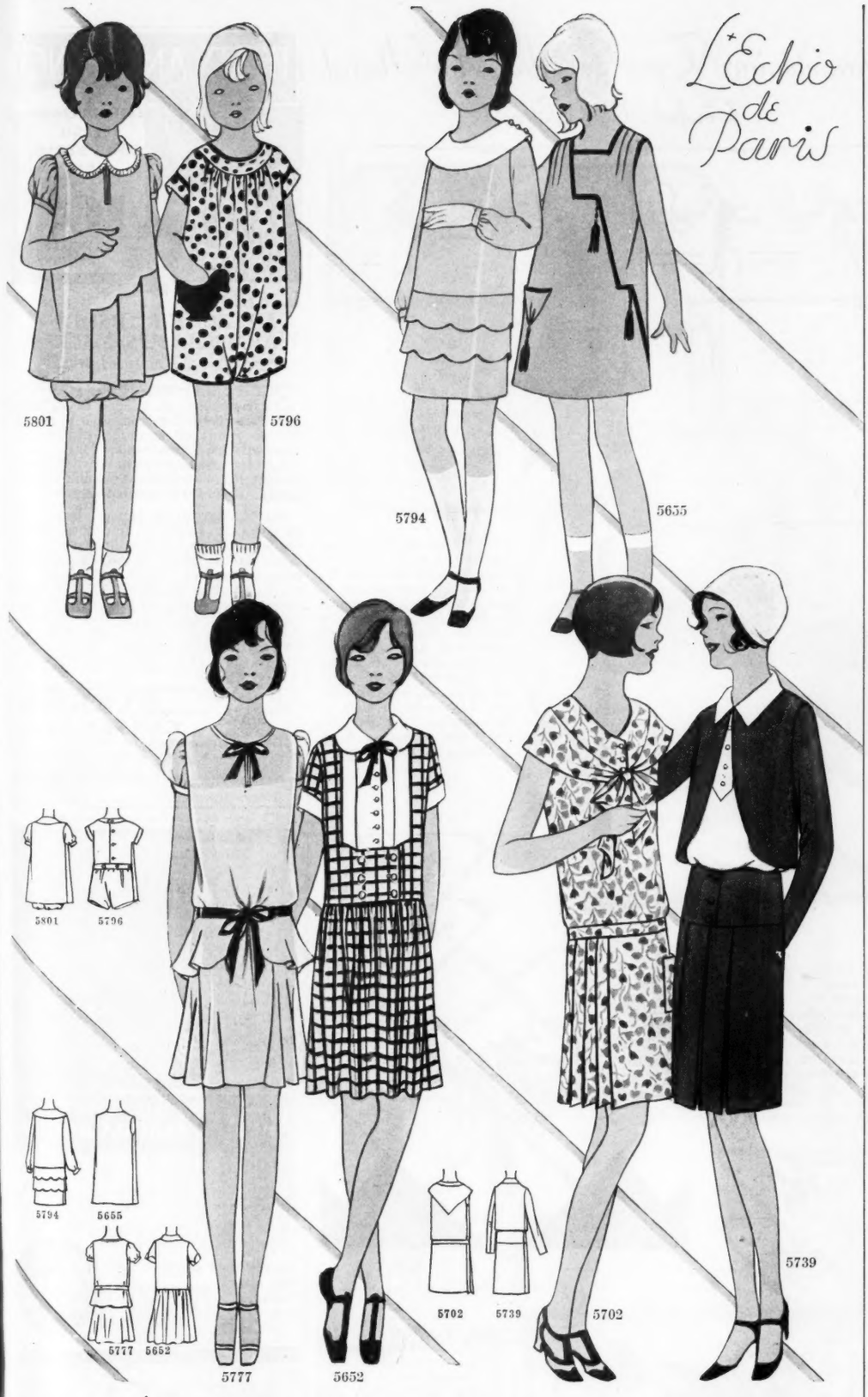
No. 5798. A pleated panel supplies fulness in the front of a practical frock accompanied by matching bloomers. Size 6, 2⅞ yards 32-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard 32-inch.

No. 5779. An ensemble for a girl has full length coat cut on straight lines and finished with patch pockets. Size 12, dress, 2⅞ yards 35-inch material; coat, 1¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5797. Scallops piped in contrasting color give a decorative front closing to a frock made with separate bloomers. Size 6, 2½ yards 32-inch; collar, cuffs, ¾ yard 32-inch.

No. 5779. A pleated jabot and groups of pleats at each side of the skirt trim the frock. Size 12, dress, 2⅝ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 100.



No. 5801. Scallops at the side head three pleats in a little girl's short sleeved frock with separate bloomers. Size 4, 2⅜ yards 35-inch or 2⅛ yards 39-inch; collar, ¼ yard 32-inch.

No. 5777. A frock with a circular skirt and a peplum has contrasting bows at the neck and the waist. Size 10, 2¾ yards 35-inch or 2¼ yards 39-inch; ribbon, 2¼ yards 1-inch.

No. 5796. A quaint feature of new rompers for a small girl is a duck appliquéd on to form a pocket. Size 4, 1½ yards 27-inch material; appliqué and binding, ⅜ yard 35-inch.

No. 5652. Contrasting fabrics are decoratively used in a frock with a double-breasted effect in front. Size 10, 2¼ yards 32-inch or 1⅞ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅞ yard 35-inch.

No. 5794. A round collar, and scalloped tiers on the skirt lend smartness to a simple frock. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch or 1¾ yards 39-inch; collar, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5702. A becoming collar attached to the edge of a yoke is finished with long ends that tie in front. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 35-inch or 2⅛ yards 39-inch.

No. 5655. Tassels trim a French frock with modernistic seamings in front and a triangular pocket. Size 6, 2⅜ yards 27-inch or 2 yards 35-inch; band, ⅜ yard 32- or 39-inch.

No. 5739. A young girl's ensemble consists of tuck-in blouse, separate skirt and Eton jacket. Size 12, sleeveless blouse, 1⅜ yards 32- or 35-inch; jacket, skirt, 2¾ yards 39-inch.

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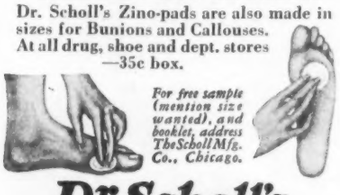

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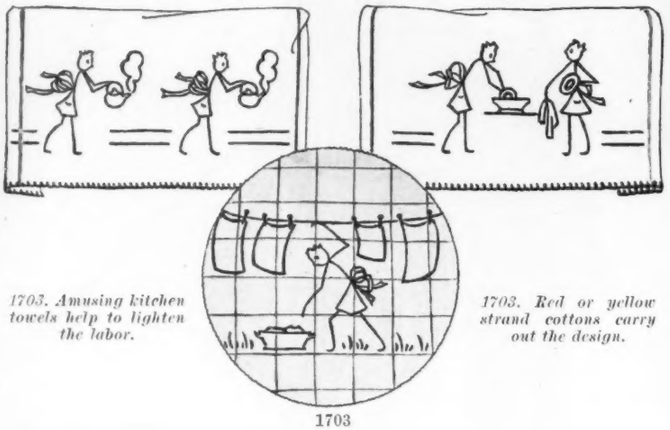
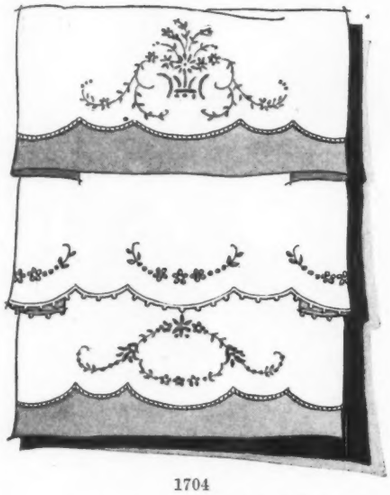


1703. Amusing kitchen towels help to lighten the labor.

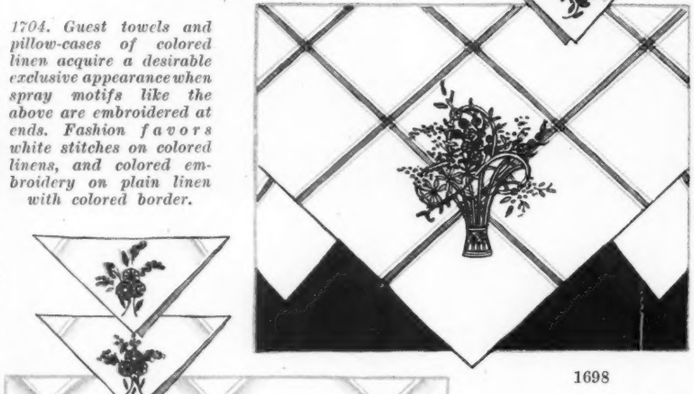
1703. Red or yellow strand cottons carry out the design.

1703



1703. The every day kitchen towels take on a smart and lively air with these gay little designs embroidered to match the colored bars and borders. It is correct to have the toweling and its embroidery harmonize with the general color scheme of the kitchen interior—some are in yellow, some in blue, etc. The embroidery is of the simplest kind, and the story told in half a dozen scenes, very diverting.

1704



1704. Guest towels and pillow-cases of colored linen acquire a desirable exclusive appearance when spray motifs like the above are embroidered at ends. Fashion favors white stitches on colored linens, and colored embroidery on plain linen with colored border.

1698

1698. The charm of the popular checked linens for bridge refreshments, etc., is twofold—the unusual variety in coloring, and the fine quality of the added hand embroidery. In these attractive basket motifs, the flowers are embroidered in colors blended to match the color of the plaid cloth. Adapted to two different sets with matching napkin motifs.

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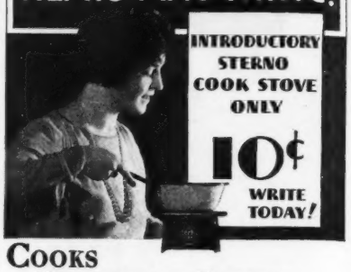
HEATS ANYTHING!



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Crocheted Hats and the New Silhouettes in Black Cross-Stitch

The latest crocheted hats are worked to match the costume, crocheted tight with pearl cotton No. 3. These two McCall versions of the crocheted style are distinctive and becoming to many types of faces. See crochet directions for both hats on the following page.

The Nub-Stitch Hat.

(Above). Featuring the Nub-Stitch and the very Frenchy twist given to the ends of the brim. (Right.) Crocheted discs which use two shades of brown and orange, harmonizing with the tan used for the turban. Crochet directions on following page.

Hats designed by Merle Munn.

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Holds baby securely and comfortably at just the right height to look out the windows. Steel frame, gray enameled and rubber covered. Washable duck seat. Adjustable to fit any car. Folds flat. On sale everywhere or direct, $3.00.

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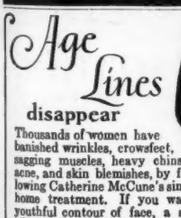
No. 1721. The graceful Minuet Silhouette pillow of rose color linen.

No. 1721. The more exclusive of the popular linen pillows have charming silhouette designs worked in black cross-stitch, and many a serving tray is similarly decorated in quaint sampler effect. The smooth quality of the white and colored linens used is a noticeable feature.

No. 1721. A fascinating thing that will give pleasure and service to more generations than one.



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MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

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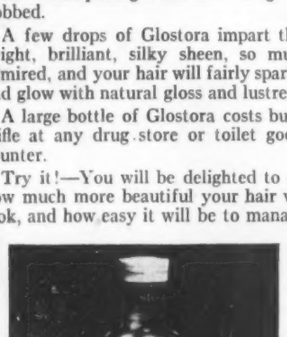
A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



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Directions for Crocheted Hats

The Nub Stitch Hat

Materials required—8 balls green pearl cotton, size 5 (60 yard ball) and steel crochet hook No. 3.

Gauge—9 stitches equal 1 inch and 10 rounds equal 1 inch. Chain 3, join in ring, work 6 s c in ring. 2nd round—2 s c in each st. 3rd round—1 s c in first st, 2 s c in next st, continue around. 4th round—continue to increase 6 sts to a round and between those of the preceding round, and on this round make 4 nub stitches equal distances apart as follows: work 6 s c in the next st, take hook out of st and insert it in the top of the first st of this group also through the last loop of last st, drawing it back on the outside, thread over the hook and draw through both loops. Then s c in the next st and continue as before being careful in making the nubs not to add or decrease a st as there should not be more than the regular 6 increases to a round. Work 3 rounds increasing as before. On the 4th round repeat the 4 nubs working them between those of the last nub round. Work 3 rounds. On the next round work 8 nubs equal distances apart, one below each of those of preceding round and also between each one. From now on work 8 nubs every 4th round between those of the last nub round. Continue until work measures 3½ ins. from the center (see note below for head size). Work without increasing until work measures 8 ins. from center. Mark center front.

Brim—Make a separate ch of 45 sts. Holding the right side of work toward you as before sl st last st of the ch into a st 3 ins. to the left of the center front, sl st around edge of hat to center front, ch 45 sts, fasten off. Attach thread at first st of first ch, s c across this ch and continue around working through both loops of sl st and increasing 1 st in every 12th st, continue s c across second ch without increasing. Begin the 2nd row at first st of first ch, work in s c to end of second ch decreasing 1 st each end, fasten off. (A)—Attach thread on a line with point where first ch was joined, work in s c for 4 ins. always working in the same direction, fasten off. Start the next row with a sl st * 10 sts to the right of beginning of last row work s c to 10 sts beyond end of last row * (always begin and end the short rows with a sl st). Repeat between stars twice. Begin to shape the right side of brim: attach thread 4 ins. to the left of center back, s c for 4 ins., fasten off. Start the next row 10 sts to the right of the beginning of last row, continue to the 11th st on second ch, fasten off. Repeat between stars twice, working 10 sts beyond the end of last row each time beginning on the first ch and working the first 2 sts together, s c 1 round over all sts and ends of threads, and work last 2 sts together. Repeat from (A) once. Work the first short row of (A) again. Attach thread at first st on first row of ch, work s c over ends of rows, 2 s c in corner and continue around brim and along the opposite loose end to correspond. Twist the ends and tack in place.

The Brown Disc Hat

Materials required—6 balls of light brown, 1 ball each of orange and dark brown pearl cotton, size 5 (60 yard balls); 1 steel crochet hook No. 3.

Gauge—16 stitches equal 2 inches and 13 rounds equal 2 inches (4 inches in diameter).

With light brown ch 3, join, work 8 s c in ring. 2nd round—work in half d c (thread over hook and insert hook in st, thread over, draw through the st, thread over the hook and draw through all 3 loops at once) working 2 sts in each st of the previous round. Repeat this stitch (half d c) for the entire hat. 3rd round—* 2 sts in the first st, 1 st in next st * repeat from * to * around (24 sts). Continue work increasing 8 sts to the round or just sufficient to keep work stretched flat, making increasings at equal distances apart and between those of the preceding round so that the increases will not show. Continue until work measures 3½ ins. from the center (see note below for head size). Then work without increasing until work measures 8 ins. from center.

Brim—Holding right side of work toward you as before, sl st around to within 2½ ins. from center front, then work in s c across the front for 5 ins., then sl st to end of round. Next round—work half d c through both loops of the sl st only, increasing 1 st in every 10th st up to the beginning of the s c on last round, then work half d c across the front without increasing and work second side same as the first, fasten off. Turn hat, and from now on work all the rows in the opposite direction. Work 1 round of half d c, join with a sl st. * Attach thread with a sl st 3 inches to left of center back (always attach thread with a sl st and work s c in next st to begin the short rows), work 5 ins. in half d c and finish with s c and a sl st to end short rows, fasten off. Attach thread 6 ins. to left of end of last row, work 5 ins. as before across the second side, fasten off. Attach thread 1 inch to the left of center back, work around to within 1 inch of center back and fasten off. Start the next row 1 inch to the left of beginning of last row, work to within 1 inch of end of last row, fasten off. Work 1 round beginning at the center back working over all sts, increasing 1 st 5½ inches each side of the center front *. Repeat rows from * to *. Then work 1 short row of 3 ins. across the center front, then work 1 row of 5 ins. across the center front. Work 1 round over all the sts without increasing.

Discs—Ch 3 with orange, join in ring, then work 8 half d c in ring. Change to light brown and work 2 half d c in each st of round, fasten off. Join dark brown and work * 2 sts in first st, 1 st in the next, repeat from * around, fasten off. Start the next round with orange a few sts from end of last round so that joinings will not show, continue to increase 8 times around same as in crown and alternate three colors until the disc measures about 5 ins. across ending with dark brown. Turn back the front of hat, sew discs with the edge at end of brim.

Note—To change head size—the above directions are for a medium head size (22 ins.); for the larger size increase for 1 round more than 3½ ins. from center; for smaller size omit last increased round.

Single crochet, s c (start with a loop on hook, insert hook in stitch, draw thread through, thread over hook and draw through both loops on hook).

Slip stitch, sl st (insert hook into stitch, thread over hook and draw through stitch and loop on hook).

Abbreviations:—Inches, ins.; stitch, st; stitches, sts; chain, ch; half double crochet, half d c.

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The Smallest Frocks are Hand Finished

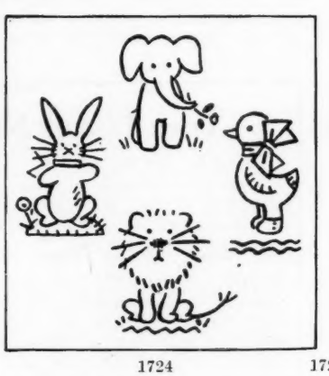
by Elisabeth May Blondel

1720. Detail of rambler rose sprays at right.

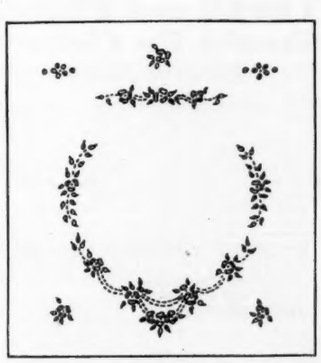
No. 1723. A smart and wearable little bloomer frock has a straight smocked yoke with new vine line through the center, developed daintily in soft shades of rose. For small maidens of 2, 4 and 6 years.

No. 1720. Among the new embroideries for very young frocks are the quaint potted flowers shown above. Most flattering is the effect on the little gathered model No. 3996 (for ages 2, 4, 6 and 8), worked in rambler-rose stitch, French knots and lazy-daisy, using shades of pink and blue.

No. 1725. Another small frock rouses special notice because of scattered straight stitch daisies adapted to the entire dress from neckline to hem. Very sweet in white on rose linen for tots of 2, 4 and 6 years.



1724



1722

No. 1724. The right way to smarten the children's play frocks, rompers, bibs, etc., is to work these sprightly little creatures in a gay combination of colors—blue, gray or yellow and trimming touches in contrast. Small tigers, bears, pups, etc., vary the assortment.

No. 1722. Infants' clothes of a more exclusive order, their fine petticoats, small silk coats and bonnets, are marked by the dainty handwork, tiny rose sprays that match a yoke, diminutive buds, etc. Eyelets, satin- and outline-stitches are worked with fine cotton.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 100.

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NOTOX helps the modern woman to obey the command of the family to Keep Young. It is the scientific corrective for the gray hairs which so often mean neglect and Heartbreak Age to a wife and mother.

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WHAT IS A MIRACLE?

[*Continued from page 4*]

disfigured Jesus to contemplate in your mind or to treasure in your heart. When I think of abandoning what some people call these wonder-tales that's the first thought that occurs to me."

Bobby asked, bluntly: "And what's the second?"

"I think the second is that we in our generation should be the last who ever lived to deny possibilities. It's on the ground of possibility or impossibility that we generally believe in the New Testament miracles or reject them. The word miracle itself is perfectly non-committal. It means simply something wonderful, though there is an implication of something admirable as well, since the root of the word is the same as that of our word *admire*. 'Some strange good work' might not be a bad definition. And we who live in an era of strange good works should hesitate to disbelieve that any strange good work, however impossible it seems, is wholly out of the question."

"I don't know what you mean by strange good works," Bobby returned.

"No, I don't suppose you do. You're too young to have seen them done. Even the latest of our modern wonders you can only take for granted. But you'll see others. Wait a few years and things that would now seem utterly incredible to you will be taken as commonplaces by your children."

Bobby was eager for particulars. "But, father, what will they be?"

"How do I know what they'll be? I can't foresee them any more than my father could have foreseen the radio or my grandfather the automobile. All I can say is that if the eternal storehouse that we've tapped goes on yielding up its treasures we need not be astonished at anything."

"Yes," Mabel objected, "but that would still be what I've said, something we understand and can explain. Whereas a miracle such as we read of in the Bible—"

"I'm coming to that. What we don't know as yet, but what we're getting just an inkling of, is the unity of what we call the material and what we call the spiritual. Rather, it begins to look as if there were no material, but that everything is spirit or force or electricity or something equally intangible."

Bobby raised another point. "But if He knew so much why didn't *He* give us the telephone, and the motor car, and the radio and everything? I should think He could have, as easily as not."

"I haven't the least doubt that He could," Leroy answered, promptly; "but He gave people what they needed first and most. In their little country and with their very simple way of living their wants were much more basic. Ravaged by the most terrible diseases, leprosy, palsy, eye troubles, insanity which they called possession of the devil, their chief need was of healing, and He gave them that.

"They would have had no use at all for an automobile, an airplane or a radio set; but they did know when they were healed and fed and inspired."

IF YOU HAVE TEARS

[*Continued from page 7*]

and others. Furthermore, it indicates that the new style of dual-control direction can be highly effective; its two directors, Edward Sutherland (of the movies) and John Cromwell (of the stage), have worked well together and have supplemented each other in providing the picture with lively action and lively dialogue.

There is, of course, a definite reason why stories of back-stage life should be particularly adaptable for use on the audible screen: they give plenty of legitimate opportunities for the introduction of songs, dances and musical numbers of all kinds. In *The Desert Song*, however, the first attempt has been made to record a real Broadway musical comedy on celluloid and wax, with no rhyme or reason for the solos and choruses which punctuate the plot. The attempt is not successful; while *The Desert Song* is enough of a novelty to justify itself as entertainment, it indicates quite definitely that the license granted to musical comedies on the stage cannot be extended to the ultra-realistic screen.

It is my belief that the importance of musical numbers in talking pictures has been vastly over-estimated. The progress made in straight dramatic stories, such as *The Letter, Alibi, The Voice of the City, The Trial of Mary Dugan, Coquette* and *Madame X* should be sufficient to prove that it is not necessary to sing a "mammy" song in order to stimulate the emotions of an audience often interested in a picture without benefit of music.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto Can., 204 Gt. Portland St., London, Eng.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
3096	2-8	25	5764	12-20	45	5777	6-14	35	5790	14-18, 36-42	50
5627	14-18, 36-42	50	5765	14-18, 36-42	45	5778	14-18, 36-46	45	5791	14-18, 36-42	45
5652	4-14	35	5766	14-18, 36-46	65	5779	6-14	35	5792	12-20	45
5655	1-6	30	5767	14-18, 36-46	45	5780	14-18, 36-42	45	5793	14-18, 36-42	50
5662	14-18, 36-42	45	5768	14-18, 36-46	35	5781	14-18, 36-42	45	5794	6-14	35
5666	14-18, 36-42	35	5769	28-38	35	5782	14-18, 36-42	50	5795	14-18, 36-46	45
5688	14-18, 36-42	45	5770	28-38	35	5783	14-18, 36-42	50	5796	1-4	25
5702	4-14	35	5771	14-18, 36-42	35	5784	14-18, 36-46	45	5797	2-8	30
5712	4-14	35	5772	4-14	35	5785	14-18, 36-50	35	5798	2-8	30
5714	14-18, 36-42	50	5773	14-18, 36-42	45	5786	14-18, 36-42	50	5799	14-18, 36-42	50
5721	14-18, 36-46	45	5774	6-14	35	5787	14-18, 36-42	35	5800	14-18, 36-42	45
5734	14-18, 36-42	45	5775	1-6	30	5788	14-18, 36-46	45	5801	2-8	30
5739	12-20	45	5776	14-16, 36-42	35	5789	14-18, 36-42	45	5802	14-18, 36-46	50
5740	14-18, 36-46	50									

Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price
1698	25	1705	30	1720	25	1723	35
1703	25	1706	35	1721	35	1724	25
1704	30	1707	$1.00	1722	25	1725	40

THE STRONGEST TIE

[*Continued from page 23*]

She was at her old business of seeing things happen. She saw the room at home, dimly lit and Ronnie asleep . . . alone, and so far from her.

Suddenly she was on her feet, gripping Roy's shoulder fiercely.

"I must get away from here. I must go home! Let me go!"

Roy was not too cross about that. He was a little awed.

The unfolding of Ronnie was a delight. He was an adorable creature, all shy dark eyes and swift gaiety, with soberer moments when he looked into the Beyond, as little children do.

Oddly enough the two retarded accomplishments—talking and walking—came at once. It began with a rose.

Ronnie loved flowers and would catch at them determinedly when he was carried past a blooming bush. There was one room in the bungalow papered with slender columns of baby roses grown upon a silver gray background.

"Look, Ronnie. Look! A rose. See, here is a rose!"

And amazingly he took a step in that direction and amazingly he opened his lips and said, "A-a wo-o-se!"

Enid had conceived the idea of a memorial to the first step, the first word. She told no one, not even Roy. When she even thought of telling it her throat closed against the words. One day she wheeled Ronnie to a little flower shop in the next block and there by the process of pointing he was allowed to choose a rose bush. It was simple, for the shop was full of bloom—strong, handsome flowers lifting their proud heads to the open air. But in Ronnie's line of vision there was but one—a white bloom, low and modest. He pointed, shouting, "A wose!"

The little rosebush acquired a peculiar significance from having drawn Ronnie's attention amidst a wilderness of blossoms. It was bought, carried home.

They—for now Roy must have his part—planted it in the center of the grass plot. Roy spaded a generous hole; Enid set the rosebush in; and after some of the soil was returned Ronnie was shown how to pat it down with his little fat hands. Which he did quite willingly.

The little bush did not make much of a showing. It looked like a mere twig standing up bravely in the grass.

THE boy could stagger now, and the plot was his field. When the time came that he could navigate its length Enid's mother decided that she had been silent long enough.

Enid was her most beautiful daughter; she might have married anybody and occupied a station high as they make them.

But for once it appeared, a son and mother-in-law were in perfect accord. Roy caught eagerly at sympathy. They were not living in this small, secluded way by his choice. He explained that in two years business had gone ahead in a miraculous way and that by expressing a wish Enid might have it granted her, within reason.

This was gratifying intelligence to Enid's mother and she had a talk with her daughter at the earliest opportunity.

Enid defended herself well, because she really loved Roy. He was like the earth under her feet, the sky above her head. He was like the air she breathed. But Ronnie was something else.

Her mother sniffed. "Now Enid, that is foolishness. Ronnie is just like any other child. Plenty of mothers love their babies as much as you love yours—and I want to warn you right now against love in excess . . . . It means ruin to a child, especially boys. Besides you are unfair to Roy. You are holding him back. In business today a man's wife plays a large part in his success. You ought to be seen everywhere with him, both looking happy and prosperous; half the battles are won that way. Now Roy has been speaking about the European trip again. They are offering him the chance this summer—"

How did they overcome Enid and the protest of Enid's heart? They had given her unanswerable reasons and she found herself somehow rushed into acquiescence. A belated doubt in her own gentle breast sent her back to Roy's arms penitent. If she had neglected him in her absorption of Ronnie it was not that she loved him less . . .

"We'll make it a second honeymoon, darling," he rejoiced, "We haven't been cheated after all—Europe, you and I."

"Yes," Enid agreed smiling.

Enid's mother was to have charge of Ronnie during their absence. There was no more suitable person than his mother's mother, she pointed out. Enid had been tractable about leaving him behind—the very point they were prepared to take issue upon, but Enid had only to close her eyes and see giant rollers piling around the ship . . .

THERE were times when Enid actually enjoyed the trip. But there were also hours that no one must know about and these she managed to secrete from Roy by one means or another.

The last three weeks were to be spent in the British Isles; one for Ireland; one for Scotland; one for England! Enid was pathetically willing to go where Roy wanted to go; to do the things he wished to do.

They were asked during the English week to have tea at the Sunbury's. The hostess was a charming young woman, the mother of three children and Enid took one of her rare fancies for her. While tea was going on under a cherished cedar on the lawn the three children pranced about, perfectly sure of themselves and their welcome. Enid looked at them wistfully.

"When you come to see us in America, Mrs. Sunbury—"

"Oh, but that will be a long time, I fear. Gerald promised me a trip across ages ago, but—"

"Did I hear him say something about the autumn?"

Mrs. Sunbury laughed cheerfully, smiling indulgently at her husband.

"Gerald says such things!" Her tone excused the pranks of a mere child. "He knows that is out of the question. I could not possibly leave the children. They are much too young for that—I couldn't think of it!"

Enid was taking the pins out of her hair hours later. Suddenly she became aware of her own face in the mirror—too pale, dark, dark rings beneath her eyes. A face she did not know.

She put the brush down carefully. A hotel room! What was she doing here? How had she come? Mothers all over the land held their little ones safe at this hour. It was going-to-bed time. She turned to Roy who was opening letters and cablegrams.

"I must go back!" she cried in a strange hoarse voice. "I will wait for nothing! I must go back!" It was like the night at the theater; if she could have pushed England and the ocean from her path she would have done so.

Roy let the cable drop from his hand. His own face had grown queer and twisted.

[*Continued on page 102*]

Have You Tried That New Way of Removing Arm or Leg Hair?

—That avoids inviting coarsened re-growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

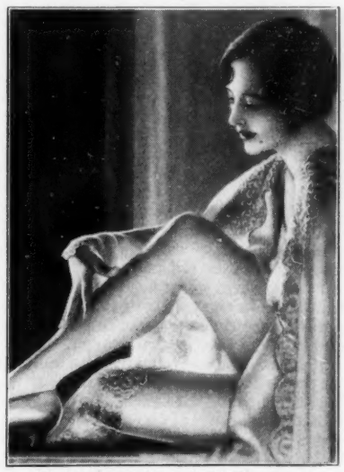
WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!



Absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

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"Yes, yes, dear," he soothed, "we will go back at once."

She got the cable away from him, but the other letters and papers were strewn over the floor. It read: "Ronnie. Come home." Nothing but that.

Enid's mother insisted on telling them herself. Ronnie, she said, had begun developing at once in her care. He grew swiftly, playing out doors all day with the older children. He learned to take care of himself splendidly and was losing all his baby ways . . . And then—it was a bad fruit year . . . the supplies had to be brought from a long distance. He would eat fruit wherever he found it and the lake mosquitoes seemed to poison his blood. He had sickened so suddenly . . . it was over before one could realize it . . . Oh, of course there had been doctors, nurses, everything . . . Enid, Enid, child! don't look like that! Other women have lost children—When your little brother Henry died——"

THE STRONGEST TIE

[*Continued from page 101*]

IT WAS in October when Enid took the trolley and rode to Veronica, the beach suburb where she had lived the first year. The sun was hot and she walked heavily, making her way along the familiar street. The grass was green before some of the little bungalows and the smart hedges were clipped and fragrant in spite of the dry hot summer. But when she came to the house that had been hers she knew at once that no one had lived there for months. The grass was burned away and only a few dried tufts of determined weeds showed that it had ever been. There was a huge pile of tin cans and household debris in one corner of the yard, and in the center of this waste, so dim that she could hardly find it, a little dead thorny branch stood upright.

Roy was immensely tender with Enid. His own grief was put in the background overshadowed by his endless solicitude for her. He longed for her to express a wish so that he might gratify it, and he held earnest conversations with her mother trying to win from her some suggestion for Enid's happiness.

"It will be better by and by," the elder lady promised, "Wait until another little baby is in her arms and she will forget—no, not forget—but she will share her mother love and perhaps the darling little new one will take Ronnie's place."

Roy repeated this to Enid in a slightly altered form.

"You will be happy again, dearest little girl," he said, holding her tight, "when spring comes and brings your little baby you will learn to be happy again. You will love her, too, just as you loved Ronnie."

"What do you know of my love? What do you know of all that he was to me? He was my baby dreams . . ."

ENID'S second child was born at the most expensive hospital in the city. There were trained nurses and so many flowers that the free wards benefited beautifully. Doctors looked wise, assuring the friends that modern science could do anything, and Roy found himself shaking with an ague when they told him that it was a girl baby and the danger over.

Little Muriel was a delight from the beginning. She was an airy little creature, so fine, so small, that she needed no help in her quick progress. She was guided by an amazing instinct to creep, to walk, to patter small cunning sayings that kept her grown-ups in gales of proud laughter.

Enid had become very beautiful. She had poise and knew when to smile and when to be silent. Her slim girlish figure had changed to a splendid maturity, and her face, so kind and gracious, was even lovelier than youth had promised it should be. But time had not dealt so kindly with Roy. His hair grayed early and he looked older than he was. Strenuous business life had taken the boyishness out of him, but he was often used as a model for young men and asked how his success had been gained. Once at a Rotary Club dinner when he was speaking as usual of "success" and "opportunity"—those slogans of the business world—he had branched into another angle . . . "A man may only call himself successful when he has held to the heaven of first love, first mating . . . He is successful as he has made marriage successful—" and sat down suddenly without finishing. And his listeners saw in this a tribute to the complete happiness of Roy and Enid.

Roy had become rich without working too hard, but somehow he looked as if he had worked with the last ounce of his strength. At a dinner party one night somebody spoke of this: "Brain work is harder on a man than day labor. You ought to take a vacation, Roy. Run off to Europe for three months and take the wife and kiddie."

"Yes, why don't you, Roy?" agreed the vice president of his firm, "You'll soon be footloose from the property drag. They'll take over all you've got toward the beach in another thirty days."

"You used to live down there, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Vice President of Enid, as if this was something absurd to think about.

"Yes, but she would never know the place now," broke in her husband. "A marvelous development. The town has grown out of all reason. Roy made most of his money in options at the beach."

Enid sat by the window of the interurban train going down to the sea. It had been six years since she had taken that ride. Little houses had sprung up all along the way; new white paved streets curved in and out. The tall eucalyptus trees along the highway had been cut down and this gave the town an oddly revealed aspect as if a window shade had been rolled up to its full height above its roofs.

She found the little street with some difficulty; it was so changed by the new houses and shops that the picture she had carried in her mind was erased; but she walked on and presently she came upon the little house.

A moving van was backed up against the curb and furniture was being carried out through the open front door. The house itself had been painted another color and it was so small now that it seemed miraculous that all these articles could come from within.

She stood uncertainly on the sidewalk while the moving men hustled chairs and tables and joked in their cryptic language. There was nothing here for her. Almost timidly she followed the little cement walk around the house. A lattice fence had been built across the passage and she opened the latched gate and went into the yard. This was a surprise. Almost to her very feet a vegetable garden was growing—radishes and lettuce and vines carefully trained on little sticks. And back against the fence tall fruitful corn waved. It had all been utilized by a careful hand—all but one spot and this was the thing that drew her eyes in unbelief. In the center of the little garden, most abundant of all, was a rosebush in full flower.

Someone had built a strong trellis for it and the gracious green arms embraced the white painted wood with a hundred tendrils. The body of the bush was like a tree pushing from the soil as if it sprang from an inexhaustible source, and trailing everywhere were the roses! Great white roses with golden hearts.

Enid looked at the rosebush and touched it hesitantly. She had had no thought of it for a long time . . . it had almost gone from her memory that a rose had ever been planted there. But this was not the same . . . it could not be. She had seen that other one die—a brown, dry twig in a desolate sandy spot.

A woman came from the house and walked toward her. She was a nice, fresh faced woman in a blue housedress, not astonished to find a stranger in her yard, but respectful to a lady of superior station.

WOULD you like some of the roses—yes?" she inquired kindly, with a faint German-American accent. "I cut you a nice bouquet. You might as well, because after tomorrow we won't be here; and the children will come in . . . *ach*. You ain't the first that has stopped to see that rosebush. It is funny about it. When we rent the place there wasn't the sign of a flower here, but when my husband began to put in his garden and water the ground, up it came from the roots, I guess. It must have been planted so deep, so deep—too deep for a rosebush, my husband says. But we like flowers and we nursed it to life and look at it now! To think it must go!" Her voice was full of regrets.

"Why must it go?"

"Because the place has been sold and the next door, too. They are to build such a nice apartment house here, three stories and all Spanish. Well, you can't hold on to anything, I guess. We hate to leave our garden, but it would all be gone presently. I couldn't keep it bearing all the year. And the rose bush . . . you'd never guess that it had dry rot at the heart. My husband says it would never bloom again like this way. And every year it changes color a little . . . Pure white to begin and then this yellow-pink . . . not so pretty. But it is a fine rose."

When she was gone Enid sat down and clasped her hands around her knees and looked at the rosebush—the memorial. They had called it that, but nobody remembered now. Once or twice she touched it to make sure. It had sprung from the roots, the woman said. Could it be that death was incomplete, unalterable? Could it be that the only death was in change as the rose changed its blossoms every year? In all these years those flowers must have scattered seeds far and near; it would live in a hundred places while she had wept over the twig that perished. All at once from the shadow of the overlapping branches she saw Ronnie, solemn, dark eyed, looking at her, and she saw herself, a slim, playful young thing looking back at him. Shadow mother, shadow child, vanishing as they came . . . They were no part of her now. She had given them birth and they had had their hour. There was no part of them that she could carry away with her to life.

Enid found herself saying: "I am the soil and these are my fruits. I cannot keep what I have borne. Everything ripens and is taken away."

IT WAS late in the sunny afternoon when she came home. Muriel in a white frock was playing with her little dog and when she saw her mother she left him and came shyly to meet her.

"You have been away so long," said the child wistfully. 'When will I be old enough to go with you, Mother?"

Enid held the little girl's hand in hers and walked to the library door. "You are old enough now," she answered.

She turned the knob and went in. Roy was sitting there with the evening paper spread across his knees. He looked at her.

"I have come back again, Roy," she said.

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By Neysa McMein

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Glowing lovely skin, eyes that sparkle, a radiant compelling smile — what are these but the mirrors of clean **internal** *health? The fastidious, successful women of today know how to avoid the damaging effects of clogged intestines.*

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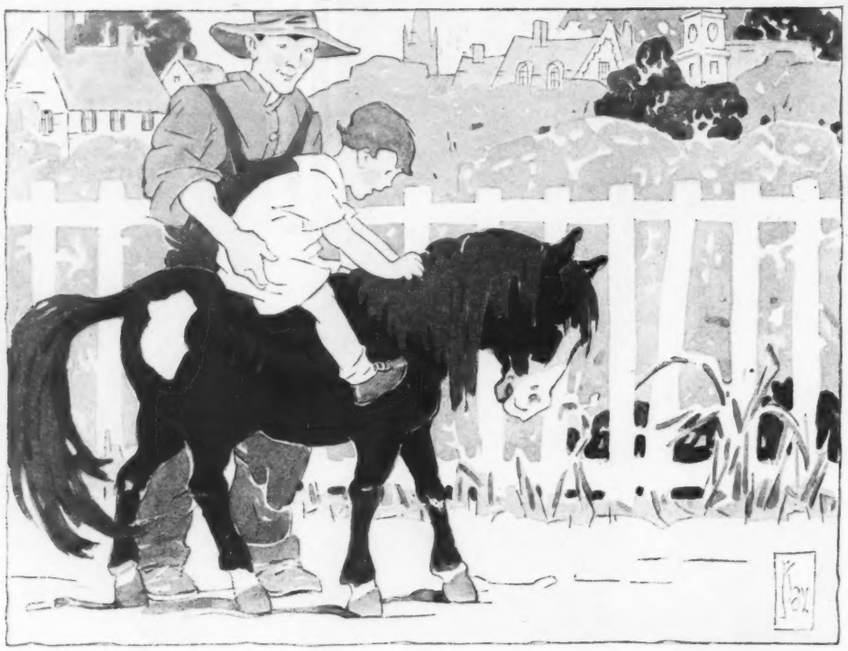
"Yeast regulates the intestines and is especially used in disorders of the skin," says DR. GASTON LYON *(above), Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris.*

A Page For Children



The Rescue Of Little Codger

By Oren Brock

Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. KAY

JAMES BARNABY BODKINS was called Barnaby by his father, James Barney by his grandmother and Barney Dear by his mother. But when his family moved out to the country for the summer, James Barnaby decided he was grown up enough to just be Barney, without the Dear. He wanted to be Barney for several reasons. It was very necessary to have a grown-up name so the grocery man down at The Corners could speak to him properly when he went there in the car with Cook to buy flour and sugar and big red hams. Then if a fellow were always "dear" no one would think him grown up enough to have a pony.

Barney wanted a pony more than anything else in the world. He saw some of the country boys riding ponies down to The Corners to get the mail and groceries and he saw other farm children driving fat little black ponies and yellow carts along the road to picnics. But because Barney's father and mother only lived in the country in the summer, they didn't think it worth while to keep horses and cows and other animals like their farmer neighbors. Each autumn they moved back to the city where Barney went to school and Barney's father taught at the University.

"But a pony's different," Barney explained to his father and mother one day. "I could have him all summer to ride and fetch the mail and in the winter he could live at a farmer's, until school's out and we come down here again."

"We'll see," said his father.

"Maybe, Barney Dear," said his mother.

The next afternoon Barney went on an exploring trip all alone along the little brook which ran through the fields back of their house. He sailed a little boat down stream, piling it high with a cargo of leaves, lucky stones and tiny pine cones. The brook was very well behaved. It was not too deep. It wound along between grassy banks which were warm in the summer sunshine. Here and there the brook dipped under graceful willow trees which hung their lacy branches far out over the burbling water. Finally the little brook ran right under a fence and on across more fields and through some green woods to the big river.

When Barney's boat, which had been sailing down the brook, reached this fence it stopped, because the long palings reached deep down into the water. There the little ship bobbed and bumped until Barney, who was walking along the bank, caught up with it. This fence marked the boundary of Barney's father's property and he knew he mustn't climb over it and go further away from home.

But on the other side of the fence something much more exciting than his boat caught Barney's eye. It was a fat little black pony lying on the ground. He was twisting and turning because his feet were tangled in a rope. Each struggle tangled the rope more.

Barney didn't stop to think that the pony might kick him in its struggles or might fall over on him. The boy scrambled up over the high fence, dropped into the meadow on the other side and ran to the iron peg which held the pony's rope. He tugged and pulled but the peg wouldn't come up. Then he tugged and pulled at the heavy, harsh rope and finally after much struggling he loosened the knot and worked it out of the peg's hole. With the loose end of the heavy rope in his hands he ran around the pony and coming up at the back of the little horse lying there struggling and so helpless on its side, Barney unwound the twisted rope. The pony pulled himself up onto his feet, shook his heavy black mane at Barney and switched his tail excitedly as he took a few little quick trotting steps just to prove to himself that his feet were really free.

"Well done, young fellow," a big voice boomed out behind Barney. It was the farmer who owned the pony. "You seem to know how to handle a horse," he continued, twinkling down at Barney.

"No sir," he told the man, "I haven't any horses. Not even one pony. But I want one *terribly*." And he patted the pony's soft black flank, as he looked up into the man's kind face.

"Well, ponies aren't so scarce," the farmer continued, "especially for boys who really deserve one. Perhaps you would like to ride Little Codger home, just to see if pony-riding is real as grand as it's supposed to be."

With that the farmer put his big hands down together like a stirrup. Barney put his left foot in them and up he went, swinging his right leg up and over the pony's back. He found himself sitting on the pony very much surprised and very happy.

"We mustn't forget your boat," the farmer said, and he swooped it up from the other side of the fence. Then with one arm around Barney, and Barney very proudly holding fast to the pony's mane, they started for the road.

When they turned in at Barney's gate his father and mother were having some lemonade and ginger cookies on the front porch. They hurried down the steps, his mother saying, *"Barney Dear!"* very excitedly; his father saying "Barnaby *there!*", and the farmer saying nothing at all until he had helped Barney to dismount.

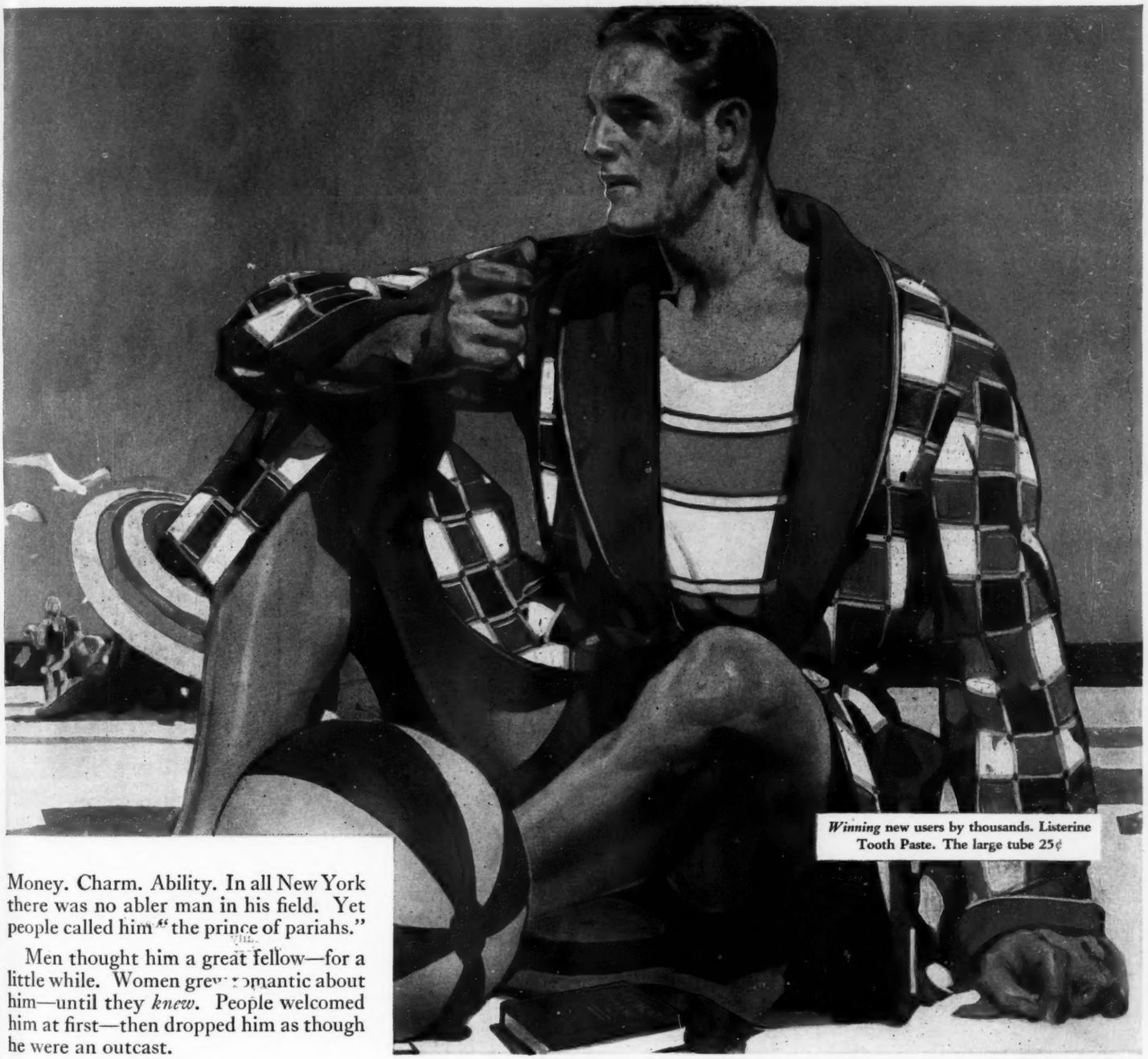
Then he said, "This young man ought to be starting his riding lessons soon. I found him down in my pasture in deep conversation with the Little Codger." Then the farmer told Barney's mother and father just what had happened, and how brave Barney had been and how well he rode the pony home.

Then Barney's father asked solemnly, "Do you think Codger likes Barney?"

And the farmer answered very solemnly indeed, "He told me he preferred Barney of all the many boys he had ever met."

And Barney's mother said, "Well Barney (not Barney Dear, you notice) I guess we need one member of the family on horseback so that messages can be carried to grandmother's down the road and mail can be brought up from The Corners on time—and oh, because a boy just ought to have a pony!" And that's how Little Codger came to be Barney's very own pony.

You wouldn't care to meet Marvin



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